The MODERN QUARTERLY

EDITED BY V.F.CALVERTON
AND S.D.SCHMALHAUSEN

VOL. V No. 3

Revolution of the Word

(*A Symposium*)

CONTRIBUTORS

Eugene Jolas
Gilbert Stuart
Harold Salemson
Herbert Gorman
S. D. Schmalhausen
V. F. Calverton

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The Encyclopedia Britannica. Fourteenth Edition. A New Survey of Universal Knowledge. J. L. Garvin, Editor-in-Chief. Franklin H. Hooper, American Editor. Warren E. Cox, Art Director. New York: The Encyclopedia Britannica Company. 1929. 24 *Volumes.*

The Britannica has the distinction of employing ghost writers for the first time in the history of encyclopedia publishing. By all odds, the most trivial edition of this famous work.

Nudity in Modern Life: The New Gymnosophy. Maurice Parmelee. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Noel Douglas, London. 1929.

Professor Parmalee is a sociologist of distinction and the author of many books which have had a profound influence upon contemporary thought. He has recently become a convert to the new gymnosophy, the science and art of nudity, and this volume is the first comprehensive account of the movement, which now numbers many thousands of adherents, that has been written. The book was set up in type in New York, but the authorities threatened, with characteristic bureaucratic stupidity, to prosecute the publishers if it were issued. The book consequently was published in England though printed in the United States. It is illustrated with photographs.

Ideal Marriage: Its Physiology and Technique. Th. H. Van de Velde, M.D. William Heinemann, London. 1928. 25s.

This volume, by a celebrated Dutch gynecologist, is the fruit of many years' experience in the Gynæcological Clinic of Haarlem. Dr. Van de

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Velde, like most authors who write on the subject of marriage, is inclined to flights of spiritual ecstasy; but this book, nevertheless, contains many shrewd and penetrating remarks on the hygiene of that blessed state.

The Way of Ecben. James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Co., New York. 1929. $2.50.

An F. F. V. exhausts the history of his genealogy.

A Farewell to Arms. Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1929. $2.50.

Hemingway's finest novel.

Vilfredo Pareto, sa vie at son oeuvre. Par G. H. Bousquet. Payot, Paris. 1928. *Prix*: 20 *fr.*

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Death of a Hero. Richard Aldington. Covici-Friede. $3.50.

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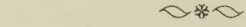

Sonnet Sequences. Edited by Houston Peterson. Longmans Green Co.

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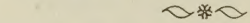
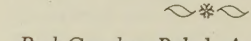


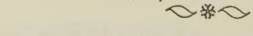
Marriage. Edward Westermarck. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

A synopsis of the author's *History of Human Marriage.* Factual, but not dynamic . . . dry in style and lame in conclusion. The author has dropped his old emphasis on prenuptial chastity, but in his use of the marital concept he over-emphasizes resemblances and neglects differences. The last of the Victorian anthropologists!



Red Cavalry. Babel. A. Knopf. $2.50.

A stirring picture of the early days of the Russian Revoltuion. A poor translation of an important work.



Class of 1902. Ernest Glaeser. Viking Press. $2.50.

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(continued on page x)

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The Ascent of Humanity. Gerald Heard. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

This is a challenging book. "An advance out of our individuality is our only chance; otherwise we crash." Such is Mr. Heard's challenge to our intellectuals. Our age, Mr. Heard contends, is one of quick change, and "its characteristic symptom is Revolution." Those who deny this are reactionaries. They do not see that all along the "danger which faced the modern world was not feeling but lack of it; not socialism and sentiment but individuality and egotism." Mr. Heard's endeavor to throw all his emphasis upon the psychological instead of the economic force today is a serious error. Nevertheless, his book is one of the most thought-provoking and significant books of our decade.

Men and Machines. Stuart Chase. Macmillan. $3.00.

Machines "did not come to save men the brutality of dull labor, (but because) English traders wanted to increase their profits by making cheaper cotton abroad." In these words is embodied something of Mr. Chase's realistic approach to the problem of man and the machine. Those sections dealing with the psychological influence of operating machines is of great importance to the whole future of civilization . . . An intelligent book although not a profound one.

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MOSTLY PERSONAL

Mr. Calverton:

I have just read an article of yours in the last issue of *Current History* and I hereby take exception to a great deal therein—why, in praising the attainments of your race, do you always compare those of the white race unfavorably with them, which you never fail to do. . . . . .

The works of Hawthorne, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Stevenson, etc., and later of Cathers, Millay, O'Neill, etc., are inferior to none. . . . As you and your fellow writers hate the white people of America so bitterly, why stay here with them? There is the land of your forebears waiting.

Very truly,
MARY E. ALISON.

My dear Miss Alison:

Apparently, judging from your letter of today, you rest under a rather amusing misapprehension as to my origin and color, and it seems also of that of my tragic forebears. It just happens through either mischance or accident that I was born white instead of black, and as a consequence can not lay claim to the darker origin to which you ascribe me. Your recommendation, therefore, that I return "to the land of my forebears" is too unadventurous to be enticing, since my forebears—heaven curse their unadventurous natures—all derive for several generations from no less dull an environment than that of the German section of Baltimore City.

That you should imagine that anyone who praises the attainments of the Negro must be of Negroid origin reveals an attitude that is all too desperately present in this country. I am interested in the Negro people because they represent such remarkable qualities. I am interested in them also because white people have suppressed and exploited them for many centuries now, and so often by the devious and deceptive means of pretense and piety.

I might also state as to your suggestion of returning to the land of one's forebears, that the Negro, as I recall, never came to America by way of choice but rather by way of white compulsion. Even Southern whites boast of their wonderful virtue of hospitality, but when it comes to the race question, they forget that as good guests they should be extremely hos-

(continued on page xiv)

THE MODERN QUARTERLY

THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU—

Oswald Garrison Villard
Editor of "The Nation" and author of "Some Newspapers and Newspaper Men."

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pitable to the Negro. And as to claims upon the country, it is very likely that the Negro has been longer in America than either you or I, and perhaps if it came to returning to the land of one's forebears, it would be more fitting and sweet for you and me to return to the countries from which our ancestors derived than the Negro, since he was here in all likelihood a considerable time before our own progenitors arrived.

I did not contend in my article that there were no American writers of important character—although I should not be willing to utilize the name of an Englishman such as Stevenson to defend the American achievement.

Does it not interest you to know that the book which won the Pulitzer Prize this year, *Scarlet Sister Mary,* dealt with a Negro theme; the book that was chosen by the Literary Guild several months ago, *Mamba's Daughters,* was also Negroid in theme; that the most popular musical comedy for the last two years, "Show Boat," is remembered chiefly by its Negroid songs such as "Old Man River" and the like; that Stokowski praised the Negro musicians for their having done so much to bring jazz to its present point of perfection; that the Negro theme seems to captivate the minds of almost all white writers today?

I hope you can see that if my forebears had been as rich in culture as this, I should not only have welcomed your suggestion to return to them—but, by heaven, I'd be with them now!

Yours very sincerely,

V. F. CALVERTON.

P. O. Box 5463

Johannesburg, TVL., S. A.

To the Editors, The Modern Quarterly:

South African readers who are interested in modern literature, more particularly radical or revolutionary literature, say that all the best, as far as the English medium is concerned, comes today from the United States. Probably they are right. Anyhow, there is a good demand for American publications, magazines included. There is, curiously enough, only one bookseller in the whole of South Africa who specializes in American publications—myself—and I am therefore in a position to satisfy the demands of the most fastidious.

(continued on page xvi)

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Tambour, the illustrated bi-lingual literary magazine, publishing prose and verse in French and English, has been called "an interesting experiment in international editing" (Poetry, Chicago) and "une jeune revue fort vivante" (*Les Nouvelles littéraires,* Paris.)

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There are still a very small number of copies of the first series left at 25 france (ordinary) and 125 francs (numbered), the set.

Adress all correspondence to the Editor:

Harold J. Salemson, 3 rue Berthollet, Paris V, France.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Because of the poor response, both in number and quality of contributions submitted, the Editors made no prize award in the 1929 Short Story Contest.

A 1930 Contest will be announced shortly after the first of 1930.

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The MODERN QUARTERLY is practically unknown to South African readers. Those who take it are unstinting in their praise. I would like them to help poularise it by talking to their friends about it and getting them to order it from me.

C. FRANK GLASS.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Calverton:

Considering the M. Q. the most valuable of magazines—indeed, indispensable—I am sorry to learn from your letter of the 7th that its struggle for survival is so acute. Of course, America would pour Niagaras of nickels into *Liberty* (!) and *The Saturday Evening Pest* and starve the one magazine of mature intellect, the one periodical that with poise and purpose opposes all ballyhoo, bunk and blight on the spirit of man. My $2.00 will mean nothing to you unless you can multiply me by several hundred ,and I hope most fervently that you will.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

My dear Wiscott:

The recent issue is handsome. It is also humorous. One night at the scholarly hour of 2 A.M. I did phone to Tavarisch Calverton pointing out certain ecstatic errors on the part of the radiantly illiterate printer. Indeed, I feel I have discovered the key to the success of our most unsuccessful periodical. Never leave the present printer. Never correct his most original errors. Shortly, we shall be issuing a truly comic supplement and the circulation will of course increase rapidly. I must tell you that even my own circulation increased very rapidly when I read some of the best of these errors, for example,—

How did you dare take the risk thus to dishonor our noble courts of law and their sacred annexes, the prisons, by committing in broad daylight the following unconstitutional blasphemy: instead of writing "our jails" how comes "our pails"? Do you mean to say that from your point of view our jails, like our courts, deserve no more respect than mere pails? For shame! And why must someone write "episcopal" when in his heart, in his evil heart, he knows the writer wrote (and this is what he wrote) "episodical"?

Am I to assume that the well-known professor of neurosis and psychoses, Dr. Toulouse, is in charge of the modern quarterly?

Fraternally and Episcopally,

SAMUEL SCHMALHAUSEN.

Volume 5 Number 3

The Modern Quarterly

THE PULSE OF MODERNITY

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD who was looked upon with such disesteem by his countrymen during the murderous days of the last War has now become the hero of the hour. The very men who once looked upon him with scorn have now changed their attitude to one of worship. What has happened? Have these men changed so that they have come around to accept Mr. MacDonald's views, or have Mr. MacDonald's views changed so that these men can now accept them? The answer is not very difficult to ascertain. Mr. MacDonald, who was once a genuine trade-unionist, has now become an ardent politician. An examination of the nature of the British Labor Party today, now that it has been entirely purged of all Communist elements, will reveal the reason for Mr. MacDonald's election and for the swing of so large a portion of the petty-bourgeoisie in the direction of labor. The Labor Party has become liberal and Mr. MacDonald also, in the course of this process, has subtly changed from a laborite into a liberal. The history of the downfall of the Liberal Party in England has not symbolized, as most people imagine, the decay of a political principle or policy, but merely the decay of a political party. The Liberal Party is bankrupt but not the liberal ideal. Ramsay MacDonald is the newest representative of the liberal ideal.

That Mr. MacDonald should so easily adapt himself to this new rôle should not be surprising to those who know his work in economic and political theory. In an early book of his on socialist theory, Mr. MacDonald definitely denied the existence of the class struggle. Perhaps this is why Mr. MacDonald could afford to dine with Mr. Morgan without violation of his *labor* conscience. When socialism becomes so sweetened that

capitalists and laborites can dine together for a common end—then, indeed, we have reason to ask: what has happened to our capitalists and what has happened to our laborites? What has happened to our capitalists is obvious. South America is still exploited with ruthless expedition; Haiti's soil is still saturated with the stench of Christian invasion; Nicarauga has only recently felt the pressure of American progress in the industrial arts. The world continues to arm itself to the teeth—if some day it reaches the brain there may be an explosion which may turn out to be a revolution. Capitalists have not changed. There are no instances on record of late of capitalists turning into revolutionaries. It is only the laborites who have changed. It is they that have made socialism today more respectable. W. E. Woodward, who has been slashing into American life in *Bunk* and *Lottery*, discovered not long ago that one can now be respectable and a socialist. In the last Presidential election, he addressed a letter to his friends, urging them to vote for Norman Thomas and clean politics. One would think from this attitude, and from the one adopted also by Mr. MacDonald, that all *socialism* means in these days is exterminating the corruption in the capitalist parties. There was a time, Mr Woodward asserted, when socialism was associated with "Gumshoe Pete" and the proletariat; but today, argues Mr. Woodward, socialism has become so refined that no one has to elbow proletarians in order to be a comrade. And he speaks a deep truth, indeed It is to this that socialism has come, too, in these days—it is to this turn that our laborites have come. It is no wonder, then, that as Arthur Garfield Hays said but a few days ago, a great number of influential people in Wall Street are going to vote for Norman Thomas this year for Mayor of New York. When Wall Street magnates vote for a socialist candidate, there is at least one thing we can be certain of—and that is that the socialism at stake is very innocuous and meaningless indeed.

Mr. MacDonald's peace gesture is no more important in the economic scheme of things than would be Mr. Thomas's election as Mayor of New York. Nothing important has been changed by Mr. MacDonald—and nothing important could be changed by Mr. Thomas. The very belief that anything could be changed, thus, is a liberal notion and not a radical. It is individualistic and not collectivistic in its entire motivation.

Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Thomas represent liberal thought under the disguise of *labor*. Or, to express it more precisely, they represent the radicalism of the middle-class.

THE whole western world today is in a state of revolutionary chaos. Change is the dominant note of the day. Experiment is rife on every side. Even where reaction rides in the political saddle, revolt is active in the mind of the intellectual.

One of the most striking literary revolts of the day is the one that is being waged about the *word*. Is the *word* insufficient as it now is to convey the ideas and emotions of the contemporary literary artist; is it in the form that it now stands unable to communicate the subtler movements of personality and the inner cerebrations of character?

Does the new psychology with its emphasis upon the subconscious fling a new challenge to the artist? Must he make the word into something dif-

ferent, change its spine, as it were, scissor it into new forms, in order to catch the deeper glimpses of personality that have been revealed to us by the new phychology?

Must we revolutionize the word in order to do this? or can we use the word as it now stands, adding to it new values, enriching its present connotations, and enlivening it with new contexts, without having to so revotionize it that it becomes meaningless to all but its revolutionizers?

This is the controversy now on which has very much to do with the future of literary art!

In France, the magazine *transition,* edited by Eugene Jolas, has become conspicuous for its advocacy of the revolution in the word. All the extremes to which this *revolution* has led are to be found in the amazing pages of that periodical.

In order to bring out this controversy about the *word* into more open and definitive form, THE MODERN QUARTERLY has challenged *transition* to a general debate on the whole theme, which is appearing in the pages of this issue.

IN the 19th century science and religion went through a struggle that had a revolutionary effect upon the mind of every generation that followed. Monkeys and angels, facts and fictions, were all employed and exploited in this battle of exaggerations. Those of realistic impulse denied the value of anything that could not be reduced to quantitative fact, and those of more philosophic bent either clung to the mythology of their fathers, or like Carlyle thundered down condemnations against science without understanding it, or like Tolstoy tried to dismiss science by means of an epigram. Today we have been ushered into a new age as a result of the application of the scientific method of life. Today we live in an age of steam and steel. A whole world of new forces are at work upon mind and matter. Ideas can not resist this change. A new ideology is subtly and swiftly springing into consciousness. Revolt against this ideology is active in many forms. The new ideology is no longer a personal one. It is rather hard, impersonal, and mechanistic. It finds a closer ally in impersonal forces, mass factors, economic realities, than in personal mediation and control. Many leaders in the field of the newer physics have surrendered to a childish logic in their attempt to deny this new reality. They have seized upon every avenue of escape in their bewilderment and fear. In the case of Millikan the gesture is simply absurd. But in the cases of Whitehead and Eddington the reaction is reprehensively infantile in motivation. These men refuse to see the ultimate implications of their logic. In their search for God, they have set forth only in search of another father-image that will satisfy the vacancy of the spirit.

Whether science can ever solve the universe—whatever that would mean—does not concern us here. Nor do the limitations of science—and there are many—enter into our present consideration. What we are concerned with is what science has already done to our minds in its race through recent years. While Millikan, Whitehead, and Eddington are important in the field of science, they are a hindrance rather than a help in interpreting the *spirit of science.* The spirit of science and the spirit of our age in a subtle way are synonymous. However much we may berate science for its inadequacies, the fact still re-

mains that our age is dependent upon scientific controls for its momentum. Remove that momentum and you change the age. More—you change the ideas of the age. To plumb the nature of our age is to see the place of science in it. See it not exaggeratedly, not sentimentally—but with fact, and without fear. This is our task. Henry Adams was one of the first to recognize it. And in an article in this issue, *The Spirit of Science*, Mr. J. B. Eggen has begun a study which aims to clarify that task. This will be a long study, and the few pages included in this issue are but a bare preface to it. Nevertheless, they are important in helping to break the way toward an understanding of that new ideology that has sprung up as part of our new culture. It is only in this way—and not in the way of the Eddingtons and the Whiteheads—that we can actually come to understand the real spirit of science and the nature of our age.

NECESSITY FOR THE NEW WORD

BY EUGENE JOLAS

THE hostility which our call for a revoluitonary conception of the word in *transition* has caused in the so-called critical world did not surprise me. None of our opponents, however, has so far brought out any valid argument which might demolish the force of the cause we have championed. Their fear that the industrialized universe of pseudo-modernism might be threatened is amusing to watch. They answer with platitudinous and superficial phrases the tenor of which is a singular commentary on their ignorance. The new art of the word is an organic necessity.. We want to hammer to pieces a world conception which, philosophically and psychologically, has ceased to answer our deepest needs. We see modern civilization under the sign of a *Verdraengungs-Neurose* the inferior and sterile tendencies of which continue to create a reality of mediocre qualities. It is, we hope, a temporary condition. The process of disintegration which we encourage in every field needs instrumentalities that past epochs did not know, and we oppose the retention of such forms of expression as have been hierarchised by the dogmas of archaic institutions. This preoccupation with an insurgent art of the word is closely allied with the explorations in many regions of modern philosophy and science.

If we consider the present-day banalisation of the written word as presented to us in the repugnant spectacle of machine-made novels brought out by publishers who have just awakened to the commercial value of the "realistic" idea, we find a democratic identity of expression which produces a vast collectivistic triteness. The tendency toward the magical is smothered by the normalisation which literature is undergoing thanks to the fact that it is in the hands of business men who wed Fordian methods to dictatorial powers. The discovery of the real sources of inspiration have lead us to an understanding of the relations between the conscious and the sub-conscious. The problem of reality is slowly being solved by pioneers in the study of the mind who are enlarging more and more the regions which formerly were unknown territories. But just as in painting a revolution was caused by the discovery of the camera which made it unnecessary to reproduce the exact contours of an object, and which made it possible for the artist to create a subjective and instinctive objectivation of his vision, so in literature the vast forces of journalistic and cinematographic documentation which the mechanical spirit developed to a point of mathematical fidelity, are making it less and less imperative to re-create a *milieu* with exact words and to give us, in the narrative, the mere naturalistic anecdote, and, in poetry, the rhythmic description of a Parnassian vision.

Because reality includes not only the objective world, but comprises also what Schopenhauer called "the will," we must discover ways and means of expression in which the word reproduces the chthonian and is charged with explosive energies. The isolated vocable should develop a new sense of conjuration. The meaning of the conventional sentence is transmuted and brought to other planes. If, in the presentation of the physical world, we want to proceed towards the stupor of the concrete, the use of the word of science, of biology, chemistry, the twentieth century word in relation to the eternal forces themselves, is entirely permissible. The mere photographic reproduction of this world leads nowhere. There are psychic frontiers, however, which we are beginning to understand more and more and which the literary creator can no longer neglect. Edgar Allan Poe pointed out in a remarkable essay that there are certain states of mind for which language has not yet found an adequate manifestation. "They arise in the soul only at its epochs of most intense tranquillity, when the bodily and mental health are in perfection and at those mere points of time where the confines of the waking world blend with those of the world of dreams," he said. André Breton has made the same observation.

This condition demands a complete revolution in the study of man and his expression. The contradictory realities which logically have no relation with each other and which in the state of half-sleep are brought into intimate correspondences are automatically brought together, and the image produced by the process astonishes us because of its freshness and beauty. The writer of the future then should examine first of all the irrational and a-logical functions of his being, before attempting to make the synthesis. The study of the state of mind which the discoveries of Freud, Stekel, etc., have clarified for us, after a long struggle begun by the Greeks and continued by the romantics, is the primary task of the modern poet. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the vast universe of the dream. I do not subscribe to the philosophical conception that the reality of the dream is exclusively the only one to be considered. I bring it into relation with the conscious state. I merely recognize the metaphysical impulsion in that dream-state. I believe in a continuity in life which proceeds from the inner destiny towards the clarity of consciousness. But while, in the waking state, we have a world in common, it is in the dream that we live a separate and individual existence. This is the reason why the esthetic expression of this condition needs a complete reversal of traditional methods.

The images of the dream need a language that may be expressed through that of our conscious state, but there is no doubt that in our dreams we use words which have been heard before. We create neologisms, like children and primitives. The symbolism of our dreams opens a magical world in contrast to the physical life. The mechanistic orientation of our age has voided the conceptual force of our words. But since the realities of the dream and the entire instinctive world are activated by forces other than those we feel in our conscious state, their expression should reflect, as much as possible, the dislocation and disorganization which their a-logical structure brings about. Thus we are entirely justified in disregarding any syntactical or grammatical arrangements which we have known, if we pre-

pare to express the instinctive or the demonic-nocturnal. Not only the lyrical elements can thus be brought out, but the humorous sources of life are also given new possibilities. Humor, even in its most ordinary phase, uses rhetorical forms put down in text-books. The humor of the instinctive overwhelms us with its irrational transformations and reversals. The destruction of the physical laws produces in the memory of our consciousness a magical laughter.

The surrealists have, by placing the emphasis exclusively on the interior processes of thought, given a death-blow to a mere naturalistic conception of the world. They failed to see, however, that automatic writing is simply the preliminary phase in any creative process, since it is the fact of becoming conscious that makes the creator who organizes the chaotic world of his hallucinations. But where they failed completely to draw the consequences of their preoccupations was precisely in the form of expression they chose. They continued to write in the traditional style of French. In other countries, notably Holland, Germany, and Russia, a new art of the word has been developed for some years past. James Joyce has been the first in modern English literature to resuscitate the comatose word. We are today emerging from the *Sturm and Drang* of the post-war period and developing towards a fusion of a physical and supernatural reality. The attempt to seek the solution of life in reason alone has proven abortive. Not until we have examined the world of the instincts and the irrational impulsions of our beings can we find that liberty which the act of becoming conscious can give us.

The exclusively descriptive period of literature is happily coming to an end. The new feeling for life which is developing demands that we recapture the primary image and a fresh outlook. With the new word and its arrangements we hope to burst the metallic age. We hope to destroy the world with an apocalyptic vision. We hope to create a new and more magical universe with words that approximate the synthetist reality we dream of.

THE REVOLUTION-IN-THE-WORDISTS

BY V. F. CALVERTON

THAT the new world demanded a new art does not need to be argued. It is already an accepted fact. It is the nature of this world, however, and the purpose of this art, that must be examined. In other words, we have gone beyond the point where a new art has to be justified, and reached the one where a new art has to be interpreted.

The most extreme expression that the new art has taken from a literary standpoint is in the so-called *revolution of the word.* Here we have revolt carried beyond the concept of form in materials into the concept of form in words. Words constitute the very substance of thought, and a revolution in word form is equivalent to a revolution in thought-substance. In aim, at least, then, it can be said, no previous literary revolution has been as sweeping in scope as this. In words is buried the heritage of the race. Whatever consciousness man has in an intellectual sense is derivative of verbal expression. It is all too seldom we realize this. We think in words. Our concepts find their life in words. Even in mathematical formulæ, where numbers are the substitute for words, the intellectual concept remains verbal. Even an abstraction such as equality discovers its commonality of application in the word-form which gives it spirit and meaning. Through word-symbolism the human mind has been able to advance. By words alone was man able to span that distance between the idea of a specific thing and the idea of thing as a concept. This achievement was nothing short of revolutionary—the most revolutionary in the history of the human species.

Language, then, it is at once obvious, is social in origin. Words have meaning and value only because they have the power of social communication. Man's whole conscious mind, in fact, is built upon this linguistic faculty. Words are objective symbols and not subjective ones. Otherwise, we should be unable to understand each other in either speech or written word, for we should vary our symbols according to our mood, and all sign of common reference would be destroyed. No one, of course, could ever do this, however iconoclastic he might endeavor to be, because he could never live in our world. Only if he were mad and had no desire to communicate himself to others—as is often the case of the schizophrenic who lives altogether in a world of his own which is totally out of relationship with the world of reality—could he venture upon this verbal solipsism. Words differ, to be sure, in exactitude of reference. The word *table* may stand for approximately the same thing for most men, when it is qualified by one or more adjectives, but such words as religion, truth, beauty, however qualified, may convey any of several or many notions to different men. It is impossible for abstract words ever to convey the same simi-

larity of meaning to others that concrete words can. But we do not, therefore, abandon abstract words, or strive to disembowel them of all meaning, because of the mischievous difficulties they create in the process of social communication. On the other hand, we try as far as we can to make them concrete, as it were, by defining them in other words which are less abstract and by limiting them by comparisons that constitute more clear and familiar reference. To be sure, the repetition of the abstract word after a while provides the illusion of the concrete. Many of our greatest verbal difficulties and intellectual disasters arise from this illusion. In the case of words of mood, the difficulty is even more serious. For one to convey to another the *intensity of his pain,* let us say, or *the agony of his fear,* is something that words can never do with much success. The most they can do is to set up points of reference. If a person describes his pain as acute, agonizing, excruciating, or insufferable, the best we can do is to think of such symbols in terms of our own experience as our point of reference. In this we add to the word an imaginative aspect. It would be ridiculous to deny this inadequacy on the part of words. Nevertheless, here, too, as in the case of the words cited above, we use the device of qualification as the best means of attaining something like a communicable approximation of the nature of the emotion or mood we are trying to describe. The whole evolution of language has been marked by this process of attempting to define and limit and find points of reference for those realities—we call them such here merely for convenience—that seem to be too elusive for our verbal faculty.

Any revolution in the word, therefore, if it is to mark an advance, has but one function to perform, and that is to make the word a finer because more precise and clarifying form of social communication. There is no intelligent person who would not welcome such a revolution. But if the revolution does not succeed in doing this, it is of no account at all. In fact, it is not, then, a revolution, but a chaotic Greenwich Village literary riot. Words are social forms, not individual ones. There is not a genuine artist alive who will not agree that words are unable to adequately translate his emotions into communicable reality, nor is there one who has not often actually experienced a sense of aching impotency at his inability to express his *soul* upon paper. Very often, no doubt, he has felt that a screaming race of abracadabra would give better expression to his emotion than a line of lettered words, but he has chosen the words nonetheless and not the abracadabra, because he knows the line of words, with all their inadequacy, would communicate something more to those who read them than the line of abracadabra. This is a social sacrifice that man makes because he is a social being. If he were not a social being he would no doubt choose the abracadabra, because the only interest his writing would have would be for himself and not for others. This is a theory that some writers attempt to defend even today, without ever once seeing the fundamental fallacy that underlies it. Such writers strive to deny that they are social beings, and set about their writing with that idea in mind, never realizing that the very medium they are employing, language, is social in origin and motivation. Had they been born alone in a wilderness, with only animals as their companions, they would never have had language at their command, for lan-

guage is a product of society and not the individual. (Then they might have screamed out their wild abracadabra with more reason.) In attempting thus to employ a social medium in order to exploit an individual idiosyncrasy, they are simply enmeshing themselves in a hopeless contradiction.

And this is what has happened in much of the work of those who have endeavored to bring about the recent *revolution in the word.*

II

Now let us examine, in the light of what we have just said, certain of the specific contentions of those who have argued for the revolution in the word. It is well to repeat here that we are not opposed to a revolution in the word, or to many revolutions in the word, if it aids the function of language. We are only opposed to it if it fails in that; and confuses rather than clarifies linguistic expression.

When Mr. Jolas contends that "the new art of the world is an organic necessity," we have no objection to offer. The changes which have occurred in the world of the twentieth century, in thought as well as fact, have been so enormous that all argument that we should adhere to nineteenth century art-forms today is but the sick plea of the reactionary. The old world is, indeed, breaking up, and a new world is unquestionably in the making. The mad pulsations of this age could never be expressed in the art-forms of the nineteenth century. The nineteenth century, in comparative terms, was tranquil in spirit and well-ordered in design. After Waterloo, there was not a great War to disturb the countenance of Europe. Such conflicts as the Crimean War, or the Franco-Prussian War, however engaging to the participants, were very far from world-shaking catastrophes. Industrialism itself was altogether kind to the middle classes, who were the most active of all groups in the support and creation of nineteenth century art. The World War ended all this. It exploded nineteenth century aspirations and set the entire tradition of that century flying on its heels. The innovations in art in the last fifteen years or more have been largely the outcome of this crisis.

There is no argument, then, as we have said, against the necessity of revolt in the arts—and it might be added here that the revolt against *representation* and realism in painting is rooted in a deeper fact than the invention of the camera—but there is an argument against the revolt that has been attempted in the word. When Wordsworth, influenced by the French Revolution, and filled with an ardor for the common man, revolted against eighteenth century diction, he urged a revolution in the use of words, but not in the word itself. Or expressed in another way, he revolted against a culture, but not against culture. There is no doubt about the fact that we are again in an age when the word as it was employed in the preceding century is insufficient to satisfy our present artistic needs. Up to this point we are in agreement with the *transition* group and its followers. The revolt that is necessary, however, we maintain, is not in the word, but in the use of the word. An age such as ours: mad, muddled, brutish, chaotic, vicious, wild—can not use words as did Rossetti, Tennyson, and Browning, nor even as Wells, Hardy, or Shaw. A different hunger lives in us. Mr. Jolas makes an excellent point when he speaks

of "the psychic frontiers" which have now come into our ken. We do have these new frontiers with which to deal. And we must make words deal with them. With all this we agree.[1] Our disagreement is with the ways that have been devised to deal with them.

No one denies the difficulty of getting into those sub-conscious regions of personality where dreams are active, and other forces of the mind are in conflict, but one does deny value to those works which try to translate this sub-conscious in words that are more confused than the sub-conscious itself. I wish to take up at this point Jolas's remark about what "the discoveries of Freud, Stekel, etc., have clarified for us." Apparently, what Mr. Jolas has failed to understand is that Freud has endeavored to make the chaos of the sub-conscious mind intelligible by the device of analysis and classification. The Freudian method, then, is to make the unintelligible more intelligible. If the revolution-in-the-wordists strove to do this, we should defend them at every point. It is only because we believe their neologisms have tended to make the unintelligible more unintelligible that this controversy has arisen. There can be no intelligent argument against neologisms that aid language to be more communicative; argument can only be directed against neologisms that do not aid that function. Here is the crux of the controversy! We are for revolt in literature, and revolution in form—but with the one qualification that the revolt or revolution have a communicable character. It is here that we disagree with Mr. Gilbert who states—according to one of the articles in the new *Proclamation* of these literary *intransigeants*—that "the writer expresses; he does not communicate." Such a position, we contend, is nihilistic. It would destroy writing of all its creative influence. If the writer only *expresses* without regard for communicating, why should he write at all? Why should he use such a communicative symbol as the word? Why *express* in any form that endeavors to communicate? The contradiction involved here should make us pause. Do artists *express* regardless of whether they "*communicate*" or not? Scarcely! Every artist in the past, however queer or iconoclastic his medium, has had in mind a desire to *communicate*—it may have been to communicate to a future age rather than his own, but it was to *communicate* in one form or another, nevertheless. If an artist writes merely to express and is unconcerned with the element of communication, to be consistent with himself he should never print what he writes—if he must write—but keep it to himself in his own private possession. But that is not the nature of artists or the so-called art-impulse. Artists, if they be literary, get out magazines, and if they be painters or sculptors they rent or exploit studios—all for the opportunity to communicate what they have expressed. When all is said, the artist's main aim is to communicate what he has expressed, and any assertion which implies that the artist *does not communicate* and is not interested in communicating, is hostile to all sense and reason. He need not be interested in communicating to a large audience, but he must be interested in *communicating* to some audience, or he

[1] As the reader, I hope, will see, there is no attempt in my discussion of this controversy to deny certain excellent points in *transition's* creed; if anything, this discussion is aimed at attempting to bring some clarification out of all the confusion.

would not express himself at all.[2]

III

Now, the proposition of that audience is a matter for some consideration. The absurdity of the contention that "the writer expresses: he does not communicate," we need not linger over any longer. The nature of the audience to which he tries to communicate, however, must be subjected to something of an analysis. As the individual artist continues "to disintegrate the primal matter of words imposed on him" (not by textbooks and dictionaries by the communicative necessity of his culture) in order to attain that "*a priori* reality within ourselves alone," he moves further and further away from that synthesis of self and society that is necessary for the perpetuation of social reality. We can not live as individuals, however much we may argue we can; as human beings we can only live in social forms and with a social consciousness. The very food we eat and the very way in which we live and move about in this universe which often we foolishly call ours, are proof of our social chains. Art must be more than the expression of the individual, for the individual himself is more than an individual. After all, his very individuality with its concepts and consciousness is in large part if not in entirety the product of the society in which he lives. Granted that there is something in his individuality which is unique, *sui generis,* separate from everything else in the world—there still remains the fact that this individuality can persist only as part of the social whole. It is dependent upon the social whole for its origin as well as perpetuation. In early primitive society the very illusion of individuality did not exist. Society did not demand it, and, therefore, did not create it. Individuality appears with a later evolution in social life. Even in ancient times the principle of individuality was not highly developed. It is only since the Renaissance—a comparatively brief period—that the notion of individuality, along with the rampant individualism of the time (which later became part and parcel of the new economic order), has assumed formidable proportions. Since then individuality has been exploited in modern society as a deep force and motivation. In the East such exaltation of the individual has no place at all. And, strangely enough as it may seem, the direction of social forces in contemporary society is far more collectivistic than individualistic. The whole nature of our industrial order tends more and more to make the individual into simply a cog in a vast social machine. The economic structure of our post-war society, for example, with its international-cartels, its European Bank, its international communist movement, and the like, is growingly anti-individualistic. The psychological controls in contemporary society may offer a kind of lip-service to the old individualistic idea, but the economic power-control of the age is steadily turning the concept of such individualism into a fiction. We do find here a conflict between the psychological factor and the economic, with the former protesting but the latter deciding and dominating. We are already in the grips of the

[2] The only people who *express* regardless of communicating are paranoics who are victimized by a maniacal compulsion—and there have been few instances in which their work can really be described as art. Even when such work has attained artistic form it was as a result of accident and not design.

vast tentacles of a mechanistic society. Part of the breakdown of our present order is due to this enormous conflict between the individual and the social system. That the new order will be social and not individualistic no active-minded sociologist will deny. Gerald Heard in his recent book, *The Ascent of Humanity,* perceives in the development of modern science the demise of the old individualism. Our stress upon our own individualities will have to be less as the social order stresses the need for a greater socialization of personality.

IV

Now, what has all this to do with the controversy over the revolution-in-the word? Just this: The revolution-in-the-wordists are moving in the wrong direction. In their desire for the artist to make words into whatever somersaulting or meaningless forms he wishes, so long as they express an individual "*a priori* reality" within himself alone, they are tending ever more and more to isolate the individual from society. When one can use words in any way at all in order to *express* oneself regardless of whether other selves can respond to this form of expressing, one is exalting the individual in a sense that is ridiculous. Everyone knows that every sensitive individual must be different from every other sensitive individual. To express that difference in a form that expresses the individual but does not communicate the expression to others, however, is to fail in the function of art. The task that confronts the artist is to get as deeply as he can into himself but at the same time convey that depth in some understandable way to others. The ideal end of art is to attain the ultimate expression of that synthesis.

I am as eager as Mr. Jolas to get at grips with the psychic, under-channels of personality, to reach those psychic frontiers of the individual self where the conscious mind mingles with the sub-conscious, but if this is to be done by means of words, the emphasis must be as much upon communication as expression as an end. Granted that what the artist finds in the interior of the unconscious is a world of marvelous contradictions, the second, and greatest part of his task, is not the discovery but the disclosure in artistic form of these contradictions. That we may have to devise new methods of expressing these new realms of the mind, that it may be necessary to combine the essay with the short-story, or effect a conjunction between the novel and the drama, and destroy entirely the old division of form that separated and narrowed them, that we may be forced to make the stage into a revolutionary *agora*—all these revolutions in form may be necessary, and I am for them as part of the revolution in culture that is needed, but that we must take the word and make it into a criss-cross between the crazy chaos of an individual mind and an alphabetic configuration that "never wert"—that is not revolution; that is reaction.

Because we are done with an old culture does not mean we are done with old words. Words survive cultures—for they are the substance of all culture, be it revolutionary or reactionary. Words take on new meanings, acquire new power, demand new emphases; but they are spelt approximately the same, and hold within themselves the residuum of culture. In

English and American words there now inheres the congealed thought of centuries. That we must add to these words, drive new life into their old bones, set them against the new spirit of our age, no one should dispute. But that we should destroy their meaning by distortion; that we should allow an individual to make havoc with their substance in order to *express* his fancy—that is a violation of the entire social purpose and meaning of words.

If the *revolution-in-the-wordists* would pursue their thesis to its ultimate conclusion, they would see that they should revolt not only against the word but against the alphabet. If the word as we have acquired it is representative of an old culture, and, therefore, must be disintegrated, why should we not recognize the alphabet as representative also of an old culture, and, therefore, in need of similar disintegration? If a new age demands the destruction of old words, why not the destruction of an old alphabet?

Or why not also a revolution in numbers? The Arabic numerals that we employ belong certainly to an old culture, and the calculations of minds that knew nothing of our new civilization. Numbers, in a philosophic sense, are as much make-believe, as much a form of "as if," as words—and yet they have managed to survive the rise and fall of cultures. And that was only because they continued to be a serviceable tool for all the various cultures that employed them.

English words survived the downfall of aristocratic culture. A certain fine, hard-hitting type of word was lost in the change; the swashbucklerish rake of a word was castrated of meaning; the root-words that struck at the cesspools of reality were either abandoned or sweetened with surrounding cousins of milder kin. But the form of the word itself was not changed, and its essential connotations were not destroyed. And there is no sufficient reason to believe that anything more than this will happen with the breakdown of bourgeois culture. Already certain words that were dominant figures in nineteenth century writing have become signs of mental sickness in our age. Already we are choosing a different type of adjective to modify an old type of noun; already our race of phrase has quickened into a new rhythm, already our allusions have assumed a new and more modern cast—all this happened, and more of it is bound to happen in the future.

And yet this has happened in the writings of dozens of contemporary writers all over the western world without their attempting a *revolution in the word*. They have revolutionized the use of the word in terms of its formal combinations; they have quickened its meaning by new comparisons; but they have not destroyed its form or "disintegrated" its "primal matter."

V

Now, what are we to add to all this by way of conclusion? Just this: We are at one with all the moderns in our desire for revolutionary change in the arts and letters, but we believe this change must occur in literary form and technique, and not in word-substance. Words are the irreducible data of communication. Their function is social and not indi-

vidualistic. The literary artist must assuredly explore all the new vistas of personality that have been disclosed by the newer psychology, but he must reveal his discoveries, and the insights that he has come across in this inner realm, in a way that is as communicative as it is expressive. He must be as much concerned with whether he has communicated his idea as with whether he has expressed it. This must be his steady criterion. If he is concerned only with whether he has expressed himself, he can turn to every form of eccentricity and insanity and justify it as artistic. If, on the other hand, he is concerned with the double-fold problem of communication and expression he can not fall into this fallacy.

And, finally, we must see that the whole direction of our age is social, and that any attempt to revolutionize the word which tends to isolate the individual from the group, is moving not with the age but against it. In contending that the artist should be concerned with expressing himself and not with communicating himself, the *revolution-in-the-wordists* are merely encouraging a kind of anarchy in the arts that is destructive of all esthetic progress. This tendency can only lead to the dizzying madness of intensifying isolation, attaining its climax in individualism lost in the ultimately individual.

Our end in the arts, it should be clear in whatever age, is not to lose the individual but to find him. When the individual tends to exploit a medium, however, which endeavors to express rather than to communicate—and which almost everyone who has read the work of the *revolution-in-the-wordists* will admit is what they achieve—he is simply turning his work into a cult. Eventually, if he pursues this method far enough, the abracadabra which he will have to devise in order to express himself will become so involved and idiosyncratic that it will have meaning only to his own mind.[3] It is only when this process is tempered by the demand for temporary literature can be avoided.
communicativeness that the impossible absurdities of certain aspects of con-

We are, then, for all kinds of experimentation in modern writing, but experimentation which remains communicative in whatever form it takes. We have no anxiety to cling to the classical tradition; in fact, we are as much opposed to it as our opponents in this controversy. We have only the desire to cling to the communicative, because we believe that art which fails to communicate can have neither spirit nor deep meaning. The *revolution-in-the-wordists* have stated in their manifesto that "the artist expresses: he does not communicate," and in this statement, as well as in their work, they have indicted themselves as being reactionary and not revolutionary. To be revolutionary in this age one must experiment with better means of communication rather than with more muddled methods of expression, for the aim of our age, with its new science and new logic, is to clarify rather than confuse.

[3] The ultimate end of this tendency would mean without any exaggeration that every individual would have to devise his own dictionary, for if every individual can destroy the primal matter of words to suit his own convenience and whim, and if he is at the same time anxious to express rather than communicate, there is no final limit to the process. The only reason for the existence of a dictionary is that it represents a social medium for common reference, and if we have a hundred thousand dictionaries, one would have to become obsessed with a lexicographical passion in order to understand English.

WHY A REVOLUTION OF THE WORD?

BY STUART GILBERT

FOR most of us, and with reason, the word "revolution" has an ominous resonance. And, if the "revolutionaries of the word" were mere iconoclasts, out to damage and destroy for the mere joy of destruction, the chorus of commination which has greeted the announcement in the latest number of *transition* would have been justified. The sixth article of that Proclamation asserts the literary creator's right "to disintegrate the primal matter of words," and another article declares that "the writer expresses: he does not communicate." Over these two "scandals" several critics have taken a fall. Very likely it escaped their notice that both dicta refer to the work of a *literary creator*—not to the publicist or even the purveyor of "straight" romance, whose business it is to glut the popular appetite for vicarious adventure and *amours*.

For language has two uses, two distinct functions. Words, as Mr. C. K. Ogden points out in his *Meaning of Meaning*, are both symbolic (of a 'reality': *i. e.*, communicative) and emotive signs. "The logical element and the effective element," another writer on language has said, "mingle constantly in language." Some words, indeed, have almost lost a logical or explicit meaning: the word 'good," for instance. "It seems probable," Mr. Ogden says, "that this word is essentially a collection of homonyms, such that the set of things, roughly, those in connection with which we heard it pronounced in early years (a good bed, a good kick, a good God, a good baby), have no common characteristic." "Good," here, is really an *emotive sign* which expresses an attitude (appreciative) to the things in question. Or, again, "When the Psalmist cries of his enemies, 'They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders' poison is under their lips,' " it is hard to determine whether an elusive similarity between the reptile and the person he is describing is enabling him metaphorically to say something symbolically about them, or whether the main function of his utterance is not merely to express his abhorrence of them and to promote similar attitudes towards them in his hearers." Each word has, in fact, its "*aura*," or, as Vendryes puts it in *Le Language*, "a light vapour which floats above the expression of the thought." (Moreover, for all our lip-service to logic, we can never eradicate wholly an instinctive belief in the inherent virtue of the Word, the magic power of names.) Beside and beyond its "meaning" nearly every word has an "affective resonance," an efflux and an inner life of its own. We can only think in words, and (without necessarily endorsing the conclusions of Nominalism) it may indeed be said that, for us, words are aspects of reality.

This evocative, implicit function of words is apt to be ignored in our scientific age. "Art" is still admitted, it is true, on traditional grounds,

but, if you asked a modern collector why (speculation apart) he will pay a small fortune for the picture of a landscape by an old master when he could buy the landscape itself for half the sum, why he will give thousands for the painted likeness of a bouquet when he could have such flowers freshcut every day of his life for a song, why he will spend a thousand dollars to possess a French master's nude when for as many francs . . . . anyhow, he would be hard put to it to find a plain answer.

Briefly, the correct reply would probably be that pictures, like words handled in a certain way (and unlike photographs), are "emotive signs." The Revolution of the Word is a movement to explore this secondary, non-utilitarian function of language, the "night-side" of the word, and to treat the *aura,* the "light vapour which floats above the expression of the thought," as material for the artist; to evoke and express the feeling latent below the superficial, "practical" consciousness of nearly all of us, for a super-reality, a vision of the light that never was on sea or land. For these purposes words are treated as plastic media; their forms and colours may be blended according to the instinctive talent of the artist, and, in so far as he has apprehended and can express the racial "affective" values of the signs he uses, he will enable readers of his work to share his emotion. Each word of the language has its own nuance, and the "revolutionary" in words mixes these nuances according to his requirements. "He has the right to disintegrate the primal matter of words . . . and to disregard grammatical and syntactical laws." For he creates his own *syntax* (in the exact meaning of the word: the setting together of things), composing new word-forms whenever these are needed to portray the nuance at which he aims.

It is obvious that such a method of writing is repellent to those who read for information's sake or because they enjoy stories of realistic adventure in the actual world to which they are accustomed, the world of day. (This is not, of course, to denigrate such readers, or such narratives, some of which, from the Odyssey onwards, have embodied the greatest achievements in literature.) Clearly, too, experiments on these lines not only afford a tempting preserve for the busy tribe of mockers, but may also prove the happy hunting-ground of sedulous apes, who, rushing in where even the naturally gifted tread with prudence, will destroy for destruction's sake, littering the new domain with the fagends and disploded bags of their nefarious picnic.

But the pioneer of this novel, emotive use of words, will not be discouraged by such perils. He is exploring a new world—a dream-world, if you will; but who are we to despise our dreams, and is this world we call real such a satisfying thing? "Without vision the people perisheth." He is applying a psychic force which may enable our release from the infinite dullness of the standardized thirty-nine (or is it thirty-six?) dramatic situations, a spirit which may breathe new life into the dry bones of modern letters.

THE CONFUSION OF WORDS

BY PIERRE LOVING

ALL artists and writers aim, whether consciously or not, at some kind of public, and writing in the sense of literature has always been an act of communication. Pure expression, which I shall touch on later, is of course a vital incident in the process, and I dare say to a philosopher such a controversy as is implied in the question "Expression versus Communication" is quite futile, since, in his view, they can but be different facets of the same thing. For the present, therefore, putting on one side function of pure expression which is implicit in communication, let us turn our attention to the latter.

Communication at once signalizes the existence of a communicant, somebody, that is, with whom we strike up a speech relationship, whether he be alive today or promises to be born, for our sake, tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. Our statement is not weakened if one term of the speech equation happens to be an inanimate object as we find it in poetic or prophetic apostrophe, as in "Rise up, ye gates." In this case the imagination has endowed the object with human senses, and even if the gates are unable to reply in words, they are supposed to be able to listen to what is said.

The kind of communication which the *transition* Manifesto objects to may be described as that which influences large masses of people. It is a type of mass action (all thought and living speech are a kind of action, as Goethe pointed out) with almost immediate results. The time in which the action, that is to say, fulfills itself is the present.

Now, the tone of that manifesto, although not all of its specific items, is a compulsive or eloquent — rather than exact — protest, as I see it, against the type of writer who consciously follows the following mathematical formula, say, with regard to the novel:

$$A\ (\text{Action}) + M\ (\text{Mass}) + T^p = N$$

T^p in this formula stands for Time exclusively regarded as the *present*. Items 11 and 12 explicitly state this much: "The writer expresses: he does not communicate," and "The Plain reader be damned." Nobody, I believe, will care to quarrel with the editors of *transition* as to their right to issue such a manifesto which expresses their purpose or protest; or to write in such a way as leaves no room for doubt that they are "expressing" rather than "communicating." The point, however, is this: Whenever a word is uttered, it automatically becomes a form of communication, unless the utterer dwells on a depopulated mountain-top; and even then it may come back to him in the shape of an echo or a resonance or a ramification in his own cave of thought. Mr. Jolas clearly admits this much when he says: "The surrealists have, by placing the emphasis exclusively on the interior

processes of thought, given a deathblow to a mere naturalistic conception of the world. They failed to see, however, that automatic writing is simply the preliminary phase in any creative process, since it is the fact of *becoming conscious** that makes the creator who organizes the chaotic world of his hallucinations."

With the "becoming conscious" we are in full accord. But, we wonder if Mr. Jolas is altogether aware of the implications of his statement. At this juncture, we call in his colleague, Mr. Gilbert, to tell him bluntly, since the latter, it seems, has read with profit Mr. Ogden's *Meaning of Meaning*. We may, indeed, imagine the following dialogue taking place between the two editors of *transition:*

Mr. Jolas: The writer expresses; he does not communicate.

Mr. Gilbert: Words have auras and essences, Jolas. That means they neither communicate nor express just one thing, unless you subtract their other possible meanings and significances.

Mr. J.: Pure poetry is a lyrical absolute . . .. (Item 3, Manifesto.)

Mr. G.: Wait, please. If words and combinations of words have auras and essences, Chief, how can they be lyrical absolutes?

Mr. J.: Narrative is not mere anecdote, but the projection of a metamorphosis of reality . . . . (Item 4, Manifesto.)

Mr. G. (quoting himself): . . . . Language has two uses, two distinct functions, Chief. Words, as Mr. C. K. Ogden points out in his *Meaning of Meaning,* are both symbolic (of a "reality," *i. e.,* communicative) and emotive signs . . . . You see, Chief, Ogden puts *reality* in quotes, and you don't. You ought to put it in quotes, because there ain't such a thing as an absolute reality; and so, my lad, there can't be an absolute metamorphosis of reality . . . . The question is this: Who's talking to whom? Of course, Chief, you can talk to yourself. But, then, which self are you talking to, eh? A plague on our thousand mortal selves! . . . . .

II

Let us pause here to glance over the ground which, with the reluctant support, no doubt, of both Mr. Jolas and Mr. Gilbert we have thus far covered. We note that, to begin with, the imagination is not autonomous and unconfined (*vide* Item 2, Manifesto), as is contended by the *transition* signatories. For, as Mr. Gilbert accurately points out, words have uses, "two distinct functions"; and the imagination, when it is not functioning through images, usually functions through words, which are *ipso facto* limited to their functions and uses. We need go no further, need we? The Manifesto as a whole is irrevocably vague and confused, if not self-contradictory; and, if nothing else, it is woefully inexact from any esthetic, philosophical or common-sense point of view.

As I indicated at the beginning of this paper, expression is beyond doubt a part of the process of communication by words, and this represents their "emotive" value, even though the precise nuance of emotion may not be at first easily determined. The history of human speech teaches us at least one thing, and it is this: the farther away we recede from civilization into

*Italics mine.

the past, the primary emotions tend to have more and more direct and undifferentiated modes of expression, like the cries of animals; the nearer we approach civilization and civilized speech, the greater the range of nuance in the expression of emotion. New differentia of the old emotions, what is more, cluster around the core of speech itself, to enrich life and make poetry, whether pure or impure, a living, creative reality. Civilization may be good or bad; we are not now concerned with that question. But the more civilized we are, the more subtle are the nuances of words, so that what these words actually *express* (by expression I here refer to root-expression, or the animal vibrations of the larynx or other muscles of the body in *instinctive preparation to act*) is harder and ever harder to fix. Expression in the sense of automatic writing is far too primitive for the appreciation of men and women who pretend to enjoy reading, whether it be pure poetry or plain prose. This explains the failure of the Super-Realists. I may even go so far as to say that expression in this rather bald sense (all other expression is communication, and so is this, too!), being a universal need or reaction like the natural functions of the body, is probably the least important factor in writing or art. The very mystery or subtlety or "hallucination of the word," to quote the Manifesto again, comes through the auras and essences that have accreted around human words and their evolutionary fusion or break-up.

In onclusion, the problem, if problem it is, reduces itself to something like the following:

The present text of the Manifesto is, as we have seen, self-contradictory and, from any reasonable standpoint, quite absurd. Moreover, the quotations from Blake and Arthur Rimbaud presuppose that the authors know more about the minds of those two great poets than they seem to do. The quotations are obviously emotive rather than rational, and must be taken together with their full context. This, certainly, should be an axiom of the sustainers of pure poets, as Mr. Jolas presumably is. When the editors rush into quotation (or communication) they simply increase their own confusion: they oppose themselves! On the other hand, I am in complete accord with what I suspect is the real intent of the *transition* Manifesto. The problem—or at least my own problem here—is to try to reconcile what I have said about the inner contradictions of both the Manifesto and the authors of the expository essays, with this feeling of essential accord.

Briefly, then, I am at one with *transition* in its robust assertion of the right of any artist to experiment freely with his medium; that is, I can find no fault with Item 7 of the Manifesto. Mr. Joyce and Miss Stein, in my view, need no justification for their work at this late date.

Finally, it may not, on the other hand, be inappropriate to remind the authors of the Manifesto that they ought to realize, if they do not wish to be accused of insensibility, that they are trying, in a way, to reform the "plain reader." Otherwise, why hurl a broadsheet at his head? In other words, they are trying to fish him up from hell, dangle him a bit on the end of their rods and choke him into a state of docility and attention. A Manifesto, dear reader, is a form of communication . . . .

NEW WORDS FOR A NEW AGE

BY ROBERT SAGE

WERE it not for the resolute opposition of the reactionaries the question of whether or not a revolution of the word were needed would be as non-existent as the question of whether we should continue to do a task by hand when it could be done better and more quickly by the pressure of a button.

In this revolutionary century our mode of living changes radically from year to year; and if our emotions remain primitive under the jacket of civilization our interpretation and expression of them have changed immeasurably, for our mental processes are a millionfold more devious and adventurous than those even of our grandfathers. Few have presented serious objections to the expansion of our life graphs or the subtilization of our cerebral processes; but the moment the verbal expression of the modern mental life is attempted through remoulding the sacrosanct English language there comes an explosion of fury and derision.

The defenders of the language in its accepted form appear to rely principally on two arguments: 1. The language is already sufficiently large and embracive to express any idea or describe any object. 2. Change in language comes about gradually and naturally in the vernacular, and when a new word has proved its worth it will be absorbed in the accepted literary vocabulary.

Respectively, these views may be roughly categoried as the classical view, or that which accepts a change-defying absolute (stasis of perfection), and the liberal view, which theoretically admits a cautious elasticity but which, like all "liberal" attitudes, is a specious façade of broadmindedness covering an ashamed faith in the *status quo* ("evolution, not revolution"). With the best of good-will, I can see no more value to either attitude than to a rubber crutch.

Language, the concrete symbol of our external and internal experience, is the marrow of our lives. A half-dozen words may and frequently do twist the entire course of our existence. The written word comes as near as anything can to fixing the adventures of our spirit as interpreted by our brain. I say "it comes as near as anything can," for it never *completely* expresses what we wish to communicate—it only approximates. But in order to approximate, it must be as full and elastic as we can make it.

But what do the classicists say? Our language is already ample to express anything we wish to express. Just a moment. "Our language," as these gentlemen understand it, is not the popularly employed language of today, but a medium which is very little different from that of the eighteenth century (which, incidentally, was no longer the language used by Shakespeare). Let a classicist describe a radio apparatus, an automobile, a psychoanalytic process, a talking picture, or, for that matter, a

modern city in the language of Steele and Addison. He will be no less clumsy than an American tourist trying to order lunch in Siberia.

It may be replied that the needed vocabulary is mostly technical and that technical terms may be developed for those who need them without molesting the written or "correctly" spoken language. To this I bluntly disagree, for it becomes continually more necessary to include the technical and the scientific in our ordinary range of experience. Even more important is the fact that our mentality is vastly different from that of the eighteenth century, when the monarchical grandeur still prevailed, when Darwin and Freud were yet unborn and the possibilities of steam, electric and combustible power unknown. The mechanical and scientific developments of the past hundred years, together with the evolution in our interpretation of knowledge (if it were not for the reactionaries it would be unnecessary to repeat these primer facts) have utterly changed our outlook, our manner of thought, our life itself. We can not express ourselves in a single paragraph without betraying, directly or indirectly, the influence they have had upon us.

The liberal attitude comes slightly—only slightly—nearer the truth. No one is likely to deny that the vocabularies of Cynewulf, Shakespeare, Addison and Sherwood Anderson, for example, are quite different the one from the other. The change, the liberals will say, has been the result of gradual elimination, addition and alteration carried on naturally through the years—the evolving spoken word making its way into the written language while the obsolete terms one by one drop out. This seemingly incontrovertible explanation is in reality an evasion. It is reminiscent of the arguments offered by those conservatives who hold that all existing laws (regardless, of course, of the conditions under which these laws were originally formulated) should be obeyed. When the laws prove to be no longer beneficial—so the conservatives complacently declare—they will be changed. (Such, incidentally, is invariably the logic of those persons who contradictorily present the most bitter opposition to any modification in the American prohibition legislation.) How, one would like to ask, is the magic moment determined when a spoken word has achieved the degree of ripeness which justifies its inclusion in the select company of the officially approved combinations of letters? As a matter of fact, the people of the past showed themselves to be much less self-conscious and exacting about their precious tongue. They used words as they needed them and when the required word was lacking they appropriated or invented it.

A capital truth in the discussion, it seems to me, has been overlooked. The gradual change in language, the liberals snugly point out, has proceeded lazily through the centuries and in the course of time has revivified our speech. True, of course. But it should be remembered that different ages have different tempos and that the renaissance started by the scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century, coming only slightly before the comet-like advent of the machine age, has quickened the tempo of our lives to an extent which shames prophesy.

The difference between the life of the tenth century and that of the fourteenth is less than that between 1850 and 1930. In the middle ages life moved slowly, conditions changed so imperceptibly that no one was

aware they were changing. To the ordinary man, life was a static affair and the world was his barnyard—nor were there any possibilities, as far as he knew, of things being different. (Ah, you vikings and you Columbuses, what bolsheviks you were!) Today we are acutely aware that everything is changing about us constantly. Just to remind oneself of it more sharply it is only necessary to question one's father or grandfather in a mellow moment and get him started on his "I remember when's"—one realizes abruptly that the life of only a generation or two ago was foreign in every particular to that of today. Compare the life of the fourteenth century king or peasant with that of the tenth century king or peasant, then compare the career of the midwestern millionaire's son with that of his penniless, pioneering grandfather!

In the grand lines everything has changed except the language. That has changed a great deal too, in spite of the classicists. (And in spite of the liberals—for the liberals, while generously admitting the necessity of changes which took place a comfortable number of decades earlier, are close beside the classicists in bucking a change in the present.) But, in general, while employing twentieth century implements for our most superfluous desires, we are still depending on inadequate eighteenth century tools to express the most vital parts of ourselves—our thoughts.

There are times when action is required to change abruptly a situation that has become stagnant or intolerable. Such, I believe, is the case in regard to certain of the younger writers who sincerely feel that the existing vocabulary is not completely adequate to say what they have to say. Theirs is the same impulse that led Martin Luther to action, that caused the far-reaching revolutions in America, France and Russia.

In my opinion, the leaders of the verbal revolution should certainly be encouraged. Obviously, many, perhaps most, will fail to justify their revolt—but God knows the average of failures among the conventionally vocabularied authors is dismally high. The work of the word rebels should be judged solely on its merits instead of being condemned in advance because it is not written in staid eighteenth century English.

In defending these writers, I do not wish to imply that every man who writes should forget the language he learned at school and invent a new one. This would be ridiculous. What I do attempt to defend is every author's right to mould a medium best adapted to express himself in relation to his age and his right to receive unbiased critical consideration if his work is verbally unconventional. And I, for one, hope within the next few years to see the English language—and, above all, the American language—begin, thanks to the efforts of the new writers of today, to shed some of its many obsolete tags and reassemble itself into a form more nearly in tune with the rhythm of the century.

EXPERIMENTALISM—AND EXPERIMENTALISTS

BY HERBERT GORMAN

ANY fundamental reconstruction is a revolution.

When the revolution of the word is mentioned I take it to mean the fundamental reconstruction (by means of the fusion of word-parts, vowel changes, etc.,) of words when they are employed to present, capture, cause us to feel or participate in hallucinatory states, dream conditions, or the mythic synthesis of mind and matter. The revolution, then, is confined to a special field of literature and not to the universal applicability and function of the word.

The champions of the revoltuion of the word, it then follows, are not fighting to change the editorial page of the New York *Times*, the dramatic criticism of Mr. Gilbert Seldes, the memoirs of Mr. Jack Dempsey, Lydia E. Pinkham's advertisements, the novels of Mr. Edgar Wallace, the state papers of Mr. Herbert Hoover, or the sociological disputations of Mr. V. F. Calverton.

No, indeed.

They are (and here again, perhaps, I arrogate to myself a mistaken belief in my capacity to explain for others) fighting for the freedom of *creative* writers to achieve the most delicate nuances by remoulding our partially ossified language closer to the heart's and mind's and meaning's and spirit's desire.

Why not?

There are two ways in which the reader may approach words.

He may approach them in the same spirit that he approaches Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair." Or he may approach them in the same spirit that the modern enthusiast approaches an abstract painting. There are differences and there are likenesses.

There is nothing behind the pigments that make up "The Horse Fair." It is all there to be observed at one glance, and it may be observed for an hour and the observer will discover nothing new creeping out of the picture and into his deepest consciousness. There are books like that. There is nothing behind the words. Once the book is read it is a dead object. I offer as horrible examples nine-tenths of the contemporary fictioneers.

For those who like that sort of thing (and I do not think it any special disgrace—after all, we like boiled squash and frankfurters and delicatessen potato salad without losing caste) there will always be that sort of book.

Behind the abstract painting (not all of them, God knows!) lurks more than the canvas. Through the pigments placed so curiously an intent, a design, an attempted fusion of æsthetic and spiritual connotations struggles toward the observer.

One difference between the two types is the attitude of the observer.

It is so with the written word.

But the revolutionized word, the remoulded, reconstructed vocable, must be used only where it is necessary—in that peculiar type of creative literature whose best exemplar is James Joyce. To capture the exact nuance, to merge several meanings into one word so that that word like a finely cut precious stone dazzles the eye of the mind with several facets at once, to express at once a surface meaning, a sub-meaning and a super-meaning, that, I think, is the true function of the revolutionized word.

What is there wrong or illogical about that?

The revolutionized word suffers from the "lunatic fringe" that surrounds all nascent movements. It has been victimized by fools and meddlers and half-baked undergraduates and lazy fellows who regard the changed word for its own sake, and tuppenny imitators of James Joyce and spiritual sots and moronic iconoclasts and piddling poetasters and sempiternal jackasses. A pox on such whoreson knaves!

The revolution of the word, then, is limited to one province of language—that of creative literature of a certain type—a type that is, I think, the peak of creative literature. Are not all peaks difficult of attainment? And may there not be pleasant grazing grounds on the slopes where the unambitious explorer may loll and take his ease?

The reader should approach the revolutionized word with a mental and spiritual equipment that includes culture, intuition, sensitivity, and freedom from traditional prejudices.

Half the quarrel against the revolution in the word is aroused by laziness (mental inability to decipher), habit (resolutely closed minds against innovation), and illiterateness.

Of course, the new *Work in Progress* of James Joyce is difficult. But how much greater is the mental and spiritual regalement and reward when the profound humor and insight becomes a very part of the reader's own mind after he has become a part of the work!

Here the revolution of the word vindicates itself in the obvious fact that what Mr. Joyce has to give can be restated in no other way. It can not be simplified without losing its content. The color and flavor and humor and mythic significance of *Work in Progress* is bound up inextricably in the coined words and surprising phrases. Even the rhythm of the prose is a part of the subject-matter. So supreme and exact a merging of thought and inspiration into language is an amazing performance.

The revolution of the word is vindicated in this special case.

It can not be vindicated in one special case without being vindicated as a force and method for letters.

It is only when the over-enthusiastic disciples attempt to carry the revolution of the word beyond its proper provinces (or, rather, shall I say planes?) that they defeat themselves, tumble over their own feet, and fall down in a mire of inconsistencies. Then they talk through their hats and then I go out into the night and sit down with my lonely flagon of gin and meditate on Robespierre.

Garçon, l'addition!

JAMES JOYCE AND THE NEW WORD

BY HAROLD J. SALEMSON

I

SITUATION

AMONG the contemporary experiments in literature, that of James Joyce is undoubtedly one of the most outstanding. And for more than one reason. For we should probably have noticed it even if it had been entirely devoid of interest: Mr. Joyce's first books gained him the right to feel sure that attention would be given his work, whatever he perpetrated; but the new book, *Work in Progress,* arrests our interest in a more profound manner. Never has any author attempted so systemically to disintegrate the word, to strip it of its standardized meaning and to reform it by uniting it with other words or by having these words affect it, in one way or another.

And now, when the Paris Group Manifesto (about which we shall have a word to say later on), lately published in *transition,* has, so to speak, brought the Revolution of the Word to a head, the task of commenting on James Joyce's new work, arduous as it may be, is slightly facilitated and powerfully urged upon us by the publication of several volumes apt to aid in the comprehension and judgment of *Work in Progress.*

After the fragment *Anna Livia Plurabelle* (Crosby Gaige, New York, 1928), we are now presented with three new fragments of the immense book, *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun* (Black Sun Press, Paris, 1929); and after extracts accompanied by an explanatory note in *transition stories* (McKee, New York, 1929), we are offered for perusal a volume of commentaries entitled *Our Exagmination Round his Factification for Incamination of "Work in Progress"* (Shakespeare & Co., Paris, 1929). With this we enter into the thick of the battle.

Having read the successive installments of *Work in Progress* as they appeared in *transition,* we admit having remained in utter obscurity concerning almost every angle of it. Until articles of comment were published in the same magazine, there was but one point that was absolutely clear: obviously, that James Joyce was attempting to revolutionize the word. In what manner? Many dismissed the subject summarily as the work of a madman or of a practical joker intent upon ridiculing his public. But I think only a little discernment was necessary to perceive the goal of Joyce's words-running-wild. The author purposed to give, through every possible allusion and suggestion, serious, comical, phonetic, etymological, or any other, a polysignificant character to his polyphonic vocabulary. Or, to put it more explicitly, the deformation of the spelling of a word, slightly changing its sound or optic aspect, should thus suggest to the brain a second meaning added to the natural one of the word, or a modification

of the accepted sense. To what extent James Joyce had succeeded could not yet be judged by those who knew only the fragments published in *transition,* unless they were among the author's intimates, or authorities upon the subject of language. Such men have given their views in *Our Exagmination,* but the reader of that book is struck by too general a laudatory note: the necessary unbiased judgment is lacking. However, one can not help but immediately notice the title *Work in Progress* given to the fragments of the unfinished book appearing in *transition.* Each commentator in turn has spoken of this "temporary" title, of the "as yet untitled" work, and so on . . . Such astounding blindness seems to me unbelievable. Thirteen authorized critics have studied the work from various angles, and not one (except in a very slight degree Mr. Stuart Gilbert) has realized that the three words *Work in Progress* represent the first and, we are obliged to add, the single, decisive victory of Joyce's new method so far. Ask yourself what the words mean. The first meaning is obvious: an unfinished enterprise; but further, were it only because we have heard it whispered that Joyce has abolished time in his new work, we would immediately think of the implication: work upon the matter of progress, time, history. And there are half-a-dozen other ideas suggested in more-or-less far-fetched manners. (I add that, not being a personal friend of Joyce's, though we have a number of mutual friends, I am handicapped by not knowing whether the writer has ever committed himself about the ultimate title of his new book. However, I believe Mr. Joyce will realize well enough the good points of the words *Work in Progress* to retain them as utterly symbolic of what we are told he is attempting to do.)

Now, to the title of Mr. Joyce's book, allow me to oppose this: *Our Exagmination Round his Factification for Incamination of "Work in Progress."* When I first heard it, I was incredulous; but the explanation, I believe, is simple. Mr. Joyce, whose first books have proved him an excellent writer, dominated his medium; the twelve commentators of this volume were beaten by the method which, getting the upper hand, becomes nothing more than a game. The neologism *exagmination* is perhaps intended to have some inferred extra meaning which I am not capable of grasping (unless it be *exegesis,* which is useless since the rest of the title assures us we have to do with a *literary* examination); *factification* can, with a little good-will, easily be accepted; but what about *incamination?* That is really a bit hard to swallow. After reading the book, we know that the word does not mean *incrimination,* as might have been supposed; it rather means quite the opposite. Vainly I search my brain for some allusion to "kammer," "chambre," or "chamber," which might eventually infer that, taking Joyce's work into our *chamber,* we understand and accept it. I find nothing. And I am brought to suspect that whoever of the twelve co-authors of this volume chose the title, he made a grave mistake. So, before going any further, we are brought to realize that Mr. Joyce is, as his previous books showed, an exceptionally fine prose-writer (to say nothing of the poet, who quite surpasses the other), while his commentators, for all their high literary value, attempting to apply a method not of their own invention, fail sadly. In the light of his new word-system, Mr. Joyce has therefore scored one success. I propose to go into the detail of

his "philosophy of the new word" and ascertain whether or not he has continued in as successful a manner.

For those readers not acquainted with the parts of *Work in Progress* so far published in *transition* nor with the above-mentioned volumes which give an idea of Joyce's new book, a few expository words about the text in question will doubtless be useful. Mr. Samuel Beckett, in his essay *Dante . . . Bruno. Vico . . . Joyce* (the first of *Our Exagmination*), tells us that Joyce is putting into practice Vico's theories of the cosmos. We know, from other sources, that, after *Dubliners,* a book of moments in a life; after *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* a picture of the author's life through the adolescent years; after *Ulysses,* twenty-four hours in the life of two men, Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus (James Joyce); the author offers us in *Work in Progress* a work divided into three parts or books, the first two to depict the moments between utter consciousness and the coming of sleep, the last to portray a dream (the moment between sleep and waking). Joyce has, therefore, undertaken here to study the subconscious mind in its most unimpeded forms. To this state of semi-consciousness (I am sure Mr. Joyce would relish this name for it: consciousnesslessness), the author, we are told, applies Vico's theories. Vico was an Italian philosopher of history of the late seventeenth century. Mr. Joyce, with Vico's bases, propounds that all human history might pass through a sufficiently cultivated mind at such a moment as he has chosen. Samuel Beckett gives us Vico's theories thus:

> "To this six-termed social progression corresponds a six-termed progression of human motives: necessity, utility, convenience, pleasure, luxury, abuse of luxury; and their incarnate manifestations: Polyphemus, Achilles, Cæsar and Alexander, Tiberius, Caligula and Nero."

And the six-termed social progression is:

> "In the beginning was the thunder: the thunder set free Religion, in its most objective and unphilosophical form—idolatrous animism: Religion produced Society, and the first social men were the cave-dwellers, taking refuge from a passionate Nature: this primitive family life receives its first impulse towards development from the arrival of terrified vagabonds: admitted, they are the first slaves: growing stronger, they exact agrarian concessions, and a despotism has evolved into a primitive feudalism: the cave becomes a city, and the feudal system a democracy: then an anarchy: this is corrected by a return to monarchy: the last stage is a tendency towards interdestruction: the nations are dispersed, and the Phœnix of Society arises out of their ashes."

This, then, is the fundamental situation of *Work in Progress*: timeless history of all humanity passing through the unconscious mind. The characters of the book are Anna Livia Plurabelle (the river Liffey that flows through Dublin), and Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker (symbolizing the mountain, and often referred to by the initials H. C. E. or Here Comes Everybody). These two characters represent male and female, or any male and female that it pleases the author to imagine; they represent also river and mountain, or any other two opposed elements or personages the author chooses. The transitions from their representing of one pair to another of characters are done in the intricate manner peculiar to Joyce's earlier works, here accentuated and often suggested in a far-fetched way

only by a word or even a syllable.

The conception of the book, therefore, puts every trump into the author's hand. He lets us know that *everything* is contained in his book; we have merely to find it. And his favorably predisposed commentators search every word and every letter for the allusions that Mr. Joyce may have crammed in, or that may, we dare say, happen to be there quite independently of the author's intention and by the merest chance. We will not be skeptical enough to hold that since the author does not show us his implications clearly they are not here; but we can not either give him the benefit of every doubt and, even if we do, can not admire him for puns or word-deformation such as, heard on the vaudeville stage, would amuse us and immediately slip our minds without our seeking hidden double-meanings. However, allowing him all the leeway our good-will permits, we may go into the detail of his main innovation, his technique of the new word.

II

WORD-TECHNIQUE

James Joyce's approach to and execution of the Revolution of the Word form the most interesting aspects of his new work. The book can hardly be called a diverting or even passingly interesting work to any but scholars of language-formation. We are as yet incapable of judging the thought or philosophy which may ultimately be seen to find expression in *Work in Progress;* the working of vocabulary we may, however, already discuss. To this are mainly devoted the twelve essays contained in *Our Exagmination* and Mr. C. K. Ogden's Preface to *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun.*

But the first point to note is that the opinion of the most enthusiastic commentators themselves is that Joyce's new language is not meant for current use. Mr. Stuart Gilbert, who knows Joyce and his work better than any other of our contemporary critics, writes in his *Prolegomena to "Work in Progress"* (*Our Exagmination*):

> "The unusual word-formation of *Work in Progress,* a constructive metabolism of the primal matter of language, was called for by its subject and is thereby justified, but it will in all probability remain a unique creation—once and only once and by one only."

The justification of Joyce's new language I will study further in this essay. For the present, let us retain merely "once and only once and by one only." The author, therefore, does not intend his language to replace current English. Then, he has the right to concoct whatever he will, as Pepys had the inalienable right to keep his diary in code.

Now, for the technique itself, Mr. C. K. Ogden's essay is a capital study. Here is his diagnosis:

> "For a language like that of Mr. Joyce, there are ten main ways in which symbolic texture can be complicated and compacted:
>
> Root-cultivation
> Tongue-gesture
> Rhyme-slang
> Analogical deformation
> Onomatopœia, phonetic and kinetic,
> Puns, select and dialect,

Spoonerisms
Condensations
Mergers
Echoes."

Root cultivation is an admitted form of word-coining in any language, since it is the medium of universal vocabulary-development. But for the following categories, there is an important point to be elucidated. Does the language of Mr. Joyce, or does it not, remain English? I mean that, if the author confines himself to English words and meanings, tongue-gesture, rhyme-slang, analogical deformation, onomatopœia, and puns may be admissible; although there is no reason why we should accept them as literature from Mr. Joyce and as foolishness from Milt Gross or vaudeville-comedians. For instance, Robert Sage, in his essay *Before Ulysses—and After,* speaks of

> "the pertinent humor of such words as *shampain* applied to a morning-after headache . . . "

Amusing! but we declare from experience that a hangover headache is no sham! Further, Sage states:

> " . . . *clapplause,* which instantly revivifies a lacklustre term, or *dontelleries,* which, referring to lingerie, surprisingly transforms the French word for lace."

Again, these examples are droll but give no solid extra implication which might prompt the adopting of them. Moreover, the existing words in no way demand reënforcement, as far as we can judge. Sage adds:

> "I can think of no more completely descriptive word for a skyscraper than *hierarchitectitoploftical.*"

But we already have *skyscraper,* sufficiently explicit in itself.

Now, we asked whether Joyce maintained English as a standard. For, if he does not, we will argue that the aforementioned means of word-formation are invalid. The five categories named, though somewhat useful in English, lose all value when several languages, and all the more when all known languages, are in question. For, onomatopœia and the others vary astoundingly through the various idioms. Word-signification according to sound is no guide at all, and, to give examples, how can an author logically confound the homonyms *read* and *reed* (of different roots), and the French *ride* (wrinkle)? Even in words of similar root-origin, the English *sensible* and the French *sensible* (sensitive) assume vastly diverging meanings. But, then, Joyce must stick to English; and how are we to guess that a sudden *malchick* is the Russian word for *boy* and not, as Robert McAlmon points out, a naughty little chick? Here lies a delicate question, the only answer to which seems to be that Joyce has exaggerated the permissible liberties. But, it is said, others have rejuvenated their languages: Dante the Italian, Rabelais the French.

At this point, we will bring in a few lines from Victor Llona's essay, *I Don't Know What to Call It But It's Mighty Unlike Prose* (*Our Exagmination*). Referring to Rabelais, in comparison to Joyce, the French critic writes:

> "France, in the 16th century, contained, I am sure, a greater proportion of educated men capable of following him (Rabelais) upon the

> roughest paths, than is the case among the English-speaking public from whom Mr. Joyce must expect to muster his followers."

And the critic thereupon continues to wonder why Rabelais was less complex in his language than Joyce dares to be. It was merely because Rabelais wrote for the reader, which Mr. Joyce does not condescend to do. *Work in Progress* pretends to be, as Mr. Beckett writes, "direct expression—pages and pages of it." The question of expression or communication we will thrash out presently, but for the time being, we may consider granted that Mr. Joyce wants no justification for his concoctions. However, as critics, we must find some, or dismiss the work as that of a fine writer who has chosen the career of a clown instead of a *litterateur*.

The sad thing seems to be that the majority of those who take enough interest in Joyce to discuss his work are enthusiastic admirers and expect great things "from Mr. Joyce just because he is Mr. Joyce." They thereby lose their critical exactness and skim over or neglect what they do not understand, or fear to be defects, looking only for matter for laudatory comment. But, I should think, "just because he is Mr. Joyce" we expect from the author something more than clownery. And too often he falls to that level.

But perhaps Joyce's various commentators might have done better if they had conferred before perpetrating their various articles. For the reader is greatly perplexed before these diverse opinions:

> Stuart Gilbert: Joyce carves his words "parallel to the etymological bone, following the way the muscles are naturally and anatomically set"; " . . . words (their associations rather than strictly etymological implications)."
>
> Elliot Paul: " . . . Mr. Joyce's enormous and incidental contribution to philology . . . "
>
> Robert Sage: " . . . the words composed by Joyce (always with sound philological authority) . . . "
>
> Robert McAlmon: "It is unlikely that Joyce himself understands from a rereading of his present writing all that he *thought* it had in the way of implication." (My italics.)

Of Mr. McAlmon we ask why, if he has merely to recall pure philological associations? And of Mr. Sage, what is "sound philological authority" for coining *shampain* or *dontelleries*?

Elsewhere, Mr. Gilbert explains in a certain passage the word *schue*, representing a sneeze, cutting short the character's soliloquy and suggesting (through the German word antithetical to *hat*) that the character takes his hat and departs. More than either etymology, philology or literature, that recalls to me the type of crossword-puzzles that *Life* and *Judge* used to publish. I believe there is no need for these "critics" to attempt to justify Joyce's word-formation. The author coins and mingles words according to his fantasy of the moment, and their scientific basis is unusually slight. Still, Joyce does not claim to be compiling a philological handbook, and we are not authorized in demanding that he justify every one of his neologisms. However, I believe that we may expect a certain degree of discernment in the manner words are coined and I do think that triviality can be excessive. The commentators of *Work in Progress* harp on that very subject and find it admirable that Joyce should be able to use so much contemporary humor and slang in his word-associations. And,

although it seems to me it was Balzac who wrote, "A man is immortal inasmuch as he is of his time," there seems to be little doubt that the logical foundation for the famous "Mutt-and-Jute" passage at the beginning of the book is most vague. The whole power of the symbolization is drawn from the immediate reversion of thought to the suggested Mutt and Jeff; and the names Mutt and Jute, I suppose, are meant to infer Mud and Juice, mountain and river. However, as soon as Mutt and Jeff pass from our minds (in other words, in a very short time), the passage will lose not only its spice but also its strength, for it will be utterly incomprehensible. The more true since there are already today in the book many allusions no one can identify for not remembering the current jokes of Dublin in 1904, when Mr. Joyce last left there.

Add to this triviality, one must add a taste for useless obscenity which mars the pleasure taken in reading the work. For, if we accept and even enjoy an occasional "dirty joke," when it in any way adds to the value of the work, to its exactness, or its interest; we are less tolerant when such an allusion deliberately and uselessly warps the sense and the intelligibility of the passage. For instance, in the fable of *The Ondt and the Gracehoper,* the lines,

> "He was always making ungraceful overtures to Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla to play pupa-pupa and pulicy-pulicy and langtennas and pushpygyddyum and to commence insects with him, there mouth-parts to his orefice and his gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste, ameng the everlastings, behold a waspering pot,"

such lines, I say, may be accepted for the excellent description they give of the Gracehoper's character (although I distinctly dislike the spelling of *there*); whereas, the useless likening of Napoleon's general Cambronne, who was a perfectly good fighting-man and in no way, as far as we know, hindered the outcome of battles, the likening of him to a device of malthusianism and sex-hygiene, merely for the sake of suggesting a spicy word, is not so easily entertained. And I have taken here only very obvious examples. There are many others, more or less visible or far-fetched and over which, queerly enough, the commentators have glided with most complacent ignoring.

Through all this, Eugene Jolas tells us (*The Revolution of Language and James Joyce*) that

> "James Joyce gives his words odors and sounds that the conventional standard does not know,"

and that in so doing he is merely again undertaking a revitalizing of language such as Shakespeare executed in his time. But, for my part, I believe that even in Shakespeare's day, such innovations as "to after-eye" and "whoreson" were less unfounded than today Joyce's type of words. After all, one "mouthed" a sentence; why should one not "eye" a person, and even "after-eye" him? "Whoreson" is obviously possible. But opening at random a passage of *Work in Progress,* I see the sentence,

> "While that Mooksius with preprocession and with proprecession, duplicitly and diplussedly, was promulgating ipsofacts and sadcontras this raskolly Gripos he had allbust seceded in monophysicking his illsobordunates,"

the meaning of whose neologisms neither any dictionary nor my own scrutiny more than ever so slightly divulge. I may be told I have not sufficient intelligence to read Joyce; but that statement I will accept only if its formulator explains to me the foundation of every word and every letter in the quoted sentence. That justification of each form therein used, otherwise than by auricular fantasy, be possible, I sincerely doubt. And I wonder whether "duplicitly" and the more "diplussedly" could be used one without the other. Would not separating them take away their only value, the charm of their different constructions with like elements?

However, I have voluntarily kept away from the inventions "silvamoonlake" and "forstfellfoss" which Eugene Jolas does elucidate for us in his essay. The first means: the river running through the forest (*silva*—silver and sylva), reflecting the *moon* in its *lake* (also *lake* implying lactic, or reflection of the Milky Way). The other word tells of the creation of the first waterfall by a tree blocking the stream: *forst* (first forest), *fell, foss* (Scandinavian root for waterfall). These two words, which I had found rather clear even before Jolas' final explanation, represent in part the most interesting and original of Joyce's word-forming methods, taken, Mr. C. K. Ogden tells us, directly from the Eskimo. The principle is the *infix*.

The words we use in everyday English are composed of roots, suffixes and prefixes. The Eskimos have the infix, and Mr. Joyce has appended it to existing English forms. C. K. Ogden shows us how an Eskimo real estate dealer, having for sale

> "a large and capacious modern residence, built to present owner's special design and still in owner's occupation; allowance for dilapidations due to the efflux of time and normal wear and tear,"

would need only the word *iglupakulia*. Mr. Ogden dissects:

> "The word Iglupakulia is built up with the infixes PAK, LIK and KUK, which are themselves changed to suit the rest of the word. Thus:
> "IGLU-A—one man's own house.
> "IGLU-PA (IGLU-PAK-A)—his big house.
> "IGLU-PA-LI-A—the big house which he built and still possesses.
> "IGLU-PA-KU-LI-A—the big house which he built for himself and still possesses and which is no longer as good as formerly."

Mr. Joyce does approximately the same in *silvamoonlake*. Thus: *silverlake*, the glimmering pool of the water in this spot; *silvalake* (silverysylvalake), the water running through the forest; *silvamoonlake* (silva-moonlactic-lake), the water in the forest reflecting the moon and the Milky Way. However, if this interesting innovation is about the most important thing in Joyce's word-construction, it is also through it that we perceive his failure. Let us again quote C. K. Ogden:

> "But an official banquet is not so called because the menu comprises fish and offal. The Eskimos, however, would find nothing extraordinary in the compound off-fish-al."

Doubtless true; but the Eskimos would write it *offishal* and not infer that it meant anything about the formal character of the banquet. From Mr. Joyce's technique we may guess that if he wrote *an offishal banquet*, outside of the menu inferred, we would be expected to smile at the twist-

ing of the word *official,* and the so-called "satire" of the phrase. In that manner, the writer whose love for words as words dominates every other instinct in him, just as he is capable of (apparently) uselessly writing *there* for *their,* could freely interchange *official and offishal.* And, as we see it, that is no longer called "science of words" or "love of words," but "play on words," and worse—horseplay.

III

DID JOYCE NEED THE NEW WORD?

Two reasons are advanced by the initiate as prompting Joyce's use of the new word: first, the author expresses, he does not communicate, and therefore his medium need be clear only to himself; second, the vocabulary and syntax used by Joyce are required by and adequate to the conception of his new book. Both of these arguments are fallacious, at least in part. And, after studying the manner in which Joyce manufactured his language, and disagreeing with his procedure, we must now show that the new word which we repudiate is neither necessary nor permissible in this case.

As one of those who signed the *Paris Group Manifesto* recently published in *transition,* it may be held that I can not, without contradicting myself, state that Joyce has not the right "to express, not to communicate." However, looking at the matter closely, the *Manifesto* which I signed, I stand by. But, in such arbitrary matters as manifestoes and proclamations, one must realize that the statements therein contained form a circle of facts justified one by the other. The starting-point of this manifesto was:

> "Tired of the spectacle of short stories, novels, poems and plays still under the hegemony of the banal word, monotonous syntax, static psychology, descriptive naturalism, and desirous of crystallizing a viewpoint . . . "

I, for one, am tired of all that. But I see no personal remedy. So I continue to be one of the eyesores. For those, however, who think they have a cure, I am glad to proclaim full liberty, by continuing,

> "the revolution in the English language is an accomplished fact."

I do not ask that an author verify each of his constructions in a dictionary or grammar. What check, then? Intelligibility, if the author has something to communicate. If, on the other hand,

> "the writer expresses. He does not communicate,"

there can be no impediment conceived in the way of his medium. That "the plain reader be damned" is based on the preceding reasoning, but we should say *the reader* and not *the plain reader,* for motives later to be elucidated. In short, I admit that, if Mr. Joyce "expresses," he may neglect communicating anything to the reader.

Mr. Joyce does not express.

Testimony from *Our Exagmination*:

> Samuel Beckett: " . . . years of patient and inspired labour . . . "
> Victor Llona: "Words of seventeen tongues have been identified so far in his new work—and every one of them is used with a surety of touch that bespeaks more than a nodding acquaintance."

Robert McAlmon: "In *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, which is written to suggest the flowing of the river, it is hardly important that Mr. Joyce has with great pains sought the names of all rivers on earth and 8 in hell and heaven. Unless the satisfaction he himself gets matters enough so that it transmits a satisfaction to the reader, it does not appear significent (*sic*) that he sought for the word *peace* in 29 languages so that he might call a complete female character *peace* in 29 ways; and similarly with *twilight* that after much research he finds that in the Burmese there is only the word Nyi-ako-mah-thi-ta-thi, which translates literally into 'the time when younger brother meets elder brother, does not recognize him but yet recognizes him.' What is important is the sensations evoked, the sensibilities made susceptible to response, by his writing, and that necessarily varies with each individual reader." "He (Mr. Joyce) has always been free of the need to give messages to the world and his fellowmen; and it is his intentness upon his love for words which has given him this freedom, very probably."

Elliot Paul: "Strangely enough, Mr. Joyce has almost universally been denied the right to do on a larger scale what any Yankee foreman employing foreign laborers does habitually on a smaller scale, namely, to work out a more elastic and a richer vocabulary which will serve purposes unserved by school-room English."

Is that enough evidence? As expression, it seems to me these "years of patient and inspired labour" are about as interesting as a book-keeper's "expression" in the statistics he compiles. That is the definition for *Work in Progress*: a *compilation*. And a compilation retains our interest, and the more so our literary interest, only in as much as it communicates something to us. So, it *is significant* that Mr. Joyce sought for words in 29 languages and that after much research he found *twilight* in the Burmese (for which, surely, he merely asked his friend, Stuart Gilbert, who told him off-hand, thus taking away even the glory "patient labour"), because this proves that Mr. Joyce is not expressing but compiling an encyclopœdia. (The same love for cramming his work full of endless information forms the principal, and practically sole, defect of *Ulysses*.) Now, for Elliot Paul's sake, we take pleasure in pointing out that the Yankee foreman in question has enough Yankee swearwords in which to express himself, and that he coins new vocabulary only to communicate to his laborers what they would not understand in straight English. But that does not make Joyce's work an expression of himself; it makes it a yearbook and almanach of human knowledge.

However, I see them coming, there are those who would scoff at this and say, expression may not necessarily mean self-expression, but the expression of something intangible. Correct. And here Mr. Joyce will *express* the dream-state. They all agree to that:

Samuel Beckett: "Here form *is* content, content *is* form." "When the sense is sleep, the words go to sleep."

Frank Budgen: " . . . his inventions are organic necessities."

Eugene Jolas: "For it is the condition between waking and sleeping as well as sleep itself which James Joyce is presenting to us in his monumental work. Here for the first time in any literature, the attempt is successfully made to describe that huge world of dreams, that a-logical sequence of events remembered or inhibited, that universe of demoniacal humor and magic which has seemed impenetrable so far. (To be sure, Gerhardt Hauptmann in *Hannele's Himmelfahrt*, attempted to present a dream-state, but it remained bound in the old literary conceptions as far

as the actual literary expression was concerned). The dynamics of the sleep-mind is here presented with an imagination that has whirled together all the past, present and future, as well as every space related to human and inorganic evoltuion.

"But in developing this theme, Joyce realized that the elements of sleep have never been properly described as far as the real night language is concerned. Obviously we do not use the same words while asleep as those we employ when awake. If you make the experiment of transcribing the narrative events of your dream, you will forever be confronted with this difficulty. Every writer who has tried to communicate his dreams to us has stumbled against the inadequacy of his presentational and verbal medium. For the broken images of the dream floating through a distorted film and the actual mechanics of words that occur in the movement need a radically new attitude."

Robert McAlmon: "The extent of his erudition is wide but not so great as people sometimes assume it to be. He admits to philological 'ragpicking' because the great passion of his life is words, their colours and implications; he does not intend to create a new literary esperanto, but he wishes to originate a flexible language that might be an esperanto of the subconscious and he wishes to believe that anybody reading his book gets a sensation of understanding, which is the understanding which music is allowed without too much explanation." "It is possibly necessary to 'trance' oneself into a state of word intoxication, flitting-concept inebriation, to enjoy this work to the fullest."

Thomas McGreevy: " . . . Joyce has created a language that is necessary precisely to give beauty and fitness to his new work."

John Rodker: "Joyce's virtuosity in this new work is a very remarkable phenomenon in that it is adequate to the requirements postulated." ". . . he finds that breath which will revivify our dying tongue."

Robert Sage: " . . . the revolutionary word scheme was demanded by the vast multiple plan of the book." "Why, then, should it be considered an outrage that Joyce has created a terminology of his own to express a conception that lacks the appropriate symbols in the existing tongue?"

William Carlos Williams: "He (Mr. Joyce) is looking ahead to find if there be a way, a literary way (in his chosen category), to save the world—or call it (as a figure) to save the static, worn-out language."

C. K. Ogden: Mr. Joyce's word-forming processes "all conjure us to penetrate the night mind of man, that kaleidoscopic recamera of an hypothecated *Unconscious* . . . "

These various quotations bring up several points upon which to challenge Mr. Joyce. First and most important of all, is the fact that all agree that the new word is necessary in order to express the new state, the unexplored world of dreams. Such a general opinion strikes me as a terrible avowal of defeat. They seem to say: "We are artists, but our medium is no longer sufficient." This does not show these men to be great artists but petty ones. The great artist must know the niceties of his medium so that any conception he chooses he may express through his art. But the petty artist proclaims that his medium is no longer adequate because he is too ignorant of it to make it bend itself to his undertaking. Eugene Jolas thinks that Joyce's greatest achievement is to have realized that the dream-state needs to be translated into dream-words. For my part, it is exactly in that that the great artist, the Joyce of the *Portrait*, disappoints me. The artist who would change his medium to suit his subject has been dominated by that medium: he has failed. And to say that Joyce has successfully portrayed the dream-state is to say that art may consist in turn-

ing the inapprehensible into the incomprehensible. It is as successful as the mathematician who might tell us that to find we need take only one-half of 2x or one-nth of nx. To grasp the dream-world, these commentators of Joyce tell us we need but understand dream-words. After all, they make not an inch of headway for us. The great fact still remains to be achieved: the portrayal of the dream-state in ordinary language. The question of the need of Joyce for his new vocabulary, therefore, seems to me settled. He did not need it, and would have done better not to try to use it. (After by comparisons to book-keeper, and mathematician, I hope no one will accuse me of using an extra-literary criterion. I did not judge Joyce according to them but, the judgment made, used them as matter for comparison.)

There are other minor matters included in the several quotations made. Mr. McAlmon wishes Joyce to be given the acceptation given a musician; but for that we must entirely rid words of any but sound values. Joyce does not do that: he plays simultaneously upon sound and meaning associations. In music, that amounts to a composer telling us a story in sound and using as a medium strains of songs of which we must know the words to comprehend the significance. And Mr. McAlmon's suggesting "trancing" oneself to understand Joyce's new work, adds to the strength of our arguments about the uselessness of the dream-word. Mr. McAlmon might say: "Go to sleep and dream, and you will apprehend the dream-state." Neither Joyce nor McAlmon were needed to teach us that.

Mr. C. K. Ogden would have us believe Joyce's new language initiated us into the dream-world. I believe I have shown it does not. As for whether the dream-world offered if one does master Joyce's tongue is a real one or an exact one enters into the domain of psychologists.

But I wish to terminate this discussion of the need of the new word for Joyce's book by challenging the constant statement that our present language is inadequate. It seems to me there are vast fields yet to be explored in ordinary parlance and, though they are the hardest ones to grasp (since the easier ones were naturally the first overcome), their mastery seems to me the important thing today. The greatest writer of our time, Marcel Proust, annexed the entire field of recollection and mental recurrence without coining a word. That was his force. However intricate his syntax, it was entirely correct in the accepted manner. English is neither a "worn-out language" nor a "dying tongue"; and if we greedily accept any logical innovations or adoptions of slang or foreign words, we must remember that the language about which Mr. C. K. Ogden writes:

> "The preservation of Print, the authority of the Authorized Version, the convenience of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, the standardization of the English Public Schools, and the exigencies of Fleet Street. If we are looking for the chief historical influences which have somewhat over-conventionalized the English language, we shall find it hard to add a sixth of equal significance,"

that language, I say, and that language alone, allows a sufficient security in the act of communication or even of the interpretation of one's expression. But, I hope my demonstration was convincing, Mr. Joyce does not

express. He therefore communicates. And as a means of communication, his vocabulary is sadly inadequate.

IV

OTHER ASPECTS OF *WORK IN PROGRESS*

A few other sides of Joyce's new work remain to be considered before any conclusions may be drawn. Whatever conclusions we make must be temporary, as, I have already stated this, we can not yet judge the philosophical value of *Work in Progress*. However, if we are to take his commentators literally, there is to be no philosophical implication but merely a verbose "expression." For my part, the new book, I repeat, appears to me a compilation: the more so, after reading the three successive printed versions of a fragment of *Anna Livia Plurabelle,* recalled by Robert Sage and which show beyond argument that Joyce constantly enlarges and embroiders upon his text, making it more complex but not adding for that matter, any fundamental transformations.

However, several aspects of the author and his work I should like briefly to review here for the better general comprehension of this essay. I return to the twelve essays of *Our Exagmination* and the other by C. K. Ogden.

Mr. Thomas McGreevy, in his *The Catholic Element in "Work in Progress,"* propounds the thesis that Mr. Joyce is at heart a solid Catholic. The reasons he gives do not convince us, and we can see in Joyce only a very profound sceptic. But, Joyce is a sceptic who is unable to rid himself totally of Catholicism as did Anatole France. Joyce is over-educated and can not believe, but his deep Catholic bringing-up and early surroundings, his years of studying in Catholic schools, have left unerasable traces. The Catholics are wont to say: "Our worst enemies are ex-students for the priesthood," and, although I believe Joyce was never destined to the Church, he knows theology and all religious matters as well as any scholar. It is from this Catholic formation that he retains an inalienable mysticism. A pagan mysticism, perhaps, but mysticism nonetheless. And, related to his cult of the all-powerful word, Mr. Joyce entertains a great veneration for the number. In this, Mr. Samuel Beckett tells us he is similar to Dante. And, after the six-termed social progression of Vico and Joyce mentioned previously, it is interesting to note these lines of Mr. Beckett's essay:

> "The death of Beatrice inspired nothing less than a highly complicated poem dealing with the importance of the number 3 in her life. Dante never ceased to be obsessed by this number. Thus the poem is divided into three cantiche, each composed of 33 canti, and written in terza rima. Why, Mr. Joyce seems to say, should there be four legs to a table, and four to a horse, and four seasons and four Gospels and four Provinces in Ireland? Why twelve Tables of the Law, and twelve Apostles and twelve months and twelve Napoleonic marshals and twelve men in Florence called Ottolenghi? Why should the Armistice be celebrated at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month? He cannot tell you because he is not God Almighty, but in a thousand years he will tell you, and in the meantime must be content to know why horses have not five legs, or three (?). He is conscious that things with a common numerical characteristic tend towards a very significant interrelationship. This preoccupation is freely translated in his present work: see the

> 'Question-and-Answer' chapter, and the Four speaking through the child's brain. They are the four Winds as much as the four Provinces, and the four Episcopal Sees as much as either."

The last time we heard speak of this little game, it was called Numerology, but it sufficiently indicates Joyce's mysticism. To this same trait is attached Joyce's acceptation of Vico's theory of four epochs in all animal life: Birth, Maturity (Marriage), Corruption (Death), and Regeneration (Divine Providence). As we see, it is a circle. The last is always the first (for that reason *Work in Progress* begins in the middle of a sentence, to indicate breaking into the circle), and consequently, the extremes touch each other. Just as Joyce believes in interrelationship of entities with a similar number of factors, so does he believe that every form of life is made up of four units, the length of the unit varying with the animal. Marcel Brion puts it:

> "On the absolute plane, the life of the ephemera and that of the animal endowed with the greatest length of life are equal. In the one case as in the other it is a life, and the fact that it stretches out for a few seconds or a few centuries has no importance. It is probable that both will be divided into a like number of units, but the unit will be long for the one and extremely short for the other. The idea of time being essentially that of the dissociation of moments, a hundredth of a second for an insect that lives for some minutes will be loaded with as many experiences as a year for the long-living animal."

It is this mysticism of the unit which has led Joyce, in abolishing the idea of time in his new work, to place himself in the position of God. And, to the deity, all of the existence of our earth is but a second. Therefore, he confounds all personages and all elements into two type-characters, the male and the female. But here his penchant toward triviality appears again. Elliot Paul says:

> "For example, if Noah, Premier Gladstone and 'Papa' Browning are telescoped into one, because of common characteristics, no violence is done to logic."

But, we answer, why represent our time by an unimportant news-item-hero, and history and legend by outstanding immortals? Such common characteristics as Joyce may see there are similar to the babblings of the eternal everyman who continually affirms that every possible invention has now been made or that no catastrophe ever shook the Earth like the last war. Incidentally, the "Papa" Browning episode, comprehensible enough, would be poor wit from a second-rate journalist.

But Joyce, exploiting the same trend of thought and his God's-eye view, continues to abolish both fact and time. This gives his commentators every chance of "interpreting" his work as they wish. Thus, Marcel Brion says:

> "Without apparent transition, the Fall of the Angels is transparently drawn over the Battle of Waterloo. This appears to us as contrary neither to the laws of logic nor to those of nature, for these 'bridges' are joined with a marvellous sense of the association of ideas."

In such a statement, to be sure, quite a deal is taken for granted. But Stuart Gilbert calls the book Vico's idea of an "ideal history." That it is. Everything is supposed to be contained in it; but Mr. Joyce has so well

concealed his information that this is not even legend but a mere allusion[1] to fact which only those who know all history will at all appreciate. John Rodker adds that,

> "as in the unconscious, in this new work there is no time. Events, people, make their own relevant conjunctions."

Relevant for those who know what is alluded to, and, very often also, quite irrelevant. The fact of the matter is that it is Joyce's cleverness which has led him to exploit this all-too-comfortable situation. It is due to this that Robert Sage can write:

> "With this latitude of character treatment, condensation of material and freedom from the restrictions of time and space, Joyce is able to put into the sixty-one small pages of *Anna Livia Plurabelle* a quantity of matter which, elucidatively expanded into a conventional presentation, would fill perhaps several volumes. He once again 'covers the subject' by orchestrating his theme with a poetic encyclopœdia of related strains, as in the opening pages of *Work in Progress* he brought together the various versions of the fall motif, from Lucifer to Napoleon and from Humpty-Dumpty to Tim Finnigan."

Doubtless, again, but one must know all these "fall cases" to be able to understand his slight and, after all, useless allusions. This intricacy of allusion leads Mr. C. K. Ogden, basing his estimation on the difficulties of the Eskimo tongue, to write:

> "So at least a decade may be necessary before Mr. Joyce's 'word-ballet' yields its secret even to an adjusted mind."

And we may answer that that is why a dozen scholars know Eskimo and that, if anyone wrote a book in that language, it would be translated and we would not be called imbeciles if we did not understand the original. But Joyce's vocabulary we must understand, we are told, if we know English and are intelligent.

The reply to this will be that Joyce does not write for the common reader because, as McAlmon says,

> "To what extent the imaginary being, the common man, or the common reader, can get a pleasurable sensation out of reading this work, is difficult to say; but if there is such a being as the common man, he probably does not read much, except detective tales or housemaid romances or the sporting news."

But, then, since Mr. Joyce, as we have seen, does not merely express, he must write for someone. Not for the common reader; so there are but two eventualities: either the author writes for himself alone (which interests us no more than what he eats or the contents of his diary, except insofar as it throws a light on the character of the author of four or five remarkable books), or else he is writing for a small group of initiate, and in that case he is founding an *artistocracy*. And if we do not adhere to this group of sincere scholars or snobs, we are ignorant, for, says Robert Sage,

> "his latest book *can* be followed in its large lines by any intelligent reader."

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[1] It is significant to note that this so-called "alluding" of Joyce to every possible subject is mere "allusion," bringing in only a propitiously phonetic word, whose meaning hardly ever in any way touches the general theme.

So, the result of it all is that Mr. Joyce has haloed himself God and created a world. We will, then, leave this world to scientists (philologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, etc. . . .) to study; and we will be infidels. (Our premonition from the start had been that we were in the presence of the matter for numerous doctorate theses, but that when it was dubbed art someone had made a mistake.)

To conclude this part of the essay, there is just one more point to study: namely, we are concerned with a man who loyally gained his literary spurs with his first books and who is now publishing an unprecedented novel; whether he is actually putting sane theories into practice or whether he is a fine writer who has been tempted into playing with empty words, we can not yet say; but we may conjecture upon how he will continue his life's work when this book is finished.

Mr. Thomas McGreevy's idea seems a good one, on this score. He likens Joyce's work to that of Dante and shows *Ulysses* to be an *Inferno* on earth, which is quite correct; *Work in Progress* the confusion of *Purgatory;* and an eventual book the finality of *Paradise.* However, that would implicate a return to a clearer style, which seems improbable on the part of Joyce: this because the work is so intimately the man that he has become transformed with it. Robert Sage said it thus:

> "This consistent development is apparent even in single books, as may be noticed by comparing the first pages of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* with the closing pages or the first chapters of *Ulysses* with the ensuing ones."

The same is obvious in a novel such as Elliot Paul's *Indelible;* but in Joyce's case it is probably a fundamental succession of states-of-the-mind and not merely a technician's artifice. If it were the latter, then Victor Llona might be right, who feels "that with the last fragments shall come the revelation" and that the "dreamers may awake and talk coherently."

The assertion of Sage that

> "It is unlikely he will repeat himself; and to predict, as some have done, that he will in the end return to the simplicity of *Dubliners* is to admit a profound incomprehension of his mind,"

seems the most logical; but how his development can continue in the line it has chosen, seems to me today unconceivable. Only one result is clear: *Work in Progress,* probably unimportant in itself, will bring us to a more lenient view of vocabulary which will finally enrich the English language. But Joyce's innovations will not be adopted; they are merely necessary to make lesser and more rational ones seem to us less incongruous. John Rodker avers that it is

> "possible this attempt to make the unconscious conscious may but end in confusing the *rapport* between author and reader";

but finally, he thinks,

> "a first confusion gives place to a deeper, more complete identification."

I am not so optimistic. I group the Joyce of *Work in Progress* with those contemporary experimenters I once wrote about who are up against a wall, in a blind alley, down which we of the younger generation will have to return to the crossroads from which our elders took the wrong

path, and seek our new direction on another road. That road will be the Revolution of the Idea, the new point-of-view, an entirely renovated outlook, purely ideological, which may be correlated with but will be independent of both the Revolution of the Word and the Revolution of the Act. When we have gone up that road, I wrote, we will meet the very few who were able to surmount that very high wall in the blind alley. Whether Joyce (the Joyce of *Work in Progress*) will be among those few, time alone will tell. It hardly seems so today. And when Victor Llona avers that *Work in Progress* is a great book, if only because its publication in book-form (Heaven knows when!) is preceded by a volume of commentaries, it makes me want to add that the picture painted by Roland Dorgelès donkey and exhibited in the Salon of 1912 did not make cubism the great force of art it was, but Picasso's canvases did the trick. So (excuse me, O commentators of Joyce!), volumes of gloses will not make of *Work in Progress* anything the text itself does not contain.

V

CONCLUSIONS

By way of conclusion, it might be advisable to add some constructive remarks to the prevalent destructivism of the preceding pages; justice might demand that we directly scrutinize some significant passage of Mr. Joyce's new work, rather than base our judgment exclusively upon the discussion of commentaries devoted to his work. I propose, therefore, to "exagminate" the poem which concludes the fable of *The Ondt and the Gracehoper* (*Tales Told of Shem and Shaun*) and which seems to me of particular importance as Joyce's own statement of his case. Leading up to that, one fundamental remark must first be made.

I have already said that in reading the commentaries on Joyce's work in *Our Exagmination* I was struck by a general excess of taking-for-granted; the author was given the benefit of too many doubts. This, I dare say, is due to the fact that, in attempting to create legend, Joyce himself has become legendary. As a matter of fact, the obstacles he encountered when he attempted to publish *Dubliners,* and later the suppression of *Ulysses* and parts of *Work in Progress,* were bound to make of Joyce, at least in the minds of his admirers, a martyr to the cause of letters. Consequently, expecting such great things from him and stating blindly they received them "just because he is Mr. Joyce," his commentators have lost their sense of moderation in literary criticism, and we find Joyce compared to Dante, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Homer, Proust, Einstein, and Rembrandt. As for Rembrandt's masterpieces, Marcel Brion writes that *Work in Progress*

> " . . . seems to be constructing itself with the moment and it seems if we were to return on the morrow we should find it changed. And, in fact, when we return on the morrow, it is changed."

This conception in the eyes of others of Joyce as a legendary personage corresponds perfectly to his own position as God from which he views the plot of his new book. Joyce's friends do not judge him as they would any writer, but as Mr. Joyce, preconceivedly capable and destined to do

unheard-of things. This situation as Mr. Joyce and not just as a writer like any other, he does not request for himself in the fragment I wish to explain.

The deformation of the title *The Ondt and the Gracehoper* is the first point. The *Ondt* (on't—on it—in the know) is Mr. Joyce, the hard-working scholar who has stored up knowledge all his life, in view of a rainy day; the *Gracehoper* is as far as we know Mr. Everyman, happy-go-lucky, trusting-to-luck, hoping-for-grace, and "always making ungraceful overtures to Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla" and asking them "to commence insects with him." With great profusion of details (in the Joycian sense: allusions, relevant or irrelevant, complicating words and rarely adding anything in the narrative), he tells the story of Ant and the Grasshopper. There is nothing necessary for comprehension to note in the several pages of prose, but the last part, 34 lines of verse, starts:

> *"He larved ond he larved onn he merd such a nauses*
> *The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces."*

The meaning here is visible. *Larved* means both *laughed* and *gave birth* (larva) and *merd* means both *made* and the French word for *excrement.* In other words, he (Joyce) wrote so much satire and excreted such sounds that Everyman-Gracehoper was afraid he would *misplace his features* (faces) or his *forces.* But the next lines show us that the Gracehoper forgives the Ondt who is in good keeping with Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla (I do not recognize them but they must be the Arts or language) to whom the Ondt is teaching new dances and new obscene tricks. Gracehoper continues:

> *"As I once played the piper I must now pay the count*
> *So saida to Moyhammlet and marhaba to your Mount!"*

The exact meaning I do not grasp, except that Gracehoper will come to the Ondt as Mohammed to the Mountain. Gracehoper is disconcerted, but he follows the Ondt nonetheless:

> *"For the prize of your save is the price of my spend."*

In other words, Joyce is the Savior of language. And through two lines of obscenity he proves it by asking if, without the stimulation of sexual desire, man would reproduce. No,

> *"These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris."*

Proven: Mr. Joyce is needed to spur on literature.

Four lines follow from which we gather, after much "interpretation," that the four winds have irremediable directions, and Ondt and Gracehoper, like the winds, are eternally different:

> *"We are Wastenot with Want, precondamned, two and true,*
> *Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue."*

Wastenot and Want are forever opposed, obviously; but time must elapse, Gracehoper tells him, before Ondt can expect to be understood:

> *"Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for my gropes*
> *An extense must impull, an elapse must elopes . . . "*

And Ondt should just have faith in Gracehoper who will eventually bring

him recognition (*of my tectucs takestock*—have faith in my tactics). The Gracehoper finishes:

> *"Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense*
> *(May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense!),*
> *Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!*
> *But, Holy Saltmartin, why can't you beat time?"*

These four lines are the most important. The first shows that Joyce does not underrate his achievements (in quality or quantity); the second implies that perhaps Gracehoper is not merely Everyman but a caricature of those who claim to understand Joyce. For, the Gracehoper not only hoped for grace, we see, but also for the Graces (the arts); he is therefore the little critic who has trusted to luck to give him the competency Joyce gained through years of labor. And that little critic, not quite convinced, is speculating and hoping that, in truth, Joyce's work is as significant as he claims. The third line bares the all-comprising conception of *Work in Progress*: the genus or character is worldwide, the space is sublime or infinite (inferred by the superlative *spacest*). And line four, at last, gives the one reproach we address to Joyce and which he seems to recognize as not ill-founded—*why can't you beat time?* It is measure alone that keeps the most beautiful symphony from becoming a horrible cacophony, and being written according to rule, Joyce's new book, he says, would be marvellous. That, we cannot judge. A song played out of time is not recognizable. So, Joyce, remaining the remarkable author of the *Portrait,* tells us in this passage (the most comprehensible of *Work in Progress*) that he does not believe in his new word-system, of enormous words but empty ones; he scoffs at those who praise him and admits that he must not expect an audience, nor does he deserve one: for, after "why can't you beat time?" we read the end:

> "In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust. Allmen."

But the former and the latter are more than the Father and the Son, they are the author (the Ondt) and the critics (the Gracehoper), and then there are those who are immolated to them, their holocaust: Allmen. In the name, therefore, of every one in question, Joyce admits he should have beat time. And the critics who think they understand his opinions still continue to laud his work! (This "interpretation" is corroborated by none but myself and gives merely *my* understanding of the passage.)

Work in Progress is the production of a great writer, tantalized by the temptation of writing words as words only, having given in to the temptation, but still retaining enough lucidity to laugh at himself and his dupes. Joyce is a madman, sensible enough to realize he is mad and to suffer on that account (for illustrations of this, see his heartfelt paragraphs on his approaching blindness which show his great objectivity, but which also show the failure of his New Word, since McAlmon's paraphrase of them is both more effective and more beautiful). Joyce is to be pitied, rather than attacked, for he, as we, must realize that only two possibilities are left: either he will be ignored and remain alone; or, he will be followed.

GERTRUDE STEIN*

OR, LIGHT ON THE LITERARY ASPECTS OF ENURESIS

BY SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN

IF a mind does not possess creative power but pretends it does; or, if a mind possesses creative talent that is burning low, a flickering light in peril of blowing out; if its small endowment of ability has already been spent or wasted and can not renew itself;—what can a body do? The plight of the artist is painful indeed, for his mind knows luminous long moments, brief spells of radiant eagerness, and then during recurring vacant-souled intervals the fuses of his being decline to function: he makes futile gestures in the dark, without true impulse or illumination to buoy him up, to evoke his creative power. He dare not realize how visionless his mind can be. What is more pathetic than the sagging of the soul of an artist?

In our mechanic time the artist is a Number Two in the shrewd scheme of things. He suffers morbidly from a sense of inferiority: he feels out of it, subordinate, irrelevant, a weird voice in the wilderness.

Since his true talent which is lyrical is so niggardly welcome, so little loved, he seeks to capture the modern (mechanical-toy adoring) mind by turning to tricks and eccentricities and attention-attracting sleight-of-hand performances that belong so illustriously to an age of swift change and miracles of mechanics. Novelty wins!—attention and applause—and a seeming immortality. Hence our poets become politicians and play the game of fame and fortune cunningly, inventing new toys for an unresponsive world to wonder at, to talk about, to buy and cherish, to caress however passionlessly.

Eccentricity is the true originality of our age. This epoch (so blest in ingenuity, so unblest in profundity) lacks great creative minds, lacks profound souls. Mediocrity has its chance at last to shine and glow with an unnatural splendor. Geese are called swan. Owls are listened to as skylarks never were.

For not all who rave are divinely inspired, philosopher Cohen sagely reminds us. Because some geniuses have been mad, every little lunatic that aspires is mistaken for a man of genius. Who knows, we meekly say. Who can tell? Inspired idiots are coming into their own. The fool may slough his skin and emerge exquisite as a philosopher. The mystic ass may stop braying long enough to remind us of his evolutionary affinity with

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*See her Word Salad, as the psychopathologists call it, but which the author entitles *Mildred's Thoughts* (Thoughts, by Heck!), in *The American Caravan*, 1927. . . . Oh Insanity, where is thy sting? Compare this tommyrot with Pascal's *Thoughts*.

some half-remembered deity of old. For all any of us know, Joyce may be a greater Tolstoi; Cummings deeper than Goethe. Greenwich Village reeks with poets who disturb the sleep of Keats. Ah, these geniuses whose one creative flaw is sheer lack of talent! God knows: Gertrude Stein may be a Whitmaniacal Shelley, singing her immortal tunes backwards[1] for relativity's sweet sake. Thus:

"Gladness the half me teach, Ah
Know must brain thy That,
Madness harmonious Such
Flow would lips my From
Now listening am I as—then listen should world The."[2]

Is Gertrude Stein original or merely mentally defective? Is she creative or only bilious? How do her glands behave? Is she endocrinologically on the blink since infancy or only since adolescence? Is she an idiot-savant, overfeeding the idiot and starving the savant? Was she born humorless or did she become so after cutting her first wisdom tooth (badly decayed now)?

The three most picturesque nonentities of our age are surely William Jennings Bryan, Billy Sunday, Gertrude Stein. The first was endowed with a silver tongue and a wooden brain; the second with a soul of dung and a mind of sawdust; the third with a heart of putty and a mind of fog. Queer anthropoids. Queer.

That I may not be charged with gross and most unseemly partiality toward sanity, let me quote representative samples, oh so pellucid and enchanting, from Gertrude Stein's very own creations.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

This was not writ by Sea-Girt Stein.
But this abracadabra was!

"I suppose I pose I expose, I repose, I close the door when the sun shines so, I close the door when the wind is so strong and the dust is not there but there is a glare, how tenderly I sun. The fuchsia how can you enclose a fuchsia, the fuchsia has learned this that Caroline loves her sister and will neglect the fuchsia for her sister. I mention this not to displease Henrietta because in all things I obey Henrietta.

"How did she weaken Ireland. Give a thought to them, and give them my thoughts. Tell them to remember that every eleven years the sun shines hotly and also bid them remember that a farmer's life is a hard hard life a farmer's life for me."[3]"

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[1] Compare the classic studies of Ebbinghaus with Nonsense Syllables: a prelude to modernistic Dadaism and Mamaism.

[2] This highly original poem is lucidity's mirrored self by the side of what Gertrude of the Word Salad concocts and serves to mad moderns.

How many poor wretches languish in autistic solitariness in Ward's Island whose deviation from the norms of sanity is less violent and eccentric than Gertrude's?

Gertrude Stein suffers from a sort of linguistic diarrhea. I wonder whether it is not too extreme a violation of good form, of good breeding (even in a lunatic asylum) to allow a lady to disport herself in this fashion. Who invented the unhappy phrase "bowels of compassion"?

Let our tone deaf musician of the unintelligible harmonies sing her own illiterate compositions:

> "Can it be easily seen that country life makes us realise women giants and little negresses and the colour of curtains and almost always worth.
>
> "Can a planet please. Mildred is not pleased with the heat of the sun.
>
> "Johnny get your gun get your gun get your gun Johnny get your gun get your gun right off.
>
> "Johnny get your gun get your gun get your gun Johnny get your gun get your gun right off.
>
> "Mildred's thoughts are where. There with pear, with the pear and the stairs Mildred's thoughts are there with the pear with the stairs and the pears. Mildred be satisfied with tomatoes, apples, apricots, plums, and peaches, beets and ever greens, peas and potatoes. Mildred cares for us and Kitty Buss, what a fuss what a happy surprise. We only expected you last night and you have come again. When. It is very hot and no one knows what is the reason."

And here is an exquisite lullaby that George Gershwin will shortly want to jazz for his next New World Symphony to be entitled "The American Saint Vitus Dance":

> "In spite of a day a day lost in the heat a day lost in the heat of the hall, in spite of the day lost in the heat of all the heat that we know, in spite of words of surprise in spite of mats and strawberries, strawberries in the woods, how prettily I have taught you to say, the woods, the poor man's overcoat, and really this year, how many years were victorious. This year the heat has been intense.
>
> "I can easily surrender a play I yield and you yield, and I yield to you.
>
> "I continue to be merciless and I am wretchedly hot. You do not really mean that I would mean it if it were possible to express this.
>
> "In a play, I repeat in a play we must say that we hesitate to lose a day. And how gladly I would give you activities. Please me in the morning. Yes. And I will please you at night."

The last desperate lines, "Please me in the morning. Yes. And I will please you at night," are almost intelligible. In sober sooth, libidinous and freudian! They might properly preface Bertrand Russell's new book on *Marriage and Morals*. Which reminds one (under the crack-brained influence of Miss Stein's abracadabra technique) of the ailing little Jew who tried to cure his pain by Coué's incantation, and failed. To a Christian

[3] The title for this bit of buncombe would aptly be: *As Seen Through a Glass Eye, Darkly.*

friend solicitous about the magic results of Coué's therapy, he said (sing-song, whining fashion): "Evry day in evry way I'm gettin bedder and bedder; but oh de night time!"

Perhaps the most acute commentary ever penned on the subtle cathartic effects of vegetarianism is imbedded in this musical (musical and melancholy) utterance:

> "Can you confess to me why the Irish and they why they and the pens why the whole republic and records, why records and researches and why most of all why we can relish melons. I find melons with tomatoes. And oil. I find melons with tomatoes and oil. Do be ashamed of it all and let me tell you what to say. Let me tell you what to say about instincts. Instincts relieve me and so do grapes and so do parched plants. Parched plants apart how are you selfish. Parched plants apart connect me with them. Connect with them here in tender ways. I tenderly speak flowingly."

How sweet and clear like church bells in a forest are these opaque lines of Lewis Carroll's matched against the dull noise of Gertrude Stein's cacophony:

> " 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
> Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
> All mimsy were the borogoves,
> And the mome raths outgrabe.
>
> "Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
> The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
> Beware the Jubjub bird and shun
> The frumious Bandersnatch!"

There was a certain Chinaman who delivered an impassioned address in self-defense once in a crowded courtroom, in excellent Chinese, the judge and jury and auditors spellbound by his intense recital. At the close of a half-hour's speech, the lawyer for the defense quietly rises to interpret his client's address and says, to the judge, "Your Honor, he says *Yes.*" Are we not in need of some such bright interpreter of the gibberish a thousand times less intelligible than laundrymen's Chinese of our painfully creative Gertrude Stein?

In some intuitive way I feel that she is trying to agree with Carlyle's philosophy of Yea-saying, but I confess that her method of reaffirming life is quite lifeless.

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?
>
> "*Doctor:* Therein the patient
> Must minister to himself.
>
> "*Macbeth:* Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll none of it."[4]

[4] We are neurotics all. Only a cow is free from neurosis. Even a cow, if psychoanalyzed by Freud, would show some neurotic symptoms—certainly at the end of the analysis.

Now gaze upon this wistful diary in which the authoress shyly confesses that the sun is hot, oh so hot:

> "Relieve me of all the tenderness and the respect and the repetition and the upshot and the winter. How easily the sun is hot in the winter. How easily the sun is hot in the summer. How easily the sun is hot in the summer and in the winter. How easily the winter and how in the summer, how easily in the winter is the sun hot."

The only logical reply to her scientific observations on the sun and the seasons that spontaneously occurs to me is:

Pish. Tosh. Tosh. Pish.
Tosh-Pish. Pish-Tosh.
Oh, Pish.
Oh, Tosh.
Whoopee!

Another more epistemological rejoinder to our lady poet's dialectic might of course be:

Do Re Me
Me Do
Me Re
Me Re Me Do
Does Re want Me
Or Me Do?

No answer came
But faint and forlorn
On the cold grey morn
An echo returned
Like the breath of a spirit dying.

But let's joyously on with Mildred's *Thoughts.*

Mildred's love of language is ecstatically bodied forth in these lines (that Wordsworth forgot to write):

> "Have come back to my note. Note, goat, boat, float, dote, moat. I wrote you that I was anxious to please. She is not anxious to please me.
> "Sweet, feet, treat, meat, and bleat.
> "Complete.
> "I feel completely how she completes me.[5]
> "How could you confuse her. Myra or Myra does screen her. She is not Myra to her. She is not breakfast to her. Myra or Myra to confuse her.
> "We amuse her.
> "Do you love boys.
> "How have you been happily willing.
> "Come, repeat to me just what you have heard.[6]
> "I can continue to write.
> "I can continue to write to her.
> "I can continue to write to him.
> "I can continue to write, and I can not be defeated . . .
> "We can very easily understand any languages. Any language but that. Any language but that. We can very easily understand any language. And very well pleased. We are easily very well pleased. We understand what we say."

[5] Of course we Americans cannot approve of this form of affection and therefore I shall not pursue this dark theme any further in this innocent context. The Old Oaken Bucket in the Well of Loneliness!

"We understand what we say." Alas, who can doubt it? But why be so incommunicative, sweet chuck? Ain't Nature wonderful—to tolerate a Gertrude Stein?

A rather intimate note from her obscure most inscrutable life is sounded in this psychoanalytic parable:

> "How can pearls please. Pearls please me because they are accompanied by a drawing I draw merrily and I win, I win. I win I win. Pearls please me and I draw carefully and I do win. And I do wish to be that fairy. How many fairies are fair to me. One fairy is fair to me. One very fairy is fair to me.[6b]
>
> "Do earrings, do earrings tell sex.[7] Do earrings feel very well. Do earrings alarm. Do earrings tease. Do earrings please. Do be especially grateful to the little man who rings the bell.
>
> "Connect one with him."

A very bold experiment of Gertrude's is this in which unblushingly she combines the works of Havelock Ellis, Marie Stopes, Margaret Sanger, and Dr. Robie, and in laconic phrase reveals the naked Parisian truth concerning the illicit relations of the sperm and the ovum, in the following cradle-song:

> "Baby I am happily married Baby. To whom am I happily married.
>
> "Baby I am happily married to my husband. Baby. And to whom is my husband married. Baby. My husband is married to me. Baby. And to whom is my husband happily married. Baby. My husband is happily married to me.
>
> "Baby. When was I married.
>
> "Baby. I was married like a queen before I was seen.
>
> "Baby. And how was I seen.[8]
>
> "Baby. As a baby queen. Baby. And so I was married as a baby it would seem.
>
> "Baby. Yes, I was married as a baby queen.
>
> "Baby. You mean as a happy queen.
>
> "Baby. Yes, I was married before I was seen.
>
> "I understand you very well."

Though many a quaint passage in Gertrude Stein's *Epistle to the Loony* caused me to shed tears, I pause reverently to note but one tender line breathing intimations of immortality (among our gramnivorous cousins), to wit:

"Good night and remember the cow."

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6 BVD's, BVD's,
Harvard—Harvard!
Hunter! Barnard!
Columbia—C. C. N. Y.!
Cal Coolidge!!

6b How gay Parisian night-life must be!

7 Sex.
Organ.
Recital.
Organ recital.
Sextet.
Mental Hygiene!

8 Naked, presumably.

I know not why, why know not I, know why not I, not I know why, but this heartbreaking allusion to the cow released an ancient affection for cows and poets and book reviewers and realtors and rabbis and unborn babes, so that out of my creative Unconscious I begat and begat these point-counterpointless lines:

"Good night, good night, good night,
And remember the cow.
And forget not the bull.[9]
Gertrude Stein: all bull or *some* cow?

Modern prose has rarely attained to so perfect and translucent a medium of expression as has Sea-Girt Stein in this outburst of words and syllables, all happily strung together like so many martyrs beheaded by the guillotine:

> "He had forgotten the mildew but we haven't. We remember Waterloo and Louise Haynes and repetitions and Emil and extra riches. We remember our word. We give our word. And have we been faithful to our friends. Have we been loyal to our enthusiasm. And have we been nervous specialists.[10] I mean to please Demuth and his father. You can not please his father. His father knows Arnold very well. I hate you Kate he does not hate Kate. She hates we hate they hate us. We hate you hate now hate Kitty Buss. We hate they hate they shall hate plus, plus winning a town. A village a town, a tree all of it looks better with water. A swimming school has plenty of exuberance. And what do you think of balls. Hush dont mention. The nineteen year old Beatty wife did. Call me a brother. You are not that brother. Cæsars I trust you, to be true and to have come through a cow for my jew. Cæsars I trust you to have come through, for you are true a cow for my jew, Cæsars I trust you to have come through a cow from my jew because you are so true. Cæsars you are so true that I trust you to have come through a cow for my jew."

A learned commentator would reply to all this in Yiddish: *Schluf schneller, mir darf huben die Kischens.*[11]

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[9] Sons of the prophets were brave men and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah
Was Abdul Abulbul Emir.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer;
Downtown he did go where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

"Young man," quoth Abdul, "has life grown so dull
That you wish to end your career?
Vile Infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir."

Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end
Will avail you but little, I fear,
For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive,
Mr. Abdul Abulbul Emir."

[10] Wanted: an alienist and uttermost hydro-therapy.

[11] Translated by the distinguished Greek scholar, Sir Gilbert Murray, as follows: "Sleep faster, faster. Desperately we need the pillows."

Oh, the tranquil wisdom of that Chinese poem on *Woman* (from the Shi King, or Book of Odes, 500 B.C.):[12]

"A clever man builds a city,
A clever woman lays one low;
With all her qualifications, that clever woman
Is but an ill-omened bird.
A woman with a long tongue
Is a flight of steps leading to calamity:
For disorder does not come from heaven,
But is brought about by women.
Among those who cannot be trained or taught
Are women and eunuchs."

The modern student of mental (and emotional) deficiency who is not acquainted with Miss Stein's "epochal work," *Tender Buttons,* has surely missed a treat compared to which Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas, the *Pirates of Penzance* and *Iolanthe* and *Pinafore* are merely strange pantomime fit for the puppet stage of Gordon Craig (or as sheer radio-relaxation in a home for the aged).

Concerning *Tender Buttons*—first perpetrated in 1914, which was also the year of the Great War, when psychopathology on the grand scale became the new essence of normality—Gertrude, in person, avers:

> "It was my first conscious struggle with the problem of correlating sight, sound, and sense, and eliminating rhythm; some of the solutions in it seem to me still alright, now I am trying grammar and eliminating sight and sound."[13]

(Observe that the Ineffable Excruciating She must employ coherent language to celebrate her own theory of incoherence!)

There are so many mindless and senseless and soulless passages to choose from, it is not easy to cull the most deliciously empty-headed and empty-hearted selections from *Tender Buttons.* Gertrude's mental age is twelve; her emotional age is fourteen; her artistic age is seven, as these lines of hers attest:

"*Nothing Elegant*

"A charm a single charm is doubtful. If the red is rose and there is a gate surrounding it, if inside is let in and there places change then certainly something is upright. It is earnest.

"*A Piano*

"The speed is open, if the color is careless, if the event is overtaken, if the selection of a strong scent is not awkward, if the button[14] holder is held by all the waving color and there is no color, not any color. If there is no dirt in a pin and there can be none scarcely, if there is not then the place is the same as upstanding.

"There is no dark custom and it even is not acted in any such a way that a restraint is not spread. That is spread, it shuts and it lifts and awkwardly not awkwardly the centre is in standing.

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[12] From the remarkable *Anthology of World Poetry,* edited by Mark Van Doren.

[13] Quoted in *transition,* 1928, which "is happy to republish *Tender Buttons.*" (Two pair of pants are given free with each set of Buttons.)

[14] This does not refer to the belly button, but to the *navel*-reduction in which MacDonald and Hoover are now engrossed.

"A Cutlet

"A blind agitation is manly and uttermost.[15]

"A Time to Eat

"A pleasant simple habitual and tyrannical and authorised and educated and resumed and articulate separation. This is not tardy.

Milk[16]

"Climb up in sight in the whole utter needles and a guess a whole guess is hanging. Hanging hanging."

Why the editors of *The American Caravan,* themselves at home in the realm of sweet sanity, should have invited this exotic quixotic neurotic psychotic Lady-Camel to join their pilgrimage to the Holy Land of poesy, no critic, unbereft of reason and humor, can tell, can tell. Perhaps they reasoned that in a world so chaotic and irrational, a little more nonsense could do no great harm (in fact, might even endear the editors as broadminded and truly modern).

Even Gertrude of the Word Salad has her moments of surreptitious sanity, for she is able to write at the tail end of her elephantine gibberish: "I wonder if you can imagine what I mean." No, I can not, thou canst not, her or she can not; we can not, you can not, they can not. This is some helluva *knot!*

"If there has been a good crop and there has been a good crop if there has been a good crop, of wheat not vegetables if there has been a good crop what can sisters say to one another."[17]

Look you, Horatio, how this big girls swells over every page, in unrestrained ecstasy:

"You repeat I repeat they repeat this. We repeat they repeat that we will miss. They repeat you repeat that I do please. They repeat you repeat that they will please me. They repeat you repeat that they will please me too."

Her writing is enormously and obsessively intestinal. Food drives her sentences mad. Her libido is vastly invested in her stomach and allied areas. Out of her starved desire, her tormented appetite, she cries, lyrico-dramatically and historico-pastorally: "Words agree and hay and vegetables."

Her own literary *stable d'hôte* confirms the wisdom of her dictum: in her stylized concoctions (caked o'er with mucilage and icing) words do wondrously combine with hay and vegetables.

Was Metchnikoff not right in attributing most modern diseases to constipation of the larger intestine? Gertrude Stein's prose looks, under the psycho-literary microscope, like the large intestine in Laocoönesque travail. Her duodenum moans: "If I supply you with salad will you supply me with cheese. If I supply you with apples will you supply me with fish." What could I do (understanding the spiritual side of her nature) but cable her in Paris: Yes, even if you even if you even if you annex pto-

[15] How about the Socialist Party multiplied by the square root of minus one?

[16] This gets my goat.

[17] Very little.

maine poisoning flowingly feverishly funereally finally fanatically funnily, I will give you cheese. Oh Gertrude, cheese it the cop. Cheese it. Cheese and a large Stein. Food for the gods. Free verse. Da-da. Bye-bye Baby Hippo. Bravo. *Da-da*ism. Hot *ma-ma*ism!

Perhaps I do Miss Stein a great wrong: perhaps she is *sui generis;* though to me she looks more like chop-suey-generous. A writer who can speak so feelingly (without feeling anything) must be a marvel, at the least a moron.

> "Mildred thinks that chicken made of glass a horseshoe made of glass, a king's messenger made of glass, she feels that we have taught the workingmen to feel what he feels. And I, I please myself. I teach myself to feel what I feel. I beg your pardon. I did not mean. I meant that I am taught to feel what I feel and I feel what I feel when I am taught to feel what I feel. I feel for them. They feel for me. Frank feels very well."

You can (with the help of the Columbia Correspondence Courses) infer from this jargon that a good time was had by all. And why not and why not and why not? No mind. Only a belly-ache. Audible steak. Audible cake. Audible ache. Audible fake. Word Salad!

The *Danse Macabre* of Silly Syllables composed by Gertrude Stein of Baltimore and Paris concludes meditatively:

> "Mildred thinks that the world has accepted its manhood its womanhood and its age and its childhood. She thinks that she herself so feels no effort is necessary. Please buy a clock. *Mildred is still thinking.*[18]
>
> "Please buy a clock. Please buy a clock. Please buy a clock.[19] Please buy a clock. Money is back. Get your money back.
>
> "Money is back. Get your money back. Please buy a clock for me."[20]

Mildred is still thinking!!

The strait-jacket. The strait-jacket. Oh the solace of an Insane Asylum!

The profoundest commentary (what a shrewd and memorable criticism, my countrymen) on Miss Stein's creative contribution to the crazy conundrum called contemporary civilization was recently written by the talented pathologist, James Joyce (who is trying out the "606" experiment in literature: audacious Microbe Hunter!), who says delicately yet vigorously, poetically yet prosaically, intelligently and yet unintelligibly:

> "What wouldn't I poach—the rent in my riverside my otther shoes, my beavery, honest!—for a dace feast of grannom with the finny ones, flashing down the swansway, leaps ahead of the swift mac Eels and the pursewinded carpers, rearin antis rood perches astench of me, or, when I'd like own company best, with the help of norange and bear, to be reclined by the lasher on my logansome, my g. b. d. in my f. a. c. e., solfanelly in my shellyholders and lov'd latakia the bemevolent, for my nosethrills with the jialosomines wilting away to their heart's

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[18] The italics are ours. The thinking is Mildred's.

[19] For God's sake, isn't there a reader of the MODERN QUARTERLY who can afford to buy Gertrude a clock?

[20] This is an auction sale in free verse attended only by esoteric nuts.

> delight and the king saptimber letting down his humely odours for my consternation, dapping my griffeen, burning water in the spearlight, or catching trophies of the king's royal college of sturgeons by the armful for to bake pike and pie while. O twined me abower in L'Alonette's Tower, all Adelaide's naughtingerls, juckjucking benighth me, I'd tonie my twittynice Dorian blackbudds off my singasonga piccolo to pike musicallairs on numberous fairyciodes."*

Shall we mournfully concur that this is an age of *transition*? Woe betide. Weep, Antigone! After us, the Renaissance? Or—the Deluge! Who cares? Cares who? Who cares?

Poets should be made of sterner bluff. So says an old Arabian proverb. That Arab is not an ass. Gertrude Stein is. Oh, Wailing Wall, thou shouldst be nearer in my hour of need.

It lacks two hours to midnight. How the sea sobs! . . . .

(*Chorus: All join in*)
I want a place to spoon, a man, a moon,
—Or what have you?
A walk among the trees, a hand to squeeze,
—Or what have you?
I'm a romantic, whimsical thing,
Bothered by thoughts of Spring,
Little buds cooing made me long for wooing
—I want a rendezvous, a kiss or two,
Or what have you?

(Read Gertrude Stein And Die.)

*Quoted from *transition* (June, 1929).

ART IN THE ANCIENT WORLD

BY V. F. CALVERTON

THERE was a time in the history of primitive art, as we have shown, when society was without classes, and art as a consequence was classless in character. There is no such period in the career of ancient art. Society was already divided into classes at the very beginning of the ancient era, and every art reveals the presence of class-divisions in its nature and evolution. In the art of Ethiopia, of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Greece, and Rome, the features of class-dominancy are written deep into the materials.

One of the most interesting manifestations of the influence of class-culture upon art in ancient times is to be discovered in the tendency to exclude all reference to the lower classes from its substance. In no painting, carving, or literary effort do we find the oppressed commoner. The king, the hero, or the religious saint are included, but never the peasant or artisan. It would have been an insult to these heroic figures to have had people of inferior rank thus intimately associated with them. Art was for the rulers, and those who were connected with, or agents of, the ruling class—nobles, ecclesiastics, and military men. Just as in ancient times the lower classes were denied the right of marriage,[1] they were also excluded from any place in the arts. They might provide the artists, but what the artists created was not allowed to include them. They were the outcasts in ancient society.

It was only in Egypt that the lower classes found representation in the arts, and even there it was not in violation of upper class theory and practice. While all classes are depicted in Egyptian art, each has its own place, and the lower classes are introduced only in order to minister to the desires of the upper in the life that exists beyond death. The Egyptians devoutly believed that a man in the next world continued to live the same life that he had lived upon earth. Of necessity, therefore, if he were a member of the ruling class, he would need workers and slaves to serve him in the world beyond the sun.[2] At one time the servants and slaves were killed at the master's death in order to provide for his existence in this spirit-world. Later on, however, their "double," or copies of them, were placed in the grave. The presence of these "doubles," or pictorial copies of the workers and slaves, were a promise of their continued servitude after death. By the use of certain magic it was believed that these statues or representations could be transformed into active beings in the spirit world. It was for this reason only that the faces and figures of the lower classes are to be discovered in Egyptian art. Out of this curious

[1] *Cf.* author's essay: *Sex and Social Struggle* (*Sex in Civilization*).
[2] Helen Gardner: *Art Through the Ages.*

economic connection grew numerous decorative devices. In order to insure against inadequacy of service, many of the bas-reliefs found in the vaults of landowners and pharaohs, are rich with the figures of workers of many kinds, and of both sexes, each skillful at the different tasks necessary to the daily support of their masters.[3] Some of the figures depicted are at work in the fields, some sowing, some reaping; others are toiling in the shop and kitchen, and still others are grinding flour, starting a fire in the hearth-place, carrying objects upon their shoulders, or dancing in order to entertain their owners. In many instances the faces of the figures directly betray the obsequious manner of the bondsman.[4]. Their portrayal is in behalf of the master-class, and not because their lives or their souls had any artistic value of their own. In fact, this form of delineation, for which very little money was spent, was in itself an evidence of class discrimination: the bodies of the upper classes were embalmed and protected by every means at their disposal. Even after death, thus, the class-factor was intruded. There was no condescension, then, in the inclusion of the lower classes in Egyptian art, no kindliness or respect for the slave and worker, but an attitude that was based upon the perpetuation of hard economic gain.

The history of Egyptian art, indeed, is but a vivid record of the effect of telluric factors upon the economic structure of life, and in turn their mutual influence upon the ideas and attitudes of the people as reflected through the stratified organization of their existence. In no other country, for example, with perhaps the exception of Babylonia and Assyria, has the presence of a single river played such a decisive part in shaping the entire life of a people. Egypt was, as Herodotus said, "the gift of the river." The Nile, in a fundamental way, determined the nature of the art of the country as well as its economics. Life itself in Egypt seemed formed by the river. Everything depended upon it. The mechanical rhythm that characterized its inundations year after year, unfailingly, as if set by a clock wound in an ancient past that would never know a hereafter, timed the very nature of human reaction to a point of unparalleled monotony. The nature of toil was as regular and inevitable as sunfall. What is done is done in harmony with the river. To violate this harmony, and defy the mathematical regularity of the river, meant extinction.[5] For countless centuries there was only this unvarying force to be obeyed.[6]

This lack of variation in the life of Egypt, created thus by the precise movements of a single river, discloses itself in the structure of Egyptian art. The simple monotony that is to be observed in the artistic work of the Egyptians can be traced unquestionably to this origin. The stilted conventions that dominated Egyptian art, with their rigid formality of line, deserted only occasionally, once as an aftermath of the Akhnaton revolt, indicate the extensity of this influence. The absence of adventurousness in

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[3] Friche: *Sociology of Art.*

[4] Ballod: *Essays on the History of Ancient Egypt.*

[5] L. M. Phillips: *Art and Environment.*

[6] A. H. Sayce: *The Religions of Ancient Egypt and Babylon.*

[7] Hogarth: *The Nearer East.*

Egyptian life expressed itself into the nature of Egyptian art[8]

In the construction of the Egyptian pyramids, this same tendency can be detected. The pyramids, despite their over-aweing sweep and challenging immensity, are simple, monotonous edifices, without the slightest intricacy of line or subtlety of structure. There is nothing experimental or daring, nothing fine or ingenious, about them. Only their size arrests.[9] They are marvels of toil.[10] They attest the power of the autocracy. They are an embodiment of what wealth in the form of human labor can attain in the way of architectural magnificence.[11]

In Abdallatif's saying: "All things fear time, but time itself fears the pyramids," we have a testimony as to the idea that underlay their construction. They were built for permanence, that eternal permanence that is born of the merciless ardor of religious faith. They are the product of a ruling class that exploited the lower-classes in order to achieve their creation. The religion was a ruling-class religion that discriminated against the "underdog" in the next world as well as this. As a form of art, the pyramids had meaning only to the ruling classes. For the worker and slave they stood as hideous monuments of human crucifixion.[12]

Immensity was resorted to by all ancient rulers in an endeavor to impress their power. It was size that they always stressed. Subtlety was beyond

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[8] A repetition of this phenomenon is to be found in the river-civilization of Assyria and Babylonia. While the arts of these two countries are not copies of the Egyptian, their characteristics in terms of rigid conventionalities and unadventurousness of conception are similar. The perfection acquired in Egyptian art in the way of execution, a result of constancy of repetition, is to be found in these arts also.

[9] T. S. Atlee: *Man and His Buildings.*

[10] The same is true of Egyptian temples. They are colossal but characterless. Solidity alone predominates. Even the houses and layout of the towns reveal this same monotony in the organization of materials.

[11] If, merely in the construction of the Mahmudish canal in modern times, 250,000 peasants were engaged for a year, and 20,000 sacrificed for the achievement (Erman: *Life in Ancient Egypt*), we can get a fairly vivid idea of the gigantic employment of labor and loss of life that must have been occasioned by the building of a single pyramid. Arthur Weigall's contention that the Egyptians were "the kindest race of the ancient world," and were "never consciously cruel," seems to be something of an exaggeration in the face of the prevailing facts. His quotations from the statements of old soldiers, engineers, and princes savor more of the euphemisms of the specious humanitarian than of authentic record. Weigall's observation, in his *Personalities of Antiquity*, that the Egyptian princes were kind to their workmen because the Egyptian at the final judgment had to declare that he had "committed no sin against his fellow men," is not a very convincing argument. The Christian capitalists of the last century believed in a religion that required the same kind of declaration, and yet they did not hesitate on that account to sacrifice the lives of millions of men and women day after day in their factories and mills. And, moreover, even if Weigall were correct in his description of the benevolence of the Egyptian rulers, the fact of exploitation would not, therefore, be removed. The slaves were exploited as inferiors however well they might have been treated by prince and engineer.

[12] The pyramid, to be sure, was a direct outgrowth of the economic resources resident in Egypt at the time. Since there was little lumber, scaffolding was out of the question, and since there was no machinery for the elevation of materials (Choisy: *L'Art de Bâtir chez les Egyptiens*), it was imperative that the edifice erected be one that could be constructed step by step.

them in those days. This tendency is to be seen in the character of Babylonian palaces as well as in the construction of Egyptian pyramids. In Babylonia the kings achieved this magnitude of size by continuing to build new palaces upon the old foundations of their predecessors.[13] An interesting way in which the Egyptian rulers emphasized this element, aside from the erection of the pyramids, was in the portrayal of the pharaohs and others of noble lineage. Their figures were often a colossal exaggeration of their natural form. They were always larger than their life-size. Those of lower rank, of course, were never depicted in such romantically impressive form. Beside the Pharaoh, the soldiers and serfs were microscopical in dimension.[14] They were only the representatives of the lower classes.

Just as the discovery of agriculture by the Egyptians was the result of a river, [15] and the development of ancient warfare was a consequence of the progress of civilization occasioned by agricultural advance,[16] the entire social organization of early communities was conditioned by such telluric and economic factors. The arts revolved about these material forces. Barley in Egypt was the common currency, and, extolled as the Barley-Mother, it became embodied with a mystic power. Everything took on its aspect from the economic background. As the strength of the Pharaohs weakened, the pyramids diminished in size. The character of the ruling classes was expressed in the change in the arts. It was wealth that fostered magnificence, and when wealth varied either extravagance became more economical, or economy became more extravagant.

The presence of these factors is as marked in the art of Greece and Rome as in that of Egypt and Babylonia. No ancient people escaped the immediate effect of their influence. That contact with Egypt early inspired Greek art, giving form to its genius, is no longer disputed today.[17] Certainly, Grecian architecture is decisively Egyptian in origin. In fact, Greece knew nothing of sculpture when it first came into intercourse with Egypt. Nevertheless, the arts in Greece soon developed distinct forms of their own, and, as the influence of Egypt waned, became entirely unique in their evolution. The heavy other-worldly aspect of Egyptian art had no place in the Grecian conception. Climatic differences alone were significant in shaping these differences. The rigid regularity of Egyptian life was foreign to the inhabitants of Greece. The monotonous flat-lands of the Nile region had no counterpart in this peninsular country with its many and mischievous mountains and hills. The austerity of oriental environments was lost in this civilization, nurtured by an inland sea. Nature itself was less ominous. Fear never grew into a ravaging religion. The gods were this—worldly creations, anthropomorphic in almost every aspect. Only their immortality separated them from men. The terrifying and devouring deities of the East had no place in such a country and amidst such a people. Things of this world had more meaning than things of

13 Joseph Pijoan: *History of Art.*
14 *Ibid.*
15 H. J. Massingham: *Downland Man.*
16 Elliott Smith: *Primitive Man.*
17 T. J. Tucker: *Life in Ancient Athens.*

the next. The human body became an object of beauty and adoration. Everything human became precious.

Greek art, as a consequence, developed diversity and depth that were not attained in the arts of older and less advanced civilizations. The nature of Greek society, deriving from the city-state, and the varying autonomies of attitude that grew out of that political pattern, provided a varied and moving background for the production of an art in which plasticity could replace formality, and the adventurous supersede the conventional. The flexibilities of form that resulted found expression in literature as well as in painting and sculpture.

It must not be thought, however, that Greek society was founded upon that principle of freedom which so many writers in the past have ascribed to it as its leading virtue. Athens, for instance, was built upon slavery as a cardinal institution. Not only did it enslave its colonies, but within its own gates it enforced the sharp divisions between slave and freedman. Marriage, as we mentioned in an earlier paragraph, was forbidden to all but citizens. When we remember that in Athens in 300 B.C. among a population of 515,000 only 9,000 persons possessed the right to marry, we can easily realize the nature of the class divisions that prevailed in Athenian civilization. The enslavement of these multitudes, however, did provide leisure time for the minority that remained, and it was this leisure time that made appreciation of the arts possible for more than an infinitesimal few. Nevertheless, it should not be imagined that Greek artists were, therefore, exalted. On the contrary, with the exception of the poet who was looked upon as a moral physician, ministering to the ethical needs of his day, the artist was nothing more than an ordinary craftsman, who, even though a Phidias, lived, in the words of Plato, "a tradesman's life." The life of the artist, then, was not an enviable one. His intelligence was not revered.[18] His salary was low and his services were scarcely more extolled than those of the athlete or artisan. Paid by the state, the artist worked as for an employer.[19] The rewards offered for his work were pitifully small. Although his work was not interfered with by the public or patron, it was more because of disdain for him as an individual than because of esteem for him as a genius. Art was always referred to as an expression of the useful. Socrates invariably associated the idea of the beautiful with that of utility. For Plato the main purpose of art was didactic. Poets were not only to "work into their poems the image of worthy manners," but any among them who failed of this moral purpose was to be forbidden to pursue his art. The ascendancy of moral ideas over esthetic is well revealed in the words of Apolonius of Tyana, who urged the Smyrnians to develop character instead of architecture because "it is more pleasing for a city to be crowned with men than with porticoes and pictures and with gold in excess."[20] That art was encouraged more as an attribute of religion than of anything essential in itself is disclosed in the praise of Phidias for his having created not art but religious effects in the form of sculpture

18 Plato's *Apology*.

19 Mahaffy: *Social Life in Greece*.

20 Frank P. Chambers: *Cycles of Taste*.

that were of value to the state.[21] All Greek architecture had a practical origin. Thucydides and other Greek writers of importance have little to say of the art achievements of their era because art was not considered as serious, but they have much to describe about feasts and contests, and their meaning to Greek life. Even the Greek dramatists allude to the other arts but seldom. Aristophanes, who scorned the Athenian public and denounced it with vigor and was in the habit of referring to his contemporaries with frequency, had little to say about the painters and sculptors of his day. Agatharcus, one of the leading persons of his generation, was attacked with violence by Alcibiades, and being only a painter had no recourse against so distinguished a citizen.

Great art was produced by the Greeks, although they did not believe in art as a great endeavor. This is an amazing and instructive fact, especially when we realize that the same condition obtained during the age of Elizabeth when the greatest poetry and drama of England were written. In other words, there seems to be no intimate connection between the prevailing attitude toward art and the attainment of the artist. The greatest achievements in art seem to have been made at times when the artist was neither esteemed nor extolled, and were more often the product of individuals who considered themselves clever craftsmen rather than inspired geniuses. Shakespeare as well as Phidias illustrates this in complete detail. Both public patronage and private tended to reduce the artist to an employee, in one instance of a state, in the other of an individual. In either case the patronage was class-conscious in character. The state never maintain or control it. Nor did an individual patron ever represent the represented the people as a whole, because the people as a whole did not people as a whole, since he was a member of a class which kept the people in subjection. Nevertheless, the artist, employed as any ordinary mechanic, and paid to please his purchaser, whether state or individual, succeeded in creating things of beauty that remain even today as a testimony to their greatness of conception. In many instances artists of recent generations, who claim that art can flower only with freedom, have failed to create objects of beauty that in any sense equal those that were produced by artists in those earlier days when freedom was foreign to fact. The control of art by a class, then, has not seemed to hamper or paralyze the artist, although at first glance, particularly in the light of modern theories of freedom, the average critic would contend that such jurisdiction would result only in frustration.

In Greece as in Rome the various arts expressed the attitude of the ruling classes, and catered to those types and tendencies which emphasized these attitudes. In both of these countries the arts were encouraged and in various ways subsidized by the state.[22] Notwithstanding this fact, the artist remained an individual who received and executed orders. He

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[21] In Sparta, of course, the arts were condemned because they were conducive to weakness and effeminacy, and in their tendency to splendor encouraged indolence instead of vigor.

[22] Lathar Schmidt: *The Artist's Labor and Its Rewards* (*Die Gegenwart*, Oct., 1928); James M. Hoppin: *Greek Art on Greek Soil.*

was engaged by the state or an individual and commissioned to do a certain task. He risked nothing in his endeavor since he was paid either in advance or in the process of its achievement. There was no unstable market upon which he had to hazard his creation. In this respect his situation was very different from that of the modern artist. Besides, he had only the task of the ruling classes, either expressed in the form of the state or of an individual, to satisfy, and not that of a vast semi-tutored public which tends by its own inertia to discourage rather than promote fine and adventurous creation. There was competition, then, only in the way of pleasing the patron. Today there is competition everywhere in the struggle to please the purchasing public.

The tendency of Greek artists to exalt the beauty of the human form, interlinked as it was with the prevailing emphasis upon athletics and the dance,[23] undoubtedly was connected with the idea of war and conquest. In Sparta, to be sure, this connection is more obvious than elsewhere, although it is in no sense absent in Athens or Corinth. The Spartan practice of infanticide was a distinct manifestation of this trend. Despite the influence of Plato, the amazing logic of Aristotle, and even the interesting history of the earlier Greek philosophers, Greece worshipped bodily beauty more than intelligence. In all Greek sculpture one does not find a trace of the intellectual element.[24] There are innumerable studies of the body in action, the body as an exquisite form, aloft in eager leap, or tense with expectant spring, but none of it in intellectual repose and meditation. The furrowed brow, or thought-shot eyes, or inquisitive lips, are not to be found on Greek statues. The Greek artists did not aim at these things. It was the beautiful, strong body that they sought to portray. The body was a greater protection than the mind in those days of frequent combat and invasion. In Sicily altars were dedicated to the memory of those men whose bodies had been most perfect in their vigor and beauty.[25]

Plato's disparaging comments on music, and his argument that "musical innovation is full of danger to the whole state, and ought to be prohibited," should be looked upon as revealing an attitude that was very important in Greek life. The Greek genius was unsuited for music by the very nature of its disposition. Greek art aimed at a certain concrete objectification of conception. It could find this expression readily enough in the plastic arts, but not in music. Music is a nebulous art. It is subjective. It had no legitimate place in the art of a people who thought in objective terms, and who insisted upon logic as their guide. Even when, in later times, music was considered as an art by the Greeks, it was viewed as a sign of decadence[26]—"merely a seasoning of poetry."[27]

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[23] James M. Hoppin: *Greek Art on Greek Soil.*

[24] Taine: *Lectures on Art.*

[25] *Ibid.*

[26] C. Gray: *History of Music.*

[27] The influence of the social factor upon music is to be seen clearly in the evolution of the art under various cultures. The escape from the tyranny of logic into the mystic domain of the soul in the Middle Ages opened up all the rich possibilities that have pervaded the music of mediæval and modern Europe. Great musical developments could never occur in such practical and material cultures as England

The Greek spirit found its noblest expression in the straight line. The inspiration of Greek art revolved about the erect posture. The straight line denoted strength and power. It rose above defeat. It was the symbol of superiority and distinction. As a consequence, we find that the gods and individuals of high birth are always represented in ways that accentuate their rank. They are either placed upon lofty thrones or made to stand in positions of marvelous erectness. This is a testimony to their *noble* origin. Emotional expression is usually beneath them.[28] Even when disaster strikes, as in the wounded Amazon of Polyclitus, the attempt is always to represent the individual as superior to pain, standing firmly against spear or pillar. Even where, as in the Niobid of Rome, a knee-fallen posture is projected, the dignity of the rigid line is adhered to as far as can be maintained within the scope of the design.[29] This tradition, to be sure, was social and not esthetic in origin. Characters who were not of divine or noble heritage were represented in the most familiar and varied postures. Their bodies are carelessly projected, sometimes in slouching forms, sometimes with legs outstretched, and sometimes as animals slumped upon the earth. Their faces reveal a variety of emotions without restraint. They never display the calm poise of more elevated characters, because such display would have been totally incongruous. It was the social attitude, then, that determined the *set* of figure, and not the esthetic conception of the artist. Nobility was always associated with calmness and restraint. Only individuals who were not of *noble* origin could assume the meaner postures that were associated with the commoner.[30]

On account of this differentiation, which was a form of social language that was an accepted tradition with every Greek, those aspects of facial advance that are later to be noted in Greek art as the *noble* tradition begin to weaken, were able to evolve only through the technique developed in the depiction of *common* characters. This in itself is an interesting irony. In fifth century vase-paintings, for instance, every character of distinction bears an impassive countenance; and every character of low rank expresses some form of passion. Through these latter alone, therefore, was the Greek artist able to advance in realistic presentation of life and feature. It was not, however, until the specifically Hellenistic period, that the old concept of rigid dignity was sufficiently shaken and altered for the effects of this advance to find expression in Greek art as a whole.

This aristocratic distinction ran not only through Greek art but also through every aspect of Greek life. The Greek games, for instance, were mainly aristocratic. It was the kings and their families who usually excelled in the various feats, and who in general were the only ones to enter the

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and the United States, where everything, including the religious spirit, becomes money-theism.

[28] Even when the Greek figure, of noble character, begins to make an outcry, as in the Roman Niobid, the emotion is never shown except by a thin contraction of the facial muscles. There is no room for contortion or convulsion of feature. (Ridder and Deona: *Art in Greece.*) [29] Ridder and Deona: *Art in Greece.*

[29] Ridder and Deona: *Art in Greece.*

[30] Another expression of social superiority was to be found in size—as we found in Egyptian art also. Gods, heroes, and the significant dead were made taller than other figures, sometimes to a point of exaggeration that was almost absurd.

competitions.[31] The chariot races were monopolized by those chieftains who went to war in chariots.[32] When Odysseus, disguised as a beggar, implored the privilege of trying the bow, he was attacked and decried by the other competitors—his social rank was of such a low order. The Greek athlete was by no means the ideal type that so many imagine. Greek athletics were without many of the values that have been attached to them by later centuries. They had little practical use. They were more of an aristocratic escape.[33]

In Greek drama, to take another example, the element of class-discrimination continued for many centuries afterwards. Plotinus, as late as the third century after Christ, made a direct attack upon the critical attitude that it expressed, and his very words show how widespread was its influence. "We are censuring a drama," Plotinus wrote, "because the persons are not all heroes, but include a servant, a rustic, and some scurrilous clown; yet take away the low characters and the power of the drama is gone; these are part and parcel of it." Plotinus was far ahead of his time in arguing for the importance of the lower characters. The aristocratic attitude toward character selection in tragedy, as we shall see as we advance into later periods, was not to disappear finally until the rise of the middle classes in the eighteenth century. Of course, even Plotinus, as can be seen from these words, did not think of lower characters as possible substitutes for more exalted; he only defended their place in the drama. The day when a merchant's apprentice or a weaver was to become a protagonist in tragedy was beyond the vision of any ancient artist[34] or philosopher.

It is interesting, as a last reflection on this phase of socio-esthetic relationships, to observe certain definite changes that occurred in the art of Greece as the economic structure of Greek society shifted. In the fifth century, before the feudal order broke down and the *bourgeoisie* became dominant, the artist worked for the city state and expressed in his art a collective attitude and aspiration. Phidias served this city-state and labored for this collective end. In the fifth century, however, after the commercial classes came into power, we find this collective attitude swiftly disintegrating into an individualistic. Praxiteles arose as the leader in this new art. The statues of Phidias have existence only as parts of social construction; Praxiteles' work, on the other hand, stands alone, and has no need of architectural correlation. As painting developed it was also gradu-

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[31] It should be noted, however, that the common soldiers too had their separate sports.

[32] E. Normal Gardiner: *Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals.*

[33] Xenophon tells us that Socrates disapproved of the life of the athlete because it was "incompatible with the cultivation of the soul." Epaminondas avoided the training of the athlete because he recognized in it those features that tend to make a poor soldier. Plato contends that "the athlete's nature is sleepy, and the least variation from his routine is liable to cause him serious illness." Even Euripides considered the athlete as "the slave of his belly."

[34] And this, it must be remembered, existed despite the fact that in sixth and fifth century (B.C.) Greece the artist himself was a commoner, a tradesman, "who passed on his trade from generation to generation, from father to son." (Friche: *Sociology of Art.*) [35] *Ibid*

ally separated from the architectural background, and in time the fresco became a picture in itself.[35] Phidias gave beautiful form and spirit to his statues, but it was the form and spirit of a community. Praxiteles gave form and spirit to his statues, but it was the form and spirit of the individual. It was not until Praxiteles that the Greek statue endeavored to capture anything of individual feeling and passion.[36] It is out of the growth of new individualistic spirit, then, that portrait sculpture evolves. Before the rise of the commercial classes and the individualistic spirit, that is before the Age of Pericles, portrait-sculpture had little vogue. Aside from such a work as Cresilas's Pericles, there were but few harbingers of this new style.[37] After the spirit of individualism had once set upon Greece, however, portrait-sculpture became a very popular pursuit of the artist. It was not long before Greek rulers even had their faces featured on coins. In time, this individualistic tendency destroyed the whole traditional, collective of faith[38]—and the vast art of the Parthenon which had embodied the great concept of collective achievement is followed by punier art of the individualistic sculptors and painters which carried with it the early seeds of social decay.

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[36] Scopas was even more ingenious than Praxiteles in the projection of passion.

[37] Botsford: *Hellenic History.*

[38] The Sophists, in their stress upon the subjectiveness and relativity of things—and in Protagoras's memorable words: "Man is the measure of all things"—reflect an aspect of this individualistic trend.

MR. MOULD

BY EDWIN SEAVER

AFTER Mr. Mould had been a bureau manager for the company for eight years he was demoted. The boss decided he was not efficient enough and besides he was getting a little hard of hearing. His name was erased from the glazed pane in the door of the editorial bureau and the name of his successor put in its place. Mr. Mould was only assistant bureau manager then. But the boss was very generous and let him keep the same salary even though he wasn't really manager any more.

Mr. Mould took the blow like a man. In fact, it hardly bothered him at all. Nothing bothered Mr. Mould very much. He was a sedate, rather fat, youngish-middleaged man much given to eating chocolates, playing bridge, reading the sporting page, and collecting dirty stories. Out of respect for the ladies in the office, he never told a smutty joke aloud. He would write it out on a piece of paper instead and pass it around to the men furtively. Then he would watch their faces and each time their faces cracked open into a grin he too would grin with delight and wallow in his little joke all over again. He was married and had a child, a little girl.

What did bother Mr. Mould a good deal about his demotion was the thought of the ruction it would cause at home when his wife learned about it. Mr. Mould could sooner stand almost anything than a ruction at home. The thought annoyed him vaguely all day like a slight headache, but he edged away from it into his work. It was only after work when he was thundering home on the B. R. T. to his flat in Brooklyn that he really began to worry. The latest news from the Giants' training camp gradually lost all interest for him and he suddenly realized he was reading the same lines over and over again. He folded his paper carefully and shoved it into his overcoat pocket alongside the morning tabloid. Then he stared without seeing at the jerky image of his face frowning at him from the dirty window pane and sucked his teeth meditatively.

Well, she would find out sooner or later anyway; she always did, so why not tell her right off and be done with it.

Mr. Mould always thought of his wife as she. Originally her name had been Alice and he had called her Alice all during the first years of their married life. Later, when the child came, her name had changed to Mama and then to Mom for short. Now she was always either Mrs. Mould or the wife to others and just plain she to himself.

So they had fallen away from each other. She had been a charming enough girl when he married her. He had been a promising enough fellow when she married him. Now she was not charming and he was not so promising. Now she was getting a little heavy, a little too sharp-tongued; she was inclined to be very sarcastic about her husband's greatness. He,

too, was getting heavy; his stomach stuck out; he was developing another chin, and he was afraid of his wife's sarcasm. It made him think of what he once thought he would be and he hated to think of that.

But underneath her sarcasm Mrs. Mould was still very proud of her husband's good position with the company. He was manager, after all; everybody couldn't be that; it was not like being a mere clerk. It gave her a higher rating in her social set and she could even afford to be a little condescending to the other women. For his part, Mr. Mould tried to be a good husband to his wife; he arranged and attended as many bridge parties with her as he could so that they wouldn't have to be alone together too much, and gave his affections to the child when his wife didn't want them. So they all got along together fine.

Mr. Mould didn't tell his wife about what happened to him in the office that night or the next or the next. Each time he was going to; he told himself all day he was going to, but in the end he didn't. He simply couldn't find courage enough to do it. One night he found her in too good spirits altogether to spoil the evening, another night he found her too irritable, a third night there was a party on. And so it went.

When Mrs. Mould asked him at the dinner table how things were at the office he said everything was all right and ate the rest of his meal in silence. He began to feel really miserable inside himself. Each morning he left the house for work with a new sense of relief; he stuck close to his desk all day for fear his wife would call him up on the telephone when he was out and perhaps discover the change in his absence; each night he returned home with new dread. His demotion began to assume the proportions of a crime to him and the office with its smooth routine the only safe haven for a criminal. He grew fidgety and the pouches under his eyes thickened. Mr. Mould had never dreamed that life could be such a burden.

And then one day it happened. Mrs. Mould did call up when Mr. Mould was out of the office. She was not surprised to hear another man's voice answering, that often happened; but she was greatly surprised when the voice said:

"This is the editorial manager speaking."

"But Mr. Mould is the editorial manager," Mrs. Mould said. "There must be some mistake."

"No, there is no mistake," the voice said. "Mr. Mould was the editorial manager, but he is assistant manager now This is the editorial manager speaking."

"Oh," said Mrs. Mould.

"Is there any message you would like to have me give . . . "

But Mrs. Mould had already hung up.

When Mr. Mould returned to the office late in the afternoon they told him that some lady had called him up; she had not left her name but they thought it was his wife. Mr. Mould heard what they said faintly through the roar of his own blood; he could hear it without his ears. He felt dizzy and sank uncertainly into his chair. So it had happened after all and tonight he would have to face the music. Not tomorrow night or the night after, but tonight. He felt suddenly sick all over and very old.

When five o'clock came everybody in the office put on their hat and

coat and went home. Everybody said "Good-night, Mr. Mould," as usual. The stenographer was the last to go.

"Aren't you going home, Mr. Mould?" she said. "It's five o'clock."

"I'm going in a few minutes," he said. "I've got some work to finish up first."

"Wish you luck," she said. "Bye-bye!"

"Good night," he said.

It was very quiet in the office after the stenographer left. Mr. Mould could hear his watch ticking in his vest pocket. It kept pretty good time to the beating of his heart. She wouldn't say anything; she never did. She would just look at him, that was all. God, that look of hers! He would rather she struck him than look at him that way. You couldn't argue with it, you couldn't explain anything. She was a woman; it was hopeless to try to make her understand that such things happened every day in the business world. It had its ups and down; a fellow might be down but he was never out. He could be manager again and better than manager if she would only still have faith in him. But she wouldn't; it was no use talking, she just wouldn't. It was the last straw with her.

Mr. Mould picked up the metal paper cutter from the desk and felt the edge with his thumb. It was quite sharp. You would kill yourself with less. That was what suicide must be like. Mr. Mould had often read about suicide in the newspapers. You got yourself in a tight fix like this, you were desperate, you didn't see how you could make anybody understand how things really happened, and then you killed yourself and everybody hated themselves for not giving you another chance, but it was too late.

Jesus, what was he afraid of? He was the one who was supplying the meal ticket, wasn't he? He had been doing it now for years, hadn't he? Where did she get off calling him down for a streak of hard luck he was having? If she tried to make him feel cheap about it he would tell her so pretty quick. He would. It was time to show her who was boss in his own house, anyway. Other men did; they would laugh at him if they could see him sitting in the office now worrying like a kid about nothing, nothing at all. Nothing at all. But she wouldn't believe it. He could never tell her it was nothing at all. She would just look at him as if he were crazy. Mr. Mould felt his masterly attack crumbling away under her gaze. He drummed on the desk nervously with the paper cutter.

If you could only begin all over again. Fresh, just like tearing off the last day of the month and beginning a new month. Or maybe wake up and find yourself in another world. Men ran away with their stenographers and began life all over again. You read about such things sometimes in books. With a fresh start, who could tell what a man might accomplish? He wouldn't make the same mistakes a second time.

Swift movies of the new life flashed before Mr. Mould's eyes. He saw himself immensely wealthy, generous and esteemed by all. Whatever little thing he turned his hand to brought in millions. With magnificent swiftness and luxury he was wafted back and forth from city home to country estate and from office to club in a super Rolls-Royce. Everybody pointed at him and said, "There's Mr. Mould, the great financier." All his deals

were talked about in the newspapers. It was immensely thrilling.

As his excitement increased, Mr. Mould wondered which girl he would run away with. He could take his choice while he was about it. His pulse beat faster as he formed a picture of her under his eyelids. She was a composite portrait of all his flaccid desires. As she became flesh for him, all soft curves and no edge, the tension in his skull lessened, the hard outlines of the day dissolved, and in the half-light of emerging appetites he sank back with her into malodorous dreams.

When he had satisfied himself, Mr. Mould pulled out his watch with trembling hands. It was ten after five. Then he got up, put on his hat and coat and went home.

THE ACROBATIC PULPITEER

A horde of sinners, hellward-bound,
Had come to hear the preacher,
From all the hinderland around
To hear the great beseecher.
A thousand gapers—yep, by darn!—
Were crammed inside the sacred barn,
The pinewood tabernacle,
Where Reverend Monday swatted sin
And made a most religious din,
While snotty honks kept joining in,
And Wrigley-cuds' pert crackle.

It was a night for only men—
Exclusiveness to bait the mob—
So they had filled the swineherd's pen
For plain corn on the cob.
With "precepts of eternal truth"
He flayed the minds of "rampant youth,"
Then pleaded in a tearful tone,
"Why don't you leave the girls alone?"

He went at preaching with a flair;
He jumped about and kicked the air
And pounded on the table;
He barked and hissed and drove his fists
As fast as he was able.
Hot dog! that fellow has a style—
Dynamic pulpiteer!
It makes the wicked scoffer smile,
But brings the rural tear.
He should have been an acrobat
To climb the rope and "skin the cat";
Yes, were he frankly only that,
I wouldn't sneer.

—H. H. Lewis.

THE SPIRIT OF SCIENCE

BY J. BLAKE EGGEN

HENRY ADAMS is buried in a cemetery near Washington. Over his grave is a nameless bronze of a mourning woman, presenting, ever so simply, the concept of death; beyond lie the horizons and the marbles of the many dead.

The vertiginous rise of industrialism occurred in America in a single lifetime. The men of that generation, born under an old culture translated from the English hills, could watch it breaking up before their eyes among the rising vortices of the industrial revolution. Those who were sufficiently detached from the century, like Henry Adams, to observe the movement of history, saw with quiet desperation the impact of new forces that were accelerating civilization with the speed of a falling body. Like protagonists of Greek tragedy, facing the impending with measured dismay, these men were looking on at the passing of their epoch and the birth of machine civilization.

This culture shift, that displaced institutions and social classes in a short space of time, was verbalized by Henry Adams in his Theory of Phase. History, he maintained, is a discontinuous sequence. The succession of events breaks up into discrete phases, during which the manner of living is largely a constant. There are critical points where one phase passes over into another, the element of continuity being grafted on by social lag. These are not revolutions, or rotation of classes within the social structure, but the substitution of dissimilar structures previously unknown. At such points there is a violent change in human behavior, and thinking begins again along new lines.

When the curtain rises and the record of Nilotic culture begins we find the entire human race in bondage to a few passionate deities and their earthly viceroys, the great kings. The chief characteristics of ancient culture consist of fealty to majestic ghosts, combined with the vicious deviosities of conquest and rebellion. "The direction of the social movement may be taken, for scientific purposes, as unchanged from the beginning of history to the condemnation of Galileo . . . " Between these two points there stretches a long and inert period designated as the theological phase.

With the rise of experimental science, history enters a new stage. Historians may differ over the date, but the fact is indisputable: between Augustine on the one hand, and Bacon, Descartes and Galilei on the other, is a gap that no theory of continuity can bridge. Between 1500 and 1700 the theological interpretation of life collapses, and experimental mechanics initiates the subsequent mechanical phase. Here momentously is begun, for the first time in history, the organized observation of the external world. Formerly thought was deduced from a body of fact,

whose purpose it was to justify; now it is induced from a body of fact, whose purpose it is to explain. Derived from a new source, with a new end in view, the nature of thinking undergoes an alteration; the age of experimental science is ushered in.

Primitive thinking is limited by virtue of its source, but there are no bounds to the possibilities of observation. Optical arrangements bring new universes into view. Ideas multiply as observation extends. An original body of thought forms; it acquires movement; the movement gains velocity; the velocity accelerates. The first characteristic of the mechanical phase is therefore an acceleration in thought that is comparable to the acceleration of a moving body. Social forces multiply that acceleration, until by the time of the industrial revolution the movement of history suggests the velocity of a falling body in a vacuum. By the end of this phase the acceleration approaches infinity.

In the galactic system a body falls only by reference; there are, however, certain runaway stars whose rapid motion seems to indicate that space is "crumpling up" before them. In the progression of science we reach a point where the extreme movement suggests some kind of crumpling up in front of it. The great body of classical science, the growth of several hundred years, swollen into a harmonious crescendo by the work of Darwin, is broken down in the course of a few years and perilous discoveries revise the content of human consciousness. From 1881 on, amazed physicists perform the Michelson-Morley experiment again and again; in other incredible rooms men are accommodating their minds to the discovery of infantilism and catharsis. By isolating an element out of pitchblende, the Curies detonate a "metaphysical bomb" that rocks the structure of chemical theory. Pasteur demonstrates the existence of disease-producing bacteria, and revolutionizes the entire nature of medical thought. Bohr and other investigators demonstrate the quanta, beginning brilliant investigations into atomic mechanics. The discovery of anesthesia and asepsis by Morton and Lister makes possible the technique of surgery. The unaccountable appearance of mutations upsets the theory of continuous evolution. This is not all. Controlled observation, applied formerly to inanimate objects, is turned back on man himself, so that new sciences like genetics and anthropology spring into being.

The everyday world witnesses a revolution no less portentous. Modern civilization is built of four basic materials, steel, electricity, petroleum, and concrete, none of which dates back further than the memory of men now living. So far as the physical structure is concerned, our cities might be built of materials that Lincoln never saw. Life becomes increasingly entangled in the irreversible processes of urbanization and mechanization. The climax and conclusion of the mechanical phase comes about 1870, with the introduction of the dynamo, and the machine civilization, painfully, commences its magnificent parturition.

Here the previous era ends, and the course of history, with aspects of finality, enters upon a terminal phase. Social institutions notoriously lag, but the unprecedented changes in technology have set up an internal stress that promises to accomplish, within a bare handful of years, the decomposition of the social order. The attempted abolition of property by one of the

nations of the modern world is easily the greatest social innovation in the period of written history, since private property was originally responsible for the social structure as we know it today. The vulcanization of rubber, Goodyear's discovery, provides contraceptive devices that, along with other known things, are effecting the breakup of the patriarchal family that antedates written records. This is no renaissance, or rebirth of ancient culture, but a revulsion of the nature of society and the structure of thought, of such magnitude that we must go back into the dimness of the primitive dawn to discover an equivalent convulsion. It is not a revolution; it is a benevolent debacle.

Though the causes lie back three or four decades before, the break is dated approximately from 1900, which year is taken by Henry Adams as the point where the continuity of history suddenly snaps; children born after that date are born into a new world.

¶ Editorial Note: This is the introduction to a book by Mr. Eggen. The subsequent chapters will endeavor to indicate the place of scientific methodology in the history of thought.

AMERICAN RADICALISM

BY ARTHUR W. CALHOUN

MOST of what passes for radicalism in America consists of individual neurosis or thwarted group selfishness. Persons whose lives have been twisted by mischance, and groups of frustrated climbers, may give a good imitation of radicalism and may even be of incidental use in radical movements, if such exist; but grouchiness, crankiness, freakishness, or even iconoclasm, are not radicalism.

Actual radicalism is operative only when a social class gets so at odds with the social system as to demand a complete change of base. Now such a situation does not arise until the old order becomes psychologically impossible. But in the United States today the level of general material well-being averages so much higher than elsewhere in the world that most people are disposed to let well enough alone. The system does, to be sure, create new wants much faster than they can be satisfied, and the resultant tension points to ultimate explosion, but the end is not yet.

Consequently, there is no well formulated, or coherent, radicalism in America, and the person that esteems himself a radical has to ask himself repeatedly whether he is anything but a freak or a disappointed climber. It may be that he is a person of unusual sensitiveness or unusual discernment, in which case he may actually penetrate to the bottom of things, which is the trait of the actual radical, but no one would contend that enough people have arrived at such a point to constitute even the skeleton of a radical movement in the United States.

Certainly, the Socialist is not a radical, nor is the "Progressive." They are liberals of the sort illustrated by the British Labor Party and the German Social Democracy. They display their quality in their revulsion from what seems to them the freakishness of the party Communists. If, instead of being liberals, they were sure-enough radicals, they would probably reason that all groups that try to get at fundamentals always look like freaks to everyone else.

At all events, there is nothing in the total American situation today that needs to give the principled conservative anything big to worry about. Of course, a competitor may seduce his *clientèle* or an agitator may stir up a strike among his employees, but such annoyances are different from possible threats to "the system," which is so firmly grounded that it seems unlikely to be shaken unless the United States becomes involved in a world catastrophe through the clash of empires.

Radicalism in America? Snakes in Ireland!

PHYSICIANS IN REBUTTAL

BY T. SWANN HARDING

INCE I have written rather widely both in the medical and in the popular press with the idea that medicine should be made just as scientific as it is possible to make it, from the standpoints of research, diagnosis, therapy, organization, and economics, it is not unnatural that I have drawn some return fire from physicians and from medical journals. But since my attitude has been that developed by eighteen years' research in the laboratory—in short, one which tends to make me scorn quackery whether it be ritualistically invoked with pseudo-scientific sanctification, or whether it be blatant and undisguised, it is rather peculiar that physicians and medical journals have usually seen fit to vituperate me rather than to tamper with the factual evidence I have produced.

I have always written with care. I have invariably been able to substantiate any statement that I made. I have repeatedly drawn my facts from the very best medical journals and I have always simply asked—is this scientific or is it mere hokus pocus? Against the medical profession I have had not the slightest animus; with numerous individuals therein I have at all times been on the most cordial and familiar terms, and I select my own physicians with extreme care, while every one of them is a "regular" practitioner of medicine. The enormous good that the profession has done and the tremendously fine work of various individuals I have never for a moment questioned; it all goes without saying. But health is a fundamental necessity. It should not be organized on a profit basis. It should not be prey to fads and to unscientific procedure, and quackery should be recognized when it is within the precincts of the medical organizations themselves as quickly as it is elsewhere. Finally, adequate medical attention must be made available to all people at all times; how this is done is of less importance than the fact that it must be made generally available or therapy can never be scientific. For these things I have contended and it is rather surprising to find how the profession has reacted.

Before passing on to the attitude the organized medical profession in America takes whenever a serious contention is made that medicine should become as scientific as possible, and should be made universally available, it may be well to answer critics who, like certain past presidents of the American Medical Association, contend medicine is an art and not a science. The most scholarly brief discussion of this point I have come across recently is that of Alfred E. Cohn, of the Hospital of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, which appeared in the *Journal of Philosophy* for July 19, 1928, and was entitled "Medicine and Science." Early in his paper Dr. Cohn says:

"For medicine the hope has been expressed before now that it may

> become a science. But many doubt that this is a possibility. The statement is made that the content of its interest is too diverse, that it is subject too much to accident, too much to the source of interest for the moment; we are told that one disease disappears and is conquered only to make way for another and that its subject-matter shifts too much to expect to constitute it a science. This surely is the thought principally of those who think of medicine chiefly in terms of infectious diseases. But others I find go further still and maintain that this content can not lend itself to treatment proper to a science."

Then (adopting Sarton's definition of science as systematized human knowledge, and the subject matter of medicine as the sum-total of human ailments, he shows that practice and research must be skillfully combined, that the subject matter of medicine as a whole does lend itself to scientific method, and finally concludes—that after medicine is properly organized (and it is not yet even organized as a scientific discipline):

> "Men entering the study with widely different purposes will aid in the pursuit of its aim. It becomes unnecessary any longer to center interest in diseases exclusively from the point of view of the practice of medicine. So various, indeed, will become the opportunities for research that professors will develop with a range of interest widely divergent from those which are familiar. Recently the idea has been expressed that if the psychology of a man is known, you may know at once the type of his philosophy. And so in the walks of medicine. Men with different interests will be wanted, moreover, in order to fill all the necessary functions, men with varied capabilities, including the ability to teach, the ability to administer, and the ability to practice. In organizing our clinics it may be better to regard these functions separately and to make separate provision for each, coördinated perhaps, but not necessarily unified in a single individual. There is implied the consideration that in order that men of interests and abilities so widely different may become available to serve as leaders in these various directions, the opportunity for appropriate training for each calling must be arranged."

When an official of the American Medical Association writes, as did Arthur J. Cramp in the August (1929) *American Mercury* ("Testimonials—Mainly Medical") you might think the attitude taken was very scientific. Superficially it is. The victim takes the fake remedy; he is "healed"; he writes in an exhuberant and spontaneous testimonial to this effect; and he dies a few months later of the "remedy." I agree with Dr. Cramp to a very large extent. But my laboratory habit of dubiety—and it has been well said "Science is based on a double skepticism—it is skeptical of the validity of pure thought and of sense-perception" (J. MacMurray, *Proc. Aristotelian Soc.*, 1926-27)—simply leads me to question further than would Dr. Cramp or most ordinary practitioners. I have too often been fooled in the laboratory by material things to let it go at that. I ask—upon what does the doctor's faith in his orthodox "cure" rest? Why is it that he is today prescribing new remedies for old diseases which he "cured" when I was born with remedies he now declares impotent? He is doing so because certain people treated with such remedies were healed; they and their physicians testified to the efficacy of the remedy—does not like evidence produce like validity?

It depends altogether on the control exercised in the experiments. In his presidential address to the Section of Physiology of the British Associa-

tion for the Advancement of Science, Prof. W. E. Dixon (*Lancet,* July 27, 1929, p. 187) told how he and the late Dr. Rivers had been imposed upon when studying the effect of caffeine on healthy men. He told this because he said "it illustrates the imaginary sensations and effects produced by S. Hahnemann and his pupils, by Perkin with his retractors, and by more modern physicians with their mystic apparatus." Healthy men on a regular régime as to sleep, exercise and diet were used in the experiment and they had all practiced daily with the ergograph (which measured their work capacity) until their work output was constant. It was then found that the administration of a dose of caffaine, dissolved in water, one hour before the experiment greatly increased the work output for the day. This test was repeatedly made—it was not rushed to print as so many physicians rush their clinical results to publication—but was repeated so often the conclusion seemed inevitable. But Dixon continues:

> "This, however, was not the case: the effect was due to the ritual of taking a drug; the drug day assumed an enhanced importance in the mind of the operator and the mental effect sometimes referred to as suggestion was principally responsible. We had no difficulty in showing that water made bitter with a trace of quassia or some simple bitter had a similar effect. Few, if any, experiments made on man without most careful controls are of any real value. Properly controlled experiments have been made, however, with many substances."

This illustration is given simply to enable the lay reader to contrast my attitude with the attitude of the ordinary physician. He is sensitive to criticism and has class consciousness. He is *sure* that he knows the truth now. He uses his vaccines and sera with a sublime and lofty confidence right while Dr. W. H. Manwaring (Professor of Bacteriology and Experimental Pathology at Stanford Medical) warns him that:

> "An unbiased observer would conclude from these data that the clinical verification coefficient of current immunologic theories is not more than 5 per cent. In other words, that the chances are 20 to 1 that any serum, vaccine or bacteriophage logically deduced or logically consistent with current immunologic theories will be a clinical disappointment.
>
> "The pressing need today in clinical medicine is not a frantic multiplication of clinical trials with our present 5 per cent. efficient immune theories, but basic research, that more dependable hypotheses may be formulated and experimentally verified. A 6 per cent. approximation to absolute immunologic truth is not too high a goal for the coming generation."—(*American Medicine,* July, 1929, p. 502.)

Naturally, when I call attention to these known facts I am misunderstood. What can be my motive? I must be mad at the poor doctors. I must be in the pay some nefarious organization. While the American Medical Association calls me a choice selection of names, varied fanatics write that I am in the pay of the "vile and loathsome" American Medical Association. I am construed as out to disrupt confidence in the "regular" profession, whereas my real desire is merely to see everyone get adequate medical attention when and as needed, and to expose some of the quackery which continually goes on within the very precincts of science and seemingly escapes the observation of the elect. Such hokus pokus I call scientific superstition. Since I am guided simply by facts the attitude of organized medicine towards me and my facts is of interest. I could not begin

to analyze all of the backfire to which I have been subjected. That would be fruitless and relatively impossible. I shall, therefore, select five typical printed statements and one personal letter from a well-known physician for dissection and clinical analysis.

So far as my knowledge goes, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* has referred to me but three times. These references each deserve consideration because the American Medical Association represents organized American medicine, however much certain individual physicians may differ with it in viewpoint, and many of the very best of them no longer see eye to eye with it in its conservative, supersensitive policy of economic *laissez faire*. The first reference was in the issue of the *Journal* dated March 3, 1928. It was contained in a review of H. H. Moore's *American Medicine and the People's Health*. This review damned Moore's careful and scholarly book with faint praise, actually suggested that the statistics he collected and used so impersonally were designed to reflect upon the dignity of and "cast discredit" upon the medical profession. The book plainly showed the disorganization of medicine in this country, and its author superintends the collection of information by the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care with which the *Journal* of August 10, 1929, editorially declares the American Medical Association to be in close sympathy!

The last paragraph of this review which referred to me ran as follows:

> "The last appendix, entitled 'Is Medicine Scientific?' is an article by one T. Swann Harding, who, like Mr. Moore, is not a physician. This article, published in a periodical called *American Medicine*, is an unbalanced, irrational assault on modern medical practice that should never have been published anywhere. Its inclusion in this book is perhaps another indictment of Mr. Moore's judgment."

This statement has reference to an impartial discussion of the necessity for making medicine more scientific, which first appeared in full in *American Medicine* for January, 1927. It brought me hundreds of appreciative letters from doctors in active practice. It bristled with statements of fact, references, and figures. It is significant that the American Medical Association reviewer contented himself with calling me names and did not examine a single one of my well-substantiated factual statements. It is also significant that psychologists tell us anger is an emotion akin to fear and is usually aroused when we have been made to appear belittled, or when our situation renders us otherwise impotent. I regret there is nothing further to say about this reference, for I freely grant the Association the better of me in the art of vituperation. The matter is entirely impersonal; it is a question of fact, and no emotional or hysterical discussion could possibly be scientific.

I was next referred to in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of December 1, 1928, page 1683, by President-elect Malcolm L. Harris. In speaking of the high cost of doctoring, he said this:

> "One hears and reads much today about the high cost of doctoring. In the October number of the *North American Review* an article by T. Swann Harding entitled 'The High Cost of Doctoring,' is quite typical of this class of complaint. This writer attempts to show, among other things, that the medical profession in general is incompetent, and he quotes

> in substantiation of this statement the result of a study of intelligence tests made on 43,000 army officers, including physicians. He says that in Class A there were found 66% of the engineers and only 27% of the physicians, while in the lower class, or Class C, there were only 5% of the engineers but 40% of the physicians. He concludes that these tests mean something. He ends by saying that the intelligence of medical men, including dentists and veterinarians, is 'actually little above the level of street car employees, barbers and grocery clerks.' He then details a personal experience which he says he had in one of Detroit's first-class hospitals. He proceeds to condemn in excessive terms everything and everybody, from the way he was handled when he entered the hospital, to the doctor, and intern, and the nurse in charge, the food, the service and the amount of bills, and he ends by saying that, while he recovered, and the bills did not bankrupt him, still he could not feel that he had gotten his money's worth. This is a vituperative article condemning the profession for its small amount of intelligence and for its venality. As there are always two sides to every question of this kind, and as the other side of this one is not available, it is needless for us to comment on why a man should so conduct himself in a hospital as to warrant the kind of treatment which he said he received; but let us be charitable and attribute it to the mental state induced by his illness . . . "

Most of this is, again, beside the point. The genial doctor obviously has reference to my article in *The North American Review* of October, 1928. This was a well tempered discussion, flavored with some humor, of the high price most of us pay for medical attention and the low quality service we so often get. The most striking evidence given in the article was drawn directly from articles in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* by this very Dr. Harris himself, a fact he sedulously refrained from mentioning. He himself was my authority for the very worst cases of overcharging and fraud that I mentioned, though I even forebore to quote his case of a Class A medical man who sold a poor working man a fake cancer serum for his wife, and charged him $300 an injection. I contended that medicine was economically disorganized in America, and I proved each statement I made. Not one of my substatnial factual points was touched upon by Dr. Harris, probably because they were incontrovertible. My own personal experiences he did, in his delicately courteous way, see fit to question; that these were in no wise unusual a mere glance into *Nurses, Patients, and Pocketbooks,*" by May Ayres Burgess, will amply verify, for it contains page after page of complaints about mistreatment in hospitals; while Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* had this to say in the *Transactions of the American Hospital Association,* 29-163-1927:

> "I would not insist that the first duty of the hospital is hospitality, but I would suggest that at a time when scientific medicine is paying more and more attention to the influence of the mind on the healing of disease, it might be well for the hospital also to recognize that the patient is something more than a disordered machine. The point would seem hardly worthy of mention, were it not for the fact that a considerable number of persons have told me personally and many others have written to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of treatment in hospitals that should not have been accorded to a well man, much less a sick one."

That medicine is economically disorganized Dr. Harris, who is a very competent and highly intelligent medical economist, at once went on to admit in the same article when he wrote:

"I believe that every county society should organize as a business institute with headquarters properly equipped for handling all kinds of ambulance cases. This should be a community medical center and provision should be made also for the care of all those who need hospitalization or bed treatment. The service should be arranged for by the institute itself, each physician contributing a certain amount of his time and skill to the work. It is to be understood that this is not to be a charitable institution where services may be had free. Public charges should be paid for at reasonable rates by the county. Services to all others should be paid for at rates within their means as determined by their economic status. Those who are able to pay the regular rate of physicians should have their own as at present. Such an institute should not only be self-sustaining but should be able to pay reasonable compensation to the physicians who are doing the work. Such an institute should be of great advantage financially and otherwise to the profession. It should keep the control of the care of the sick within the confines of the profession and not allow it to drift into the hands of foundations and lay organizations."

This is my own contention, though I am not so particular about the interests of all the incompetent members of the medical profession as Dr. Harris might be. For this, then, I won vituperation.

I was last mentioned in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of August 10, 1929, at the head of the leading editorial on "*Doctors of Medical Practice and the Cost of Medical Care.*" This is a general protest against all laymen who want something done about medical costs, and winds up by saying that we should all wait until the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care has finished its long-time survey before we pretend to do anything. It adds that the medical association is wholeheartedly coöperating with the Committee. It does not remark that the Association apparently had little use for H. H. Moore, whose book, mentioned above, gave ample evidence of medical disorganization to work upon as long ago as 1927, and that this evidence was freely available even before that to the American Medical Association which has copious records in its offices. But nothing could better display the temper of the Association towards any such sacrilege as criticism of anything any doctor does than the following florid and rhetorical quotation:

"The problems of medical practice and of the cost of medical care are today like a patient suffering with a superfluity of advisers, some scientific, some logical, some informed; others ignorant, biased or with the one-sided perspective of the situation that a chiropractor has in studying the ailments of the human body. Finding a lack of competent and, perhaps, of entertaining writers among those who are informed on the subject, popular periodicals have accepted the contributions of the propagandists and loud-speakers. The yawping, sneering, exaggerated and, indeed, comical lucubrations of T. Swann Harding, who admits that he wrote a hundred and ten articles last year, have stirred a few physicians to anger, but have been met in general by the medical profession with yawns and with pity for the editors. Are these contributions really worthy of space in periodicals that are presumed to be devoted to thought and sound opinion? Of a different type is a recent contribution by Mr. Embree, director of the Rosenwald Foundation. It appears in full in the New York *Times* and in brief in the *Modern Hospital*. After all, the medical profession might have anticipated from Mr. Embree something serious in the way of investigation and data rather than sarcasm, half-baked opinions, and sops to the multitude. In his contributions are accumulated most of

> the invective that has appeared in the wild statements of sensation-mongering publicists in the last five years."

Since my gift is no longer that of calling names, a method of argument I tried to discard when I became adolescent, there is really nothing for me to say here. Reference is apparently made to an article on "How Scientific Are Our Doctors?" in the June (1929) *Forum,* where, once again, the mirror of scientific method was held up to the doctor's usual procedure and each statement was or could easily be substantiated. The fact that no single contention in the article was challenged is not without significance. The fact that dozens of doctors wrote in appreciatively and that more than one hospital medical director commended the article to his staff attests that it had some value. The fact that I can not reply to the Association, unless I resort to the dictionary for some big and naughty words, is so evident that I must regretfully pass on, since I decline to emulate my rather distracted detractors. I have too much respect for the medical profession and the great work it has done to leave the plane of factual discussion for that of totally irrelevant personalities, and I quote these torrid paragraphs merely for what they are worth, as evidence of an attitude of arrogance rather carefully maintained by the organization in question, and of the fact that it too readily eschews scientific method.

In *The Medical Journal and Record,* to which I have myself contributed, Dr. George B. Lake, prominent medical editor and physician, undertook (January 16, 1929) to answer my *North American Review* article of October, 1928, under the title "The 'Incompetent' and 'Avaricious' Physicians." Since he did not vituperate, but, unlike the medical association, displayed some interest in facts, his article merits analysis. He freely admits that there are plenty of incompetent "so-called" specialists, and that was my contention. He adds that men recognized as leaders of the profession are not usually incompetent, which would also be my notion of the matter. He adds further that the general fitness of a Fellow of the Association "is supposed to be investigated and determined" before he is permitted to join, and I should myself go that far!

In my article I quoted the army intelligence tests which seemed to throw the physicians into rather a low grade professionally and intellectually. I admitted that I held no brief for the tests, but quoted physicians who said they should not be questioned even if they did reflect badly upon the intelligence of the profession. Finally, it was proven that the physicians tested were the average run, no better and no worse. This the American Medical Association recognizes by automatically giving an army doctor membership. And "everyone knows that there are incompetent physicians," as Dr. Lake next remarks.

Mr. Harding is next rebuked because he expects to walk into a hospital and get treated for nothing. The rebuke is gratuitous, as he does not expect that. He also realizes that the heavy cost of treatment does not consist exclusively of doctor's fees; that food, equipment, nursing, and various tests count. On the other hand, the following from the *Wall Street Journal* of July 18, 1929, seems significant:

> "Edward S. Jones of the personnel department of the University of Buffalo made a study of the average earning power of 713 graduates

> of 70 colleges and universities of the United States and Canada. He found that average annual income of the successful man of 40 was as follows for the professions and lines of business indicated: Medicine $9,500, law $6,600, chemistry $5,300, dentistry $8,000, civil engineering $5,500, electrical engineering $5,500, mechanical engineering $5,200, research science $5,900, ministry $3,500, teaching $4,000, advertising $6,750, insurance $6,900, banking $6,500, sales management $7,500, general business executives $6,900, investment banking $6,500."

But by Dr. Lake's contention that people expect too much free treatment, and his assertion that they will pay high prices for things they do not need, instead of investing sensibly in medical attention, I am not moved, for this reason. Average, ordinary people would not help pay for education, good streets, lighting or a thousand and one other things unless compelled to do so. Many people would prefer to buy radios than education, but it is wisest to provide such fundamental necessities as education free for all and to tax those able to pay with the cost. Health is even more fundamentally necessary than education. The physician should not sell it as a commodity, as Dr. Lake contends he does; it should be generally available in good quality to all who need it, with the higher fiummeries of medical attention, like those of education, likewise available to those who can afford to pay at fancy prices.

Dr. Lake's comments that the cost of medical education and equipment is very high I therefore accept at face value. I know very well that many doctors are not avaricious, too. But I do contend that medical attention is too important to be sold as a commodity and that a civilized country would so organize things that every citizen could have the medical treatment he or she needed, at all times, even if this meant state operation and ownership of the equipment and facilities necessary to bring this about. I therefore heartily disagree with Dr. Lake's contention that "hospital treatment and the services of high-priced specialists are luxuries for the wealthy; not divine rights of every man, woman and child in the country, and not necessities in most cases." Hospitalization and good specialists are fundamental necessities and should be generally available.

This brings me to *The Journal of Medicine* for July, 1929, which is the organ of local branches of the American Medical Association and which delightfully castigates me editorially, under "As Others See Us." This has reference to my aforementioned *Forum* article which I find "states nothing but half truths, unwarranted criticism in a very unfriendly tone, and gives one the idea that the author is a smart Aleck who writes much more than he reads." This is the American Medical Association touch without doubt. Later I find this paragraph, which I quote not because it disturbs me in the least—for, so long as my facts can not be attacked successfully, I am never disturbed—but to display the attitude of the profession when one ventures to remark that a "regular" doctor is often quite as unscientific as the quack in his procedures, and to prove this; and to ask that doctors please try to adopt scientific method more rigorously.

> "The article in *Forum* is by T. Swann Harding, who says that he knows something of science and something of humor. But after reading his article we are inclined to doubt both these statements. If the whole article was intended to be humorous it should so be labelled. The first thing that a

> scientist is taught is to tell the truth, the whole truth, so far as he knows it, and nothing but the truth. If a respectable journal ever published an article that came farther from meeting these requirements it has not come to our notice. We know nothing of the ancestry of Mr. Harding, but he certainly has the same psychology that the Germans had at the beginning of the World War. He *only* is smart—those that he writes about are fools."

I am then further belabored for two columns. I am first informed that medicine is an art as well as a science. I presume to doubt. If the individuality of the patient were scientifically considered psychologically, and if research and therapy were properly coördinated, medicine could become a science. The tendency to veil its shortcomings in "art" is atavistic and disingenuous. It should strive to become really scientific.

In the *Forum* I quoted Dr. Mayo as saying that his clinic made a correct diagnosis in 50 per cent. of the cases, including post mortems. This is challenged. Dr. Mayo said it in Washington before the American College of Surgeons at a public meeting in 1927. He considered it a high average of success and, whether the *Journal of Medicine* knows it or not, it is. The medical journals reek with records of faulty diagnosis which certainly could not all be recorded in a popular article, and no one knows this better than physicians who edit the *Journal of Medicine.*

I also stated in the *Forum* that totally unnecessary surgery was very common. The *Journal of Medicine* says, "This is absolutely untrue." In this they give the lie to members of their own profession who have made these statements. In my *Forum* article I was quoting Dr. Hugh Cabot of Ann Arbor (*Annals of Clinical Medicine,* July, 1926, p. 5), who said that abdominal surgery was often done uselessly and that exploratory operations which led nowhere were entirely too common. He continued that he often found patients who had had from two to six abdominal operations to locate an obscure pain which was neurotic in origin anyway. I might have quoted the editorial from the May (1928) *Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine* (page 790), which exposed the chronic appendicitis fad and remarked twenty-one patients out of fifty examined who had lost their appendices without benefit, and claimed that medical treatment was neglected in many cases in the rush to operate. I might have quoted Dixon in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of October 27, 1928, who declared that mastoid operations are today performed entirely too frequently and that a very large proportion of the patients would get well naturally.

Or I might have quoted Garnett and Boles on "Fallacies Concerning Chronic Appendicitis" in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of December 1, 1928, page 1679—the very issue containing Dr. Harris' castigation of me—in which some of the high points follow:

> "Notwithstanding the constant stream of patients with symptoms unaltered by appendectomy that passes through X-Ray rooms, the majority of roentgenologists continue the unjustifiable practice of making frequent diagnoses of chronic appendicitis for which they advise operation. A study of results one year after appendectomy would soon convince them of their errors . . . The many physicians and surgeons who take the attitude that appendectomy for chronic appendicitis is so harmless a procedure that the appendix should be removed to clear up any doubt as to

> the cause of persistent symptoms should carefully consider Bettmann's summary of the figures reported by Warnshuis on the 'mortality attending operations for chronic appendicitis in thirty-five representative hospitals in eight North Central States.' . . . Bettmann further states: 'It is bad enough that nearly 2 per cent. die from the operation; that countless errors in diagnosis are made; that 40 per cent. of operated patients remain unrelieved. In addition a fairly large proportion of all patients are made worse by operations and some are invalided for life.' Of 300 patients unsuccessfully operated on for chronic appendicitis, he found 35, or 11.6 per cent., who were made definitely worse by operation . . . We have found in more than 50 per cent. of patients referred to us with a diagnosis of acute appendicitis that the real trouble is an acute toxic parietal neuralgia and the appendix itself is free from acute disease . . . Parietal neuralgia is a common cause of symptoms resembling gall bladder disease or duodenal ulcer. It is not an uncommon experience for a surgeon to find those organs normal at operation and then place the blame on an appendix which shows only the changes usually encountered in the appendix of adults. The disappearance of symptoms of upper abdominal disease following appendectomy is so rare that its occurrence may well be regarded as a coincidence rather than the result of operation. Lichty has observed that the poor results from surgery for chronic appendicitis are due not to operative failure but to mistaken diagnosis . . . It is our well considered opinion that patients as a whole would be better off by complete abandonment of the operation of appendectomy for so-called chronic appendicitis. To recapitulate, we believe the treatment of cases heretofore regarded as chronic appendicitis should be non-operative and should consist of orthopedic supervision of strains and lesions of the spinal column, elimination of toxic foci and medical correction of digestive disturbance."

In the discussion of this paper, Dr. James T. Case of Battle Creek said:

> "I once made a tabulation from the histories of a large series of patients entering our institution during a period of three months. I found that 25% had had an appendectomy. Except for those who had had an appendectomy for acute suppurative appendicitis ,or following a definite history of definite attacks, there was almost invariably a recurrence or persistence of the same old complaint for which the operation had been done. My colleague, Dr. Eggleston, found that 22% of his patients with colitis had had an appendectomy, apparently without relief of symptoms."

Indeed, I might go on for some time to prove, as Dr. Lewis High McKinnie said in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of April 6, 1929, that there are still too many unnecessary and incompetent operations performed, but it would be supererogatory. The editors of the *Journal of Medicine* know these things, although they do perhaps think it impertinent for a layman to know them.

I am next admonished by the *Journal of Medicine* for contrasting between the research and the practicing physician and am told that the latter has as good a mind as the former. This, surely, is too grotesque to require reply. I am then told that drugs can be used to cure disease before their action is understood scientifically, and mercury and quinine are cited. The fact remains, however, that these substances were used because they were proven effective in a rough, empirical research way, whereas I spoke purely of vaccines, sera, glands and drugs whose effectiveness remains to be proven and of which there are legion. With the final statement of the editorial that the physician treats his patient as well as the disease I am in accord, in theory. But the fact that the ordinary physician does not do

this and that he is woefully ignorant of psychology and psychiatry is too well known to require laboring.

Lastly, an old physician friend became quite stimulated after reading the *Forum* article and his reactions are in a way typical. He also informs me that medicine can "*never*" be a science and that I do not put myself in the doctor's place. I must do so to find that medicine is an art and that a lucky guess is often the only alternative. Since no two humans respond the same to environmental stimuli, we must give up the idea that scientific medicine ever will come into being. I would not, he says, confronted by his cases, sit down and read a journal in three languages; I would hand out the first reasonably relevant prescription which came into my head and call the next patient, trying to keep them all satisfied that I wisely know just what was the matter and what to do in each case.

This is precisely the sort of charlatan therapy I would like to see completely abolished. It is the sort which drives people to quacks and which causes so much dissatisfaction with medicine as things are. I do not for an instant contend that this can be done with medicine disorganized as it is at present. My plea is that it be so organized that scientific therapy can be made available to everyone. That will require an altogether new deal—a fundamental reorganization and coördination of the activities of the entire profession on a new economic level. But this really completes the review of my critics. Except for a rather universal gift in the matter of shrill vituperation, there was little to be found. The facts I adduced still stand unchallenged and I have added just a few more from a wealth of them in this brief discussion.

The following words from an article on the educational relations of the professions by David Allan Robertson in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for April 27, 1929, may well be used in conclusion, both for the bearing they have upon the reliability of intelligence testing, and upon the prospective itellectual equipment of the physicians of the immediate future. Robertson writes:

> "Are the gifted college men and women entering medicine? Is medicine getting all it needs of such students? Are its students as good as those who go into engineering, business, teaching, law, the ministry? Nobody knows. To be sure, 20,000 applications by 8,900 persons have been studied, of whom 6,400 were accepted and 5,200 actually entered the medical schools; and it has been shown that 73 per cent. of those who entered during the last ten or fifteen years were graduated . . .
>
> "A scholastic aptitude test for medical schools has been made by Dr. F. A. Moss and Dr. O. B. Hunter of George Washington University Medical School. It is proposed to use it as a determining factor in selecting students . . . In its preliminary form the test was tried with the 1927-1928 freshman class of the George Washington University Medical School. Purely on the basis of the scores made, it was predicted that ten of the seventy-eight students would be dropped or required to repeat a year of work before they completed the medical course. At the close of the first year five of these students were dropped for poor scholarship and two were made to repeat the course. Of the other three the average grades in the medical school were below 80 (75 being the passing grade). In a revised form the test was given to the class entering in September, 1928. On the basis of the scores it was predicted that seven of the eighty-three students would be dropped or made to repeat at the close of the year.

Of these seven students, up to the present time, two have been dropped for poor scholarship and the average grades of the rest are 71, 78.6, 66.6, 44.3, 61.3—all but one below passing. A comparison of the test scores with the grades in medical school gives the very high correlation of 0.72. In studying the scores of this year's group, Dr. Moss predicted purely on the basis of the test scores that eight students would win distinction or grades near distinction. So far, six of these students have grade averages of 90 or above, and the other two are in the upper half of the class . . .

"Obviously, if convenient tests which will reliably predict academic success in professional schools can be worked out, a great waste can be avoided for the individuals and institutions which now are losing time and energy in trying to make educational adjustments which cannot be made. Not only at the time of admission are these tests important; even more significant is their use in final examinations for degrees. If we can determine the attainments which we desire a person to have if he is to receive a D.B. or an LL.B or an M.D., and if we can devise objective tests of these attainments, we shall rid our whole educational system of relatively meaningless time measurements and we shall, if we develop the already important program of discovering and guiding the abilities of the individual, solve the problem of economy of time in education to which the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals vigorously directed attention in 1915 and which still, in spite of some evidence of progress ,awaits solution ,as the program of the National Educational Association shows. Achievement tests are making grades and other scholastic measurements of men more reliable."

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS SON

Families, when a child is born,
Want it to be intelligent.
I, through intelligence,
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he will crown a tranquil life
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

——Su Tung-p'o.*

*Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley, in *An Anthology of World Poetry*, edited by Mark Van Doren.

OUR SEXLESS TEACHERS

BY SAMUEL SCHMALHAUSEN

> "As it is better to speak than to be silent, the wise often behave like fools, in order not to be gagged. They gambol, shake their cap and bells, and give utterance to the most reasonable follies. They are allowed to caper because they are taken for buffoons. This stratagem must not be held up against them."
>
> —ANATOLE FRANCE.

BY A. WEIRD PROCESS of unnatural selection, only halfwits manage to survive in the educational institutions of America.

Our pedagogues major in stupidity and sterility; and pursue as minors, pompousness and precision.

The tragi-comic outcome: Creatures that once were men!

> *"O passionate Heloise,*
> *I, too, have lived under the ban,*
> *With seven hundred professors,*
> *And not a single man."**

If by a man we (oh incorrigible lovers of life!) still mean a lusty body of flesh and blood, passion and pity, wit and satire, keen-edged egotism, maturity of desire, self-respect, love of adventure, especially intellectual, a radiant attachment to life in its variety and pageantry—where in our institutions of learning can you find *men*?

Why are our teachers such chalk-laden simpletons?

In America the answer is desperately clear. The schools, from University to Kindergarten, have lain, these many empty-hearted decades, under the evil spell of theology. "God," the world's worst failure, has literally choked the life out of education.

If our institutions of learning were "Godless," they might, for the first time in their asphyxiated history, know the thrill and liberation of spirituality.

The triumph of Christianity has spelled the defeat of Christliness. Rote and ritual have crippled the beautiful children of love: passion and compassion. The benevolent boneheads, doctrine and dogma, are the fat priests held sacred by the silly multitude.

Our educators are passionless. Our education lacks compassion. Sterility, that cold-blooded bitch, sits in the seats of the mighty and rules by mediæval magic.

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*From a poem by Professor Joel Spingarn, whose unceremonious dismissal from Columbia University is part of a shameful educational history with which some of us are only too well acquainted—profoundly and ironically discussed in Veblen's *The Higher Learning in America.*

The pulse of life does not throb in our school rooms. The pedaganders are botched monks. The pedageese are tainted nuns. A passionless crew. What is it our kept pedagogues fear most? Life! . . .

> (Rörland speaks to Miss Bernick): "Yes, yes, that is temptation, my dear Miss Bernick. You must bar the door against such an unquiet guest. The stormy sea—of course you do not mean that literally. You mean the great billowing world, where so many go to wreck. And do you really find so much to attract you in the life you hear rushing and surging outside? Just look out into the street. Look at the people in the sweltering sunshine, toiling and moiling over their paltry affairs! Ours, surely, is the better part, sitting here in the pleasant shade, and turning our backs toward the quarter from which disturbance might arise."
>
> (Martha): "I scarcely know what to say often when I am pent up in the schoolroom. I wish I were far out upon the stormy sea."

Our chalk-laden simpletons have no such unholy longing—to be far out upon the stormy sea!

The stupid desexualizing of teachers has borne bitter fruit. Behold the proverbial intellectual cowardice of teachers. Witness their tactful aloofness from the perplexity of the modern world. Note the aboriginal shame of the Boards of Education when inveigled into discussing—shame of shames—the right of professional women to motherhood. See the dismay of our meek little school teachers—the foremost citizens of our noble democracy (oh, irony, where is thy sting?)—when besought by their more courageous comrades to coöperate, to unionize, to consolidate their forces for the frank protection of their own large interest.

No profession offers so few opportunities for the exercise of mature intelligence as does the profession of teaching.

The subject matter of Law is intricate and subtle, challenging the cunningest insights of the student and practitioner of the law. The subject matter of Medicine is at least pseudo-scientific and elaborate, requiring a certain sophistication and mastery of technique even in its humblest devotees. The subject matter of Engineering is deeply technical and detailed, imposing upon students the hard necessity of accurate information and a more than ordinary degree of intellectual efficiency.

The profession of teaching requires but a low degree of intellectual efficiency, never challenges the deeper insights of the teaching mind, is utterly devoid of that complex of sophistication and maturity so essential to adequate mental growth; in short, cultivates a mental attitude that is closely akin to the infantile. The teacher is an over-grown child.

The world of make-believe gradually becomes the world of every-day reality to the childish teacher. Why wonder that teachers are proverbially thought of as the containers of an illimitable credulity?

The wholesome contact and clash of mature minds so characteristic of life at its deepest is a type of experience outside the pale of the familiar pedagogic pursuit. The departmentalizing of the schools adds another element of over-simplification to the educational situation. Over-specialized, petty departments are set up, each compartment-tight, each self-complacent and uppish, all hostile to intellectual cross-fertilization.

The curriculum is devised by intellectually exhausted old ladies and old men, whose almost indecent enjoyment of second childhood is revealed in

the courses of study and in the babyish methods of pedagogy accompanying the meaningless curriculum. Teachers accept this colorless program of education, and, like half-hearted servant girls, proceed to realize it in practice with a minimum amount of enthusiasm, with a maximum amount of irrelevancy and enjoyable tomfoolery.

What imaginable incentive for the cultivation of original insight or the reflections appropriate to maturity is there in our educational system? All elements converge upon the cult of the infantile—the immature pupil, the immature teacher, the childish curriculum, the atmosphere of make-believe, the silly supervision, the vogue of pretense, fairyland idealism, the necessity of white lies, myth-building—all undisguised and unmitigated infantilism.

The teacher is incorrigibly pompous: the vanity of the humorless child. The teacher is unbelievably simple-minded: the intellectual level of little children. The teacher is a worshipper of illusion: the moral level of little children. The teacher is gossipy-minded: after the manner of the prattling child. The teacher is the little child spoiled by a ludicrous heavy-mindedness.

The world in which we live is so desperately real that we may no longer dawdle away our limited life's intellectual heritage in the debilitating educational amusements that go by the name of "mental discipline." Fairy tales, mythologies, superstitions, pretences, illusions and delusions, the whole fascinating round of intellectual dissipation and moral legerdemain must be brushed aside as beneath contempt. . . .

Routineers. Automata. The tribe of Dry-as-Dust. Halfwits!

The educational system, from kindergarten to university, is a study in the pathology of arrested development, emotional and intellectual.

Mark Twain knew the tribe when he wrote:

> "First, God made idiots. That was for practice. Then he made Boards of Education."

For only halfwits will submit to being ruled by imbeciles.

What is it our education lacks? To speak bluntly: Intellectual Honesty. Only this and nothing more! Truth, that is, an insight into evil, disillusion, skepticism, contradiction, limitation, pretence, simply and quite literally frightens us. Our attitude toward knowledge is disingenuous, our hospitality toward enlightenment insincere. Culturally, we are a nation of good-natured savage simpletons. We never arrive at maturity. We do not know how to grow up. Infantilism characterizes our intellectual level, our spiritual stature. Intellectual chewing-gum satisfies our appetite for knowledge and wisdom. Advertising Artists-in-Bunk fascinate us. Sincerity, penetration, satire, irony, disillusion, candor, truth, can not thrive in a *milieu* saturated as ours so flagrantly is with make-believe. Pretence, nothing but pretence!

As James Harvey Robinson quite unceremoniously states the case against our make-believe education:

> "How indeed can a teacher be expected to explain to the sons and daughters of business men, politicians, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen—all pledged to the maintenance of the sources of their livelihood—the actual nature of business enterprise as now practiced, the prevailing meth-

> ods of legislative bodies and courts, and the conduct of foreign affairs? Think of a teacher in the public schools recounting the more illuminating facts about the municipal government under which he lives, with due attention to graft and jobs!
>
> "So, courses in government, political economy, sociology, and ethics confine themselves to inoffensive generalizations, harmless details of organization, and the commonplaces of routine morality, for only in that way can they escape being controversial. Teachers are rarely able or inclined to explain our social life and its presuppositions with sufficient insight and honesty to produce any very important results. Even if they are tempted to tell the essential facts they dare not do so, for fear of losing their places, amid the applause of all the righteously minded. For we sedulously inculcate in the coming generation exactly the same illusions and the same ill-placed confidence in existing institutions and prevailing notions that have brought the world to the pass in which we find it."

Our educators—of major and minor importance—are essentially pedagogues, grammarians, worshippers of minutiæ, splendid specialists in detail and routineer absorptions, who mistake quantitative report for qualitative insight, amazingly unaware of the sterility of an education that evades the dynamic social situation, that abstracts human nature from its cultural setting, that divorces mind from that large realistic background we call life.

The conjunction of Education *and Life* is somehow not congenial to our so-called educators. Pivotal and incisive realities like class cleavage; the pursuit of power, of profit, of prestige; the overwhelming importance of the rôle of evil in civilization; the nature of pretence; the egotisms and aspirations and frustrations of humans; the incalculable and crucial significance of sex (unceasingly from the cradle to the grave!); the never-ending baffling play of irrational impulse and mood and desire; the enormous relevance of sub-intellectual behavior (the so-called unconscious); the increasing dominance of "abnormal" and "pathological" patterns of behavior among the younger generation;—these pivotal and incisive realities elude, somehow, the cloistered vigilance of our self-styled educators. Do they, too, suffer from infantilism?

The fear of reality, or, more accurately, the fear of *realization,* is the distinguishing mark of *homo sapiens.* The fear of realization! Mythology, religion, philosophy, art, literature, morals, manners, education, to what divine purpose? Essentially, to help humans escape the burden of reality, the painful and momentous truth about life: life's disharmonies, evils, frustrations, delusions, limitations, ironies.

To escape realization: that's the beginning, middle and end of man's breast-fed desire—and goal—on this earth! An infantile desire, a self-defeating goal. It is precisely the aim of a genuine, *i. e.,* a realistic, education to teach and discipline and prepare human beings for that courage and clarity, lacking which they can not confront reality honestly and thoughtfully, *maturely;* possessing which, they can endure, even welcome, realization, consciously, philosophically, as the only ultimately meaningful initiation into knowledge-and-wisdom: the analytic and undiluted truth about life.

A philosophy of education that evades the problems of realization is foredoomed to sterility, futility, sheer make-believe, infantilism. Our traditional and conventional education does not rise beyond the level of pre-

tence, of make-believe. As Dr. Ernest Jones sagely remarks:

> "We are beginning to see man not as the smooth, self-acting agent he pretends to be, but as he really is—a creature only dimly conscious of the various influences that mould his thought and action, and blindly resisting with all the means at his command the forces that are making for a higher and fuller consciousness."

The older way of wisdom, based on the logic of taboo, looked upon the good life as evasion and concealment, that is, as resistance to "temptation"; life is evil and therefore to be shunned.

The newer way of wisdom, based on the logic of candor, looks upon the good life as expression and participation, that is, as non-resistance to "temptation": life is *living* (experiencing both good and evil) and therefore to be indulged.

An educational philosophy that is not to be infantile, immature, vapid, unadventurous, flat, stale and unprofitable, must reckon courageously with the newer wisdom that ousts the logic of taboo—the fear of knowing what there is to be known—and keenly embraces temptation, *i. e., experience.*

There is a group of defectives in our institutions for mental derangement (I am not now speaking either of our schools and colleges or of our courts of law) technically referred to as "idiot savants." They are not savants, but they are often super-idiots. They shine in one over-specialized ability. For the rest, they are radiant asses, chumps, nuts, simpletons, imbeciles, defectives irremediable.

If we would do poetic justice to the average professor, we must envisage him as an "idiot-savant," an overspecialized chump, a radiant damn fool, an incorrigible simpleton. He it is who makes vaudeville an almost enjoyable pastime, reduces education to the mindless farce it is, links the higher learning with psychopathology, poisons the gardens of literature by choking them with the weeds of grammar, despises the living genius because himself is doomed to remain a lifeless professor. These pathetic mediocrities who can not muster the courage to live and yet can not summon the stamina to die. Robots!

To speak with a tender regard for the truth, the typical pedagogue is both sexless and senseless. His effeminacy accounts for the emotional aridity of school life, the sickly womanishness of rules and regulations, the sexual squeamishness of the instruction. Sheer stupidity and vacuity! And the women (so-called) are often as unnatural, as peculiar, as unattractive, as are the men (so-called). Neither fish nor fowl. Neither males nor females. Mere robots. Docile dubs.

Fear of life, love of routine; worship of facts, hatred of ideas; reduction of poetry to syntax; burial of wisdom in platitude; reverence for authority, lack of self-respect; evasion of passion and pity, beauty and brutality, personality and pain; adoration of conformity and complacency; —these attitudes stamp the pedagogue as the serf we all know him (and her!) to be. A lickspittle, a mere manikin, trying pathetically to conceal the vast inferiority of his status by parade, pompousness, push-and-pull. An overgrown child lording it over undergrown children to conceal his own inferiority. A pretty state of things, forsooth.

Emotionally immature, sexually immature, humanly immature, your typ-

ical pedagogue (whether in the Kindergarten or the University) is a neurotic hold-over from the sickly days when teachers were selected because they feared God, despised passion, shunned wisdom and honored complicated nonsense.

In less polite but more accurate phraseology, teachers were chosen for their divine calling—like their confrères, the mindless clergy—because they were sexless and senseless, *i. e.*, safe and sane, *i. e.*, simpletons.

The educational system of these Benighted States is a psychopathic ward where all grades and degrees of personality derangement, emotional, intellectual, erotic, from the mildly moronic to the congenitally idiotic, from the benignantly psycho-neurotic to the malignantly psychotic, co-exist shamelessly, vividly, triumphantly, alike among pupils and teachers, not omitting principals and superintendents, professors and presidents, Boards of Education (of Education! Teufelsdröckh!) and Boards of Trustees. Psychopathology at large!

Society, that bloated hypocrite, hating Enlightenment has embalmed it in Education which it conscripts the credulous youth of the nation to worship as Sweetness and Light.

Our pedagogues, the glorified halfwits of the educated classes, are the sacrificial offering to that false and fraudulent deity, Education. For, where education flourishes, there enlightenment perishes.

Would you know, oh perturbed reader, what a wise man has to say about the difference between a professor and a great man? Here are the subtle words of Anatole France:

> "All really great men have the prime virtue of sincerity. They extirpate hypocrisy from their hearts; they bravely reveal their weaknesses, their doubts, their vices. They dissect themselves. They expose their bared souls, so that all their contemporaries may recognize themselves in this picture, and reject the lies which corrupt their lives. They are courageous. They are not afraid to challenge prejudices. No power, civil, moral or immoral, can impose upon them."

Have you ever known teacher, professor, or pedagogue—or priest—who is not afraid to challenge prejudices? Who bravely reveal their weaknesses, their doubts, their vices? Who dissect themselves? Who expose their bared souls, so that their contemporaries may recognize themselves in this picture, *and reject the lies which corrupt their lives?* Who are courageous? Courageous!

Ah, what a mine of precious material for another and greater Spoon River Anthology—these creatures that once were men and women!

EMANCIPATED WOMEN AND THE NEGRO

BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

ALL the various schools of learned clerks and professors have had their fling at the American Negro and prognosticated his future from their investigations into his music, folk tales, morals, health, labor, intelligence, housing and skull measurement. The libraries are so full of hefty tomes on the subject that one would have to live longer than Methuselah to wade through all of them. And yet, in spite of this diligent investigation and collecting of data, no one has seen fit to consider what effect the emancipation of women will have on the future of race relations in the alleged Land of the Free.

This is not difficult to understand. The professors usually fight shy of anything distasteful to the economic nobility of the land. Being a parasite dependent upon the plutocracy for his bread and butter, the pedagogue is careful to keep his hands off any subject considered taboo by those in authority and from whom he gains his sustenance. And there is no subject more taboo than that of the white women and the Negro men.

In the South where most of the Negroes reside, the race problem is basically economic. In the old days it was necessary to keep the white serfs and the black slaves suspicious of each other to prevent them from uniting and overthrowing the slaveocracy. Nowadays it is necessary to keep them apart by practically the same methods so that wages may be kept down and profits kept up.

To this end the Negro is hedged about with all sorts of social, economic and political restrictions. Especially must the Negro male be isolated sexually and kept from the white woman who, by her sexual isolation, remains the foundation of the entire color caste system of exploitation, since the pure white exploiting group can only be perpetuated through the white woman. The Southern Negrophobe clearly reveals his understanding of the relation between social freedom and sex freedom when he asks: "Do you want your daughter (or sister) to marry a nigger?"

Sex freedom for the white male and the Negro female does not disturb the *status quo* and so it is tolerated. But in order to prevent the Negro woman from getting any wealth by marrying a white man or a Negro man from escaping from the black proletariat by marrying a white woman with money, every Southern state has passed laws forbidding marriage between the races. The custom of lynching is merely an extra-legal method of enforcing the will of the dominant whites.

That there is no racial sexual antipathy is evidenced by our large mulatto population. With the introduction of the Negro into the New World miscegenation began.[1] At first there was considerable intermar-

[1] E. B. Reuter: *The American Race Problem.*

riage between members of the two groups. Then the colonial legislators, in alarm, passed laws against it. The laws stopped intermarriage but not intermixture. Nature, as usual, triumphed over law, and there were soon swarms of "high yallahs" tramping the American soil. Today, only twenty per cent. of the Aframericans are without Caucasian ancestry.[2]

Ruling classes or castes always sexually exploit the dominated class.[3] This is true everywhere and particularly true in the Southern States. And everywhere an effort is made to prevent the women of the dominant group from exercising the same liberty of choice in sexual selection as the men. This condition, however, can only continue so long as the women of the dominant group are economically dependent upon the men of their group. Once free, they do as they please; that is, they act just as the men do. This is the whole meaning of the single standard.

Quite naturally, most people who discuss the emancipation of women speak in terms of rolled stockings, lip sticks, ballots, short skirts and such superficialities which are only the surface manifestations of a profound change in economic status. The real emancipation of woman was and is her increasing lack of dependence upon marriage as an economic pursuit.

There was a time, that, if a woman didn't get married she became a dependent on her family's hands. Thanks to the industrial revolution and the desire of the capitalists for cheaper labor, this is true no longer. To be sure, all of the women do not yet work, but the fact that they can get work has a profound influence on the attitude of men toward them, to say nothing of altering their attitude toward life in general. Every day we see those characteristics labeled "feminine" growing weaker and weaker in women as they assume a larger measure of equality with the so-called stronger sex.

The political emancipation of women, as embodied in the 19th Amendment to the Federal Constitution, marks the end of their inequality with the male sex. They are now profoundly affecting politics as well as industry. No politician now ignores the woman vote of which he never dreamed a quarter century ago.

The social and political restrictions with which the Negro is hedged about are the handiwork of men. By means of these restrictions, they could eat their cake and have it too. They could very effectively rob the Negro both economically and sexually and prevent him from making reprisals. To bolster up the system, lynching was introduced during and after Reconstruction. Before the Civil War there were very few lynchings because the bulk of Negroes were property and thus of value.[4]

To keep these restrictions will tend to deprive white women of the breadth of sexual selection hitherto enjoyed exclusively by white men. Will white women stand for it? I think not.

In the past fifteen or twenty years the pressure of the women has done away with one after the other of the exclusively male institutions. The saloon and the smoking room, once closed to the ladies, are now used by both sexes. They empty a hip flask with as much dexterity and aplomb as the most practiced male drinker.

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[2] Melville Hershkovits: *The American Negro.*
[3] Franz Oppenheimer: *The State.*
[4] Walter White: *Rope and Faggot.*

All of which, of course, is as it should be, and there can be little doubt that they will in increasing numbers cross the color line in search of lovers and husbands. Indeed, recent reports from various parts of the Southern States tell of a surprising amount of intimacy between the two hitherto isolated groups, especially in the large cities.

It is also significant that in openly flouting custom and the law by crossing the color line, the white woman has ever showed a remarkable degree of courage. Of the more than 10,000 married mixed couples in the United States today, in at least three-quarters of the cases the woman is a Caucasian.[5] In colonial days white women even married Negro slaves, as shown by the laws passed at the time to regulate the status of the offspring of such matches.[6]

Another result of industrial evolution complementary to the economic emancipation of women in its effect on the color problem is the gradual passing of the family and with it the restraining influence it had on its members. More and more the state is assuming the rôle of mother and father, aunt and uncle, from the cradle right through life to the cemetery. In this connection it is well to note that the democratic state is at the mercy of the enfranchised masses, and that women as well as men are voting. Women, then, will to an increasing extent dictate what the paternalistic state will and will not do in its growing rôle of fond parent.

If, then, we are to judge the future attitude of the emancipated white women in regard to the Negro by the boldness with which they have in other directions broken with tradition, we can safely assume that they will at least do as much as white men have done toward solving the race problem by miscegenation.

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[5] G. S. Schuyler: *Racial Intermarriage in the United States.* Little Blue Book No. 1387.

[6] James Oneal: *The Workers in American History.*

INTERNATIONAL SECTION

SPANISH LETTER

BY A. FLORES

IN NOVEMBER 29, 1898, a Spaniard threw himself into the waters of the Dvina. His corpse was left at the morgue and later identified as that of Angel Ganivet, aged thirty-three. He was interred in Riga and in 1925 his ashes were ceremoniously transferred to his native town—Granada. On that occasion Unamuno raised a most violent protest. Granada did not deserve such an honor, because, he claimed, Ganivet should not have been brought home till Spain, rid of petty tyrants, had re-established freedom of thought and sincerity.

Ganivet was a most ardent analyst of Spain's national crisis in the late 90's. He endeavored to check the gangrene that was eating up, depersonalizing, Spain. From the death of Calderón (1681) on—even before—the consensus of opinion was that Spain was a nation in decadence, irremediably lost, drugged by a glorious past. Ganivet refused to admit this dangerous generalization. He argued that fortunately we still had in us the good metal of the Golden Age, that the Spanish tradition contained excellent affirmations, but that *abulia,* a paralysis of the will, was consuming us. His was an optimistic cry in the midst of the despondent night. But Unamuno, progress-intoxicated, insisted on tearing down the Pyrenees, on letting fresh gusts of European wind enter the Spanish peninsula. Soon enough, however, his tragic sense blew him Carthage-bound, toward Augustine's *Civitas Dei.*

In the meantime the sun set on the Spanish Dominions and, worse still, the Basque provinces and Cataluña began to boil with separatism. Spaniards were ashamed of Spain! Since then trying and painful years have gone by; Spain has struggled indefatigably to recuperate, to gain a national conscience.

In spite of this national inferiority complex, contemporary Spain has produced at least one great musical genius: Manuel de Falla, and three significant painters: Joan Miro, Juan Gris and the turbulent Picasso. And, again, among the Knights of the Round Table of Contemporary Thought—the phrase is Curtius'—there sits a young Spanish philosopher. José Ortega y Gasset is a very powerful influence in contemporary Spain: he is Professor of Metaphysics at the University of Madrid, the founder and editor of the most important monthly in the Spanish language, *La Revista de Occidente,* and the author of some fifteen stimulating and pithy books. His were the best pages in the *Hommage à Marcel Proust,* published by the *Nouvelle Revue Française.* Besides all this, he has introduced into his Spain, so intense in passion and color, Germany's most sober and profound spirits: Max Scheler, Simmel, Keyserling, Spengler . . .

It was no exaggeration of Valery Larbaud when he said that today France will have to look respectfully across the Pyrenees. He was referring, of course, to Spain's poetical renaissance. Passing over the sonorous quarry of Juan Ramón Jimenez, the austere Castilianism of Antonio Machado, and his brother Manuel's popular, gypsy muse, one reaches heights of polyphonous variety and nuances in the night-marish deformations of Gerardo Diego, in the fresh reinterpretation of tradition in Lorca's ballads and Alberti's songs and in the rarefied esotericisms à la Paul Valery of Guillén and Salinas.

Contemporary Spanish fiction does not offer an *Enormous Room* or a *Ulysses* or a *The Sun Also Rises,* but, improving upon their past performances, the older writers produce now and then significant creations. Sixty-year-old Valle Inclán, sacrificing the lyrico-macabre confetti (trademark, Barbey d'Aurevilly–D'Annunzio) which he has been scattering around for the last twenty-five years, gave us recently his best novel, *Tirano Banderas* (*The Tyrant, Holt,* 1929), and last year fifty-year-old Pérez de Ayala brough out his great *Tigre Juan.* But although the younger generation has produced no masterpieces, still they are responsible for stripping the language of superfluous elements for a more clever manipulation of words. Thanks to Espina, Jarnes, and Gimenez Caballero, Spanish is cured—forever, let us hope—of the pompous afflatus of the Romantic Period, of the verbogorrhea of Castelar's eloquence. Now you can say even silly things in a plain way.

But, again, prose has never become more personal (exception made for Gertrude Stein and the Joyce of *Work in Progress*) than in the *ramonistic* style of Ramón Gómez de la Serna. He has de-vertebrated grammar and rhetoric. His words dance like motes in sunlight. And the innocent reader hears the warblings of a steel nightingale, the explosion of a rocket, the screeches of a klaxon, and he feels himself dangerously boomeranged in a strange Luna Park.

As for the contemporary drama, we will find in Spain no significant little-theatre movements, no experimental playhouses. The average Spaniard hedges at the very mention of a highbrow stage. To them the theatre, as music and the dance, is a ritual, something as natural and pleasing as a bull-fight or a Corpus Christi procession. Spain once gave birth to Lope de Vega, and this fact should not be too flippantly dismissed. Lope was the voice of an age which, though faintly, still simmers in the Spanish soul. To the Spaniards the *sine qua non* of the theatre is its popular appeal, its earthiness. Their Times Squares reek with the Blue Danube scent of their zarzuelas, with the Calderonian shouts of their ridiculously tragic—but at all events theatrical—*puntos de honor,* with the charming calembours and fragile clichés of their Vital Azas . . . And when the show is over, these drama-loving creatures go on acting in plazas, cafés and tramways, their own home-made plays.

That is why Nobel-prized Benavente and New York-acclaimed Martínez Sierra have, out of their hundred-odd plays, only two or three of them, at most, on Broadway. Their appeal is either too provincial to compete with the universally popular Ibsen, or too endemic to compete with the universally aristocratic Cocteau of *Orphée.*

THE FRENCH SCENE

BY HAROLD J. SALEMSON

Paris has no midsummer launching of new books; the only ones published during the vacation period are of the passing type to be read at summer resorts. But among the last publications of the book-year, three stand out as unusually interesting from three different points of view: a book on the sexual problems, another on the literary status in the struggle of classes, and the third a study of Eiffel, the builder of the tower, which constitutes a new opinion in the esthetics of architecture.

The first of these books is *Pour une Politique sexuelle* (Toward a Sexual Policy), by Alfred Fabre-Luce (Grasset, Paris). It is the first statement in France of the necessity for the supervision or canalization of sex. For it is curious to note that the French literature, in which scarcely any licentiousness is outrageous, has up to the present neglected the sexual problems seriously, leaving them to conferences of savants and physicians. Even these, rather than meeting any government aid, have been to a degree hindered by the existing powers, for the obvious reason that, the general reign of Catholicism forbidding any questioning or discussing of the subject, officials have been afraid of crossing public opinion in fostering any open comment on the sex-life. However, it is curious to note about this first book on the subject, that the author is a man of decided right-wing politics. Nationalism and conservatism forbid his taking any stand other than the condemnation of birth-control. France needs to repopulate. And Fabre-Luce goes as far as suggesting that something might be done to avoid the stigma of illegitimate motherhood, for an astounding proportion of French births are illegitimate, but he could not entertain the idea of malthusianism. On the other hand, though he gives no solution to the problem of the love-life nor any suggestion of a change in existing customs or habits, he tackles a different side of the problem. In France, he says, we can not do anything to augment the birth-rate (as it is, six months' imprisonment await all contraception propagandists), but we can attempt to reduce the rate of mortality, and particularly infant-mortality. And, thereupon, he goes into the problem of stamping out venereal diseases, of regulating prostituiton, and undertaking a general uplifting of the sanitary condition. But this book, called in France "a necessary audacity," does not bring to light any definite conclusion. The author reviews methods of prophylaxy or suppression of prostitution tried in France (unofficially) or in other countries, but he finds none that he can openly champion. Not bringing anything of a striking newness, the book nevertheless has brought the sex-problem into the public eye in France. And that is an important initial step.

In another field, Emmanuel Berl's book, *Mort de la Pensée bourgeoise* (The Death of Bourgeois Thought)

(Grasset, Paris), is a curious document. Berl professes communism, but his political theory is as "modernistic" as the work of the artists he is associated with. Condemning even his own previous work, Berl, by simple enumeration, claims to show that all French writers are bourgeois and impotent. All except three in the entire history of literature: Zola, Péguy (who was a poet of the masses but had a dangerous mysticism), and André Malraux, the author of *The Conquerors,* a novel of the last Chinese revolution. Berl indicts his confrères for "conforming." They are too cowardly to rebel, he avers. And he achieves remarkable humoristic effects by his incongruous lists of "provincial" writers or "bourgeois" writers. It is all very amusing and, while he does not exactly demonstrate in what manner all his contemporaries are bourgeois and powerless and as such bring out the death of bourgeois ideology, the author voices an outcry for a new type of literature, more vigorous, more tolerant, and more revolutionary. (Let us note in passing that several of the men he includes in his landslide have already begun this new form of work, and are unjustly denounced by him.) However, this volume is only his first pamphlet: Writers. There are to be other devoted to Politicians, Financiers, and so forth. They will perhaps complete each other.

Jean Prévost's biographical study of *Eiffel* (Riéder, Paris), is of a more serious nature than Berl's book and more decisive than that of Fabre-Luce. Volunatrily neglecting Eiffel as an engineer, Prévost studies his work only from the esthetic side. And his proclaiming the artistic superiority of Eiffel's nude metallic skeletons over decorated structures is an important step toward a more sincere outlook upon twentieth century art. The Eiffel Tower, to Prévost, is as beautiful as any cathedral. It achieves artistic perfection through mathematical audacity and its sober lines have the materialistic splendor of our time. A more haphazard critic might have left us unconvinced, but Prévost's brain has the meticulous order of academic formation, without any pedantry. Prévost is simultaneously scientific and lyrical in his demonstration, and he has no trouble winning us to his side. His previous books had in general dealt with more metaphysic problems and this is his first important work on a specifically tangible subject. He is a man who, at thirty, is just beginning to possess his full power, and his views are timely, profound and sincere. His book states a preponderant opinion: accepting Eiffel as an artist, it leads us upon the road toward the true esthetics of today. Jean Prévost has crystallized a direction that artistic appreciation was hesitant in adopting. May he be heeded!

American Literature in Russia

BY SERGEI DINAMOV

UNTIL the October Revolution of 1917 the Russian reader was acquainted with only a few American writers, for only books of historic significance were translated: the stories of Edgar A. Poe, the novels and stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the works of Mark Twain, Jack London, F. Cooper, and certain of the novels of Upton Sinclair, and a number of the poems of Whitman.

After the Revolution this tendency changed, and the book market became crowded with second and third rate American writers. While before

the Revolution the Russian reader was interested in Scandinavian, German, and French authors, after the Revolution it was Sinclair Lewis, Curwood, Dreiser, Bercovici, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Bromfield, Anita Loos, Frank Norris, and Charles Norris who began to absorb him. In short, the Russian reader in his interests resembled the American; Moscow began to read the same books that were popular in New York. Even works, little known in America, such as *The Innocents* of Sinclair Lewis, were edited in Soviet Russia. What explains this sudden burst of interest in American literature?

The first explanation is this: In America in the 20th century there appeared a considerable group of writers, who emerged from the working class and who bound up their art with the revolution: Jack London and Upton Sinclair stand in the first place in this connection; their works were read by millions. The Revolution widened the horizon of the Russian reader and made him interested not only in the suffering of individuals, but also in their social problems. It was natural, then, that he should soon become interested in the life of workers and the radical intelligentzia of the West.

After Jack London and Upton Sinclair there came O. Henry, who, from our Marxist point of view, was an artist of the American bourgeoisie. This paradox can be easily interpreted, however. Post-revolutionary literature in Russia developed under the inspiration of *sociality;* as a result we had no writers who would occupy themselves in purely entertaining the reader — even the well known humorous writer, Michail Zoschenko, aimed at solving social problems. But the Revolution—even the Revolution —could not reëducate a considerable part of the Russian bourgeoisie. They still are bourgeois in their taste and will be for a long time. And they require for their entertainment light, empty reading. Because there are no Russian writers to please them they read foreign ones, and it was the demand of those bourgeois groups that made popular such authors as James O. Curwood, Cullen, Octavius Roy Cohen, Edna Ferber, Charles and Kathleen Norris, Ellen Glasgow, and Edgar R. Burroughs.

It should be observed also that the Soviet State publishers promoted the more significant writers; it was the private publishers who brought out the cheaper talents for the Russian Babbitts.

At the present time the position of the American authors has somewhat shifted. The private publishers are bankrupt. The state publishers edit the more social writers. Russian literature has grown much richer within these last years, and there is not such demand now for the foreign writers. A full collection of Dreiser's works are published. All the new things of Upton Sinclair are translated; all the old ones are already edited. There is a definite interest in Louis Bromfield, who is displacing Sinclair Lewis, who in *Dodsworth* has begun to placate the bourgeoisie. The mysticism and narrow individualism of Sherwood Anderson no longer interests the Soviet publisher. There is an intense interest in John Dos Passos; magazines and publishers await his successive works with eagerness. Both Robert Herrick and W. E. Woodward are translated and are somewhat popular with our people.

In short, the day of Zane Grey, Stewart, B. V. White, David Fredman has passed; only first-rate writers now have any attraction for the Russian public.

English Theatre in the Light of Sexology

BY HUNTLY CARTER

THE theatrical feature of the autumn theatrical season has been the Congress of the World League for Sexual Reform. Like that epoch-making book, *Sex and Civilization,* it has come as a boon and a blessing (as the Cocoa Press booms its chief ware), to shed light on the dark corners of our Cinderella of a stage, and to expose sensational "horrors" (as the Censor might say) as steps in the direction of the introduction of the most up-to-date theories and ideas, as for instance, those of sexology.

Among the Jeremiahs who addressed the Congress was Mr. John Van Doren (of *Young Woodley* fame). Speaking in his best graveside manner, he solemnly declared that "the theatre is twenty years behind contemporary thought." Whereat everyone present wept. From this observation it appears that Mr. Van Woodenhead's (pardon! Doren's) logic is at fault. In the first place, there are several playwrights among the members of the W. L. S. D. who, like Mr. Van Doren and Mr. Miles Malleson, have written very successful plays. In the second, the W. L. S. D. can hardly be said to be twenty years behind contemporary thought. And in the third, if "the theatre is twenty years behind contemporary thought," then it must be expressing thought fashionable in, say the eighteen-nineties and the nineteen-hundreds.

But the thought expressed by the theatre at that time was (sociologically) very different from that expressed today. The theatre functioned under the consequences of a far-reaching set of historical revolutionary events, foremost among them being the great Industrial Revolution, the French Revolution, and the revolutions caused by those two supreme books, Marx's *Capital* and Darwin's *Origin.* A glance at the plays of the period will show that, beginning with Ibsen, and growing in vigor and ambition under the stimulus provided by Antoine's Free Theatre movement, came a species of drama that formed a branch of individualist reformist science and ethical propaganda. Owing, however, to the comparative lack of scientific knowledge — psychology and biology were hardly born—much that was preached from the stage was pseudo-science.

Today, the theatre is functioning under an entirely different set of consequences proceeding from the current of revolutionary events set in motion by the War, the Russian Revolution, and the revised versions of nineteenth century revolutionary thought like, for instance, neo-Darwinism and neo-Marxism, that is, Marx reinterpreted by Lenin in the light of the Financial Age.

Theatrical consequences are seen in four definite changes: the attitude of playwrights towards their subjects and characters; the treatment of theme and character determined by the scientific attitude of the period (the W. L. S. D. playwrights), and outside this sacred circle, commercial playwrights like Edgar Wallace who are more concerned with criminology than with the old, vague, sentimental crime bellowdrama (*Sweeny Tod* and *The Ringer* have nothing in common); the problem play, dogma, discussion and dialectic have become replaced by dramatic plays, in which bio- and psycho-analysis yield positive conclusions (as in war plays written by either leaders or the led).

There is a fourth change even more marked and remarkable. Actually sensation, which our fossilized dramatic critics of the St. John Ervine kind, have raved at as the cause of the alleged doom of the theatre,—this factor has introduced to the stage and cinema demonstrations of the most advanced scientific theory. The fact is that the Big Business men who nowadays govern the theatre, in their effort to level up or down, the theatre to the unheard-of demand for mad sensation and unparallel excitement of a British public rendered insane by the War, and unable to grasp the vital significance of the Revolution, have wildly encouraged authors of sex plays, like Coward, Maugham, and Lonsdale, to put on the stage those very physical states with which sexologists are now closely concerned. The "It" play and film afford rich demonstration of the new sex theories advanced by the most competent sexologist. Take one only, that the body is full of sexual doubles. Go to an "It" play or film and you will see all these doubles come into action during a passionate "Valentino" scene. Swollen muscles, glands, limbs, tongue, lips, etc., all come into action under the stimulation of physical contact. And the audience! Britain has a population of 35,000,000. Of these there are 5,000 people of sense, myself included. The rest are just hopeless, half-educated barbarians, who when they sit in the theatre and witness these scientific demonstrations are thrown back to the Dark Ages of Religious Ritual. The adoration of Valentino is simply Phallic worship; Mary Pickford is probably the Divine Virgin Mother, and her opposite, the Vamp, is, no doubt, Mrs. Satan. And so on. But science is on the stage and film all the same. Only our dramatic play-tasters have not discovered it.

Yugo-Slavian Literature

A Letter by R. Kaltofen

(Translated by Frida Ilmer)

WHEN the desire for unification, manifested by the Serbes was to a great extent realized at the end of the World War, an external unity was formally established. But it soon became evident how different these brothers were from each other in culture, for they had followed diverse roads. The Croatians, whose character is very reserved (*tres ferme*), though isolated from Serbian life, are yet closely attached to its traditions, were exposed to German and Italian influence while they were under the Austrian régime. But the Serbians were strongly influenced by their secular submission to the Turks. Thus there developed from the very beginning two centers of politics as well as of culture: Zagreb and Belgraude. It will be long before these contrasts, created by entirely different developments, will have been wiped out. Still, the influence is actually exerted by one center: the creation of the state of Yugoslavia has expelled the German-Italian influences in favor of a national personality.

We may distinguish three periods in present-day Yugoslavia literature: The literature of the period before 1900 was romantic and greatly influenced by Germany. Its most prominent representative is the Croatian novelist, Zenoa. Later, æstheticism and formalism developed under French and Italian auspices. Voinvitz and Begovitz are followers of d'Annunzio. From 1914 onwards, all the European tendencies appeared in Yugoslavia: expressionism, dadaism, futurism, and surrealism. The Croatians based their work successfully upon the German and the Serbians based theirs upon the French. But there are no socialist writers. Only

the labor press, the *Borba,* at Zagreb, is essaying a very timid step in that direction.

The Croatian novelist, Babitz—he wrote under the pseudonym of Xavier Sander Dalski—assembled the last reverberations of the romantic school and formed the bridge to the esthetes. He is the mystic disciple of Zenoa. His subjects are taken from the aristocratic history of Croatia, from the *Kurji.* His chief works are *Na Rodonoi Grudi* and *Diljem Doma.* Voinovitz, of Ragusa, is a dramatist. The history of that city has furnished all the themes for his works. His plays and the *Dubrovacka Trilogia* have been translated widely. The *Trilogy* deals with the fall of the Republic of Ragusa. The first part, *Allons, enfants!"* takes place at the time of Napoleon, when liberty was lost. The second part, *Crepuscle,* takes place in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the patricians became decadent. In the third part, *Na tarenza,* the beginning of the quarrels between the Serbians and the Croatians are described.

Begovitz made his dêbut as a lyric poet and later as a dramatist. He lived for a long time in Hamburg. His first lyric poems, *Zoe Boccadore,* appeared under his pseudonymn, Xeres de la Maraja. He has been much talked of here recently, because of his amiable dramatization of Zenoa's novel, *Diogenes,* which has just had its premiere in Zagreb.

Symbolic lyricism is revealed in the works of the Croatian, Nazor, and slavic mythology in his *Zivana.*

Let us also mention the Serbian, Liovan Ducic, Bogaan Popovic, and Pandurovic, who has translated Shakespeare into Yugoslavic.

The youngest element of Yugoslavic literature, influenced by Paris, is fiery and genial—impregnated with a strong personality. All modern tendencies are represented among them. The Serbian lyricist, Manoilovic, has succeeded in combining the most modern and the most ancient tendencies. His form is the artistic product of Italian culture. He has translated Pirandello and Nicodemo. Sibe Milicic, who draws upon Dalmatian life for the subject of his novels and poems, is one of the most productive writers. Five collections of his poems and several of his novels have already appeared. Among them are the *Livre de la foi*—in two parts (*L'Eclat du Jour* and *Le Reve sons le Ciel Etoile*). The Slovenia, Zupancio, has written several poems and has translated Shakespeare into Slovenian. The latest collection of lyrics by the Serbian, Dreinatz, *Le Bandit et le Poete,* gives proof of a vigorous temperament. He has influenced the young Serbian poetess, Desanka Maximovic. Collections such as *La Plainte des Esclaves,* and others serve to convince us that Ujevis is a very subtle and sensible poet who is aware of social and political topics.

Among the young people, Dedinac, Ristic, Vuko, Krklec, are yet to be mentioned. The socialist writers of the West have influenced Cesaric and Krleza, who remind one of Barbusse. Cesaric has become known through his novel, *Careva Kraljeva.* Krleza is the head of a revolutionary literary movement which is the Zagreb echo of German expressionism. Until 1927 he edited a periodical that was Left in its tendencies. He excels in plays. His latest drama, *Glembajevi,* presents the history of the aristocratic family of an Austrian general who can not find himself in this modern epoch. The impressions that he received during his visit to Russia are recorded in a recent work, *Impressions de Russie.*

Several literary periodicals are published at Zagreb and Belgraude. At Zagreb: *Savremenik, Hrvatka, Revija, Kritica,* and *Vijenac,* supplemented by the Catholic *Hrvatska Proseda.* At Belgraude: *Misao* and *Srpski Knjizevnik Glasnik.* Among the collaborators of *Misao* is Pandurovic. *Srpski Knjizevnik Glasnik* is the best Yugoslavian literary revue. It was established by Skerlic, the excellent Serbian literary critic. Recently, Paul Rihaly has established the publishing house, *Nolit,* at Belgraude. Contemporary European literature is to be published there. To this enterprise has been added a periodical, *Nova Literatura.*

THE LITERARY CARAVAN

Characters and Events—Popular Essays in Social and Political Philosophy. By John Dewey. Edited by Joseph Ratner. Henry Holt and Company, New York. Two volumes. $5.00.

These two volumes, containing "all of Mr. Dewey's popular social and political writings," save for a few essays dealing with purely evanescent events, exhibit his great strength and his great weakness. Of his strength, little need be said. Possessed of one of the most acute minds of any writer now living, he has brought, not only to the problems of technical philosophy, but to social problems as well, an insight and a comprehension that few have rivalled. He is today, as he has been for many years, the foremost representative of perhaps the most valuable philosophical system ever devised, from the point of view of its worth as a social instrument, and, to his eternal credit, in the problems of social agitation he has enlisted the vast resources of his intellect and the authority of his position on what, for lack of a better name, may be called the liberal side. All this, and much more, may be said for him; but it is with his weaknesses that we are here concerned, for it is by his weaknesses that we can perhaps explain one inescapable and incontrovertible fact.

And that fact is, that in spite of the acumen with which he approaches problems of great moment, and in spite of the commanding position he occupies, which would, ordinarily, tend to make his judgments vastly influential, the influence he actually exerts upon the post-war generation of writers, is not only negligible, but his writings seem actually to have aroused hostility in quarters where it was expected they would be most eagerly welcomed. Thinkers plainly inferior to him exert an influence that, when compared with the influence exerted by him, is like comparing the effects of a pronouncement by the Pope with one by the Methodist Bishop of Little Rock, Arkansas. Two causes are perhaps responsible for this fact, one of which these volumes, for the first time perhaps, lays bare with startling nakedness.

It is the habit of the post-war generation to judge contemporaries by their attitude towards the World War. "If we want to find out what our would-be spiritual and intellectual leaders are worth," recently wrote Havelock Ellis, who himself withstood that test superbly, "let us search diligently to find out their records during the war." Included in these two volumes are the famous series of essays Dewey contributed to *The New Republic* during the war, in which he attempted to state the principles of conflict in terms that would be acceptable to the so-called intellectuals of that era. Reading them now, a dozen years later, one is struck by their sobriety of tone and their freedom from the pharisaic jingoism of the period, from the warmongerism that characterized the public utterances of such men as Albert Bushnell

Hart and Arthur O. Lovejoy. But in time of war we need more than this; the intellectual leader who, in moments of stress, philosophically justifies a course of conduct towards which all of his thinking has hitherto been implacably opposed betrays the cause of intelligence more insidiously even than the intellectual who abandons completely all his principles and becomes indistinguishable in his utterances from the leader writers for the gutter press. It was the absence during the war of a vehement protest from Dewey that alienated many of his warmest admirers and that has contributed today perhaps to the lack of influence his judgments exert upon the opinions of contemporary writers. The late Randolph Bourne, at one time a fervent disciple of Dewey, but who became alienated from him because of his stand on the war, expressed probably better than anyone else the dissatisfaction intellectuals felt and still feel.

> "What I come to," he wrote, "is a sense of suddenly being left in the lurch, of suddenly finding that a philosophy upon which I had relied to carry us through no longer works. I find the contrast between the idea that creative intelligence has free functioning in wartime, and the facts of the inexorable situation, too glaring. The contrast between what liberals ought to be doing and saying if democratic values are to be conserved, and what the real forces are imposing upon them, strikes too sternly on my intellectual senses."

Something of the sense of being left in the lurch that Bourne experienced is possible today when we read these words in an essay published in *The New Republic* on September 1, 1917:

> "I am not specially concerned lest liberty of thought and speech seriously suffer among us, certainly not in any lasting way. The fight was carried on against so much greater odds in the past and still made its way, so that I cannot arouse any genuine distress on this score." "Indeed," he added, "there is something rather funny in the spectacle of ultra-socialists rallying to the old banner of Elihu Root with its inscription of the sanctity of individual rights and constitutional guaranties, and crying aloud all the early Victorian political platitudes."

True enough, he wrote weeks later in November, when the situation had reached the height of intolerableness:

> "In the presence of accomplished events, what I wrote a few weeks ago . . . is strangely remote and pallid."

When, in all the history of the world, has there ever been a genuine intellectual who has not at all times been "specially concerned lest liberty of thought and speech seriously suffer among us," even temporarily? Has there ever been a genuine intellectual who has thought it "rather funny" when groups have abandoned the differences that separated them and united to fight for the only principle to which intelligence has been able to give unquestioning fidelity throughout the centuries. Long ago Voltaire wrote:

> "I disagree with everything you say, but I will fight to the death for your right to express it."

But he was not the spiritual forebear of John Dewey.

In the latter part of the winter of 1919 Dewey summarized, in lectures delivered at the Imperial University of Japan in Tokyo, his opinion of the aims of the war.

> "The world war," he said, "was carried on for purely ideal ends:—for humanity, justice and equal liberty for strong and weak alike."

One wonders what the auditors thought as these words fell from the lips of the most intellectually distinguished spokesman America could send them. Perhaps they remembered

the words of a venerable Chinese sage who once described the system of philosophy of which Dewey is the first representative, as the last refuge of those who believe the incredible.

There is perhaps, however, a deeper and a more subtle cause of the lack of influence exerted by Dewey than a feeling of betrayal because of a defection from what was regarded as the ends of liberalism, and this cause these two volumes exhibit mercilessly. Here, within the 855 pages of text that constitute these volumes, are all the popular social and political essays of any importance that Dewey has written. Here are the thoughts he has been thinking since 1891 on the wider aspects of social theory. Reading these essays, one after another, discloses something far more important than the quality of his mind: it discloses the nature of his personality. And the personality that is revealed is essentially not the personality of the artist. By the term artist is meant, not the practitioner of one of the commonly recognized arts such as music or painting, but the individual, such as Havelock Ellis or Einstein, whose approach to life and to every problem that concerns them is primarily emotional or artistic. Logic, alone, is not enough; without the understanding and the sensitiveness of the artist "all the thinking in the world," as Goethe has written "will not lead us to thought." The key to the personality and the appeal of the world's supreme writers and thinkers lies not in the acuity with which they address themselves to the tasks confronting them, but in the emotional responses they evoke. And it is only the artist, the man who is sensitive to color, to music, to painting, to poetry and to life, who evokes that response.

Mr. Dewey's approach is, in a word, as we see from these volumes, intellectualistic. When he discusses a poet it is not to fathom the appeal of some subtle rhythm, but it is to question, "Are his ideas true?" He discusses art as if it were a branch of logic, and music he does not mention at all. In the writings of an artist such as Ellis, his overwhelming sensitiveness to poetry, to painting, to nature, infuses and colors the text of all he writes. Dewey's writings are as rigorous and intellectualistic as a demonstration in mathematics. Such an approach has its limitations, however, even, as Einstein has shown us, in mathematics, for the mathematician functions by his artistic imagination as much as by the genius of his logic. The lack of a personality that can not even remotely be described as artistic accounts for the defects in the instrument which, of all instruments, it would be expected Dewey would use with proficiency. The quality of his literary expression has, however, long been the despair, not only of men of letters, but of men who have been concerned professionally with the exact expression of thought. Lewis Mumford has described his style as "as fuzzy and formless as lint," and Joseph Warren Beach has shown in *The Outlook for American Prose* that his choice of words was as unprecise as it could well be. Mr. Justice Holmes, whose entire life has been professionally devoted to ascertaining the meaning of obscure texts, confesses in a letter to a friend that Dewey's meaning escapes him.

> "He writes badly," he says, "and creates more difficulties by his style than by his thought . . . I read it [*Experience and Nature*] twice, and although I could not give a summary of a chapter or a page in it, I thought it great."

The lack of all aptitude for literary expression, of all prosodical melody and rhythm, of the instinctive grace

that stamps the writings of the genuine man of letters, is symptomatic of Dewey's limitations as an imaginative artist. And without the divine touch of creative imagination no work endures.

By his abandonment of the principles of his own philosophy during the war, and because of his fundamental defects as a creative artist, we can thus perhaps account for the position he occupies today. There is no question that his influence upon some important groups is considerable, but there is also no question that to the generation to whom the future belongs he is a figure without appeal. When his record during the war is compared with that of Bertrand Russell in England, or Romain Rolland in France, it is seen exactly what it means for an intellectual leader to remain faithful to his principles in times of stress or to forsake them. And when, in addition, the intellectual leader who has failed in the major crisis of his life lacks that art upon which all appeal primarily depends, there are few who would venture to prophesy he will be remembered.

HUNTINGTON CAIRNS.

They Stooped to Folly. Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York. 1929. 351 pp. $2.50.

THE author of *Barren Ground* has found in *They Stooped to Folly* a rich field for keen analysis of character and indulgent cynical portrayal of behavior. The central characters are ostensibly Mr. and Mrs. Littlepage, but the really important people in the book are three women of different generations who "stoop to folly" in ways characteristic of the varying mores of their time—women whom we see, for the most part, through the eyes of Virginius Littlepage and of his wife, Victoria. But Mrs. Victoria Littlepage, even, and her daughter, Mary Victoria, and Mrs. Burden, mother of the youngest of the three "fallen" ones, and Louisa Goddard, the successful woman who refuses to marry—these seem, if we are to take account of many plain hints, to have wished at times that they had stooped to a little folly also.

For, indeed, ideals and codes changed greatly during and following the Great War. Even Virginius Littlepage, correct and repressed always, was "beginning to suspect that the ruined woman is an invention of man," especially when he saw in imagination the luscious bosom of Amy Dalrymple. And Mrs. Littlepage, likewise (two hundred odd pages further on), pondering the incredible self-punishment of poor Aunt Agatha, began to think "that ruined women, like ghosts and goblins and warlocks and witches, vanished into the dark ages of faith as soon as the world ceased to believe in them."

Mrs. Burden, so steeled to chastity and religion, was thoroughly sick of "keeping respectable" — and, she thought, "not for anything that the world could give would she live her life over again." Similarly thought Mrs. Littlepage; and similarly, at bottom, thought the brilliant Louisa—"the modesty of the past was a false, not a true, deity," she told herself, for "her heart had cracked and broken as quietly as the hearts of all perfect Southern ladies broke beneath the enamelled surface of beautiful behavior."

Thus clearly does Ellen Glasgow look at the lives and into the minds of these people, and thus clearly, with a sly smile in her leisurely words, she demolishes the dry, dead conventions of traditional respectability. Her humor is intellectual, detached, gayly

smoldering—somewhat like Virginia Woolf, though a bit more rhetorical. Virginius, for instance, wondering "why light women are more tempting than their sisters of substantial morality," comes to the conclusion that "women who had forgotten themselves were the ones that men were long in remembering." Mrs. Burden's sallow, disagreeable personality is described: though she had lived a good share of three generations, she "had remained mentally arrested in the God-fearing posture of evangelical piety." Victoria Littlepage was "one of those women who might still be beautiful if they had less confidence in the fidelity of their husbands." And Virginius recalls, regretfully, that "in spite of moral idealism, men had known how to enjoy life in the long ages when women were weaker and whiskey was Bourbon."

In this easy-going but trenchant wit Ellen Glasgow is much like her fellow Virginian, James Branch Cabell, to whom she dedicates *They Stooped to Folly*. But she does not run off to play in a land of Poictesme; she deals with life and the silly unhappiness of life here and now. It may be that her literary method involves overmuch following of characters' trains of thought; in this she is as remote as possible from such a writer as Ernest Hemingway, who builds wholly on the objectively noted speech and actions of the people in his stories. But however Edith Whartonish and almost Victorian Ellen Glasgow may from a technical standpoint appear to be, she is nevertheless a child of the new age, and an unafraid prophet of the future. She is keen, observant, truthful, clever, undisturbed; she sees the complexity of life and the futility of most lives, but she enjoys these little jokes of the cosmos, and with those of the world who are her intellectual equals she laughs quietly over her afternoon tea.

OAKLEY JOHNSON.

Monks Are Monks—A Diagonostic Scherzo. George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. New York.

Not being gifted with either the philological or musical attainments of George Jean Nathan, I had my secretary look up for me in the dictionary the meaning of the words in the subtitle of *Monks Are Monks*. She informs me that the latest edition of Webster defines the scherzo as a playful humorous movement in a musical composition, and diagnostic as something pertaining to critical perception. Hence I take it that Mr. Nathan wants us to look upon his work as a lively verbal composition with sane critical judgments on men, things and books. He has a right to the sub-title. It really justly describes the nature of the contents. If Aldous Huxley had also designated his masterpiece, *Point Counter Point*, by some sub-title like, say, A Diogenesian Cinema, critics would not have wasted words trying to show the book was not really a novel.

But the blurb on the publisher's jacket undoes the effect of Nathan's sub-title. We are told that the book falls into no definite classification, and is neither criticism, nor biography, nor fiction, but a combination of the three, and that Nathan himself has evolved the word *criticobiografiction*. Here both publisher and author are wrong. There is positively no fiction or biography in the book, and certainly no combination of them. If by criticism is meant literary criticism, there is also very little of that.

The book belongs to the same species as Nathan's other fourteen books,

that is, it is a series of apothegms, epigrams, discourses, editorials, notes, addresses, satires, essays, and monologues. They are gathered together from the pages of *The Mercury* (possibly also *Judge;* I have not read all of Nathan's uncollected writings); *vide* the departments *Clinical Notes* and *The Theatre.*

I do not know how well Nathan's books sell, though they deserve wide circulation. But the American pubdic is notoriously hostile to collections of apothegms as it is to volumes of short stories. Publishers have got around the difficulty of issuing volumes of short stories by publishing them in a way that the public might think them novels, namely, by choosing a title and giving each short story a chapter number as in a novel. What I suspect happened as regards Nathan's book was this: Both publisher and author thought a wider sale might be attained by trying to give unity to and make a novel out of a book that discusses every topic under the sun—athletics, Vice-Presidents, dancing, the war, our novelists, sex, and slang. Unity could be achieved by putting the remarks in the mouths of different characters. The effect of fiction could be reached by having the discourses uttered in the presence of a young lady. So a fantastic plot, a very bare skeleton, was got up in which the characters utter their wisdom before her, whose motive is only to inveigle them to rid her of her chastity. She fails.

I suppose about nine-tenths or nearly that much of the book is made up of these discourses, or of extracts from the books of the speakers. There is a novelist, two critics, Morton and Norton, a poet, a dramatist, Eustace O'Hara, and a war veteran novelist. All these men talk alike and write alike—in short, they are all George Jean Nathan. They are simply given different names. Even the reflections of the thin, lifeless woman whom the publishers call "the central character," as well as those of her brother, are clinical notes by Nathan. Now the essence of fiction is that characters be alive and differ from one another; here there are no characters in the strict sense of the word and they are all alike. So far, then, Nathan has written no work that is fiction or biography or a combination of them.

We shall therefore look upon the book as another one of the diabolically clever, shrewdly satirical, sparklingly epigrammatic, racily written books of Nathan that in the Public Library are classified under Essays or The Drama.

That Nathan is an honest thinker can not be doubted, but he falls often into the trap set for all who seek to achieve a laugh rather than make a sincere investigation of ideas. Take the absurdity of Nathan's plot itself. It is no doubt meant to be absurd. But he knows as well as we do that the prototype of the dramatist in his book who does not succumb to the blandishments of sex, in real life did, for, as the newspapers notified us, said dramatist left his wife due to such blandishments. You can not seriously criticise the views of Nathan because he does not maintain a definite position or embody a set of views. In one minute he decries those who write about sex and in the next heaps coals of ridicule upon those who would eradicate sex from literature. He will set up a row of comic idols, and you suspect he admires them as much as he ridicules them. By aiming to be the American Beerbohm and Shaw rolled into one, he has missed becoming an Arthur Symons. He stands higher as a satirist than he does as a critic. For example, he is superior to Will Rog-

ers or Stephen Leacock, but as a critic, for example, he is inferior to his biographer and admirer, Isaac Goldberg. Yet, Nathan has done much to upset idiotic views on the greatness of our playwrights in the last twenty years; he has pioneered Eugene O'Neil; he has done more for the American drama than most of our dramatic critics put together. He has achieved many of his victories by satirical declamation, but has never given us a sustained piece of criticism so that posterity might say, Here is a permanent and vital critical theory.

The gifts of Nathan as manifested in *Monks Are Monks* are manifold. First, there is a personality behind the book who is diverting and always partly right. He makes you laugh at your own beliefs. The method of Nathan is to poke fun at that which everyone else does not question, what he calls the American Credo. Do you believe, as the newspapers have led you to think, that all Vice-Presidents were incompetent? Nathan actually goes to the trouble of reading up the biography of every Vice-President in the Encyclopedia of American Biography or the Dictionary Americana, and shows you that almost every Vice-President had some distinguishing quality that entitles him to the remembrances of posterity. To which I reply, What is the difference? Have you been buncoed by doctors into the belief that exercise does you good? Nathan will show you that athletics kills all its devotees and that the healthiest men are those who do not exercise, like barbers, for instance.

Next to Whitman, Nathan is the best composer of catalogues in America; but, unlike Whitman, he enlivens them with humor. He can call a list of alcoholic concoctions and pass judgment on them, as well as on the drama. In fact, he shows how the decline of the drama is invariably followed by a falling off in the quality of liquor. If Nathan has so far not written anything on the "Decline of American Drama as an Aftermath of Prohibition," I know he some day will. Nathan, of course, indulges in deliberate tomfoolery; but imagine Pater jesting when writing of the Mona Lisa by allusions to and inter-Mona Lisa by allusions to the follies of the day.

Yet one agrees with so much, if one is sane and cultured and individualistic, of what Nathan says, that you don't know what to do about him. When you read of his remarks on radicals, or his humorous take-off of the various foibles of the American publishers, including his own, you say here is a man with a unique and remarkable gift. When you read his Shavian comments on the Americanos you also know he is right. Then he branches off into imbecilities greater than those uttered by the objects of his satire. You learn that we should not give a damn about Hamlet but delight in the soft thunder of its language. (The language is the worst and most negligible portion of Hamlet.) Again, we are told some of Shakespeares' plays were born not in bed but in a bottle; that is, the poet, "knowing the disillusion of sex, substituted drink for it." (We might as well, then, I suppose, chuck the books on Shakespeare by Brandes and Frank Harris into the waste basket!) Again we are told the stories of another woman in Shakespeare's later life are not true, any more than the story of his shotgun marriage, the latter tale being due to the fact that his wife came from Shottery. Amidst this senseless punning and jesting one sees Nathan would twist history to give us a portrait of the poet that would fit in with the ideal stand-

ards required by Nathan both as to chastity and devotion to the bottle. If Nathan is wrong on Shakespeare, he is even worse on Shaw. While one may agree with him that to posterity Shaw may be but a curiosity as a playwright, and that beneath his exterior he is a sentimentalist, the following sentence shows Nathan as a poor judge: Shaw's plays will live "for the enduring excellence and fine magnetism of their love scenes." Shaw never gave us a real love scene. The shrewd Freud once said Shaw never depicted love, and that is true. Shaw has never shown the power or intricacies of love, for he writes like one who has never been in love (I don't say he hasn't been in love). Shaw does not know how people act in love, not only because he is a Puritain but because whatever qualities he has as a paradoxist, he has none as a psychologist or a poet. When I think of Stendhal, or Turgenev, writing of love, I can not think of Shaw as a writer on that subject.

Nathan is, however, a Puritan himself. He can not abide a play dealing with sex, nor a deviation from conventional standards. To a certain extent, he is right. Only he substitutes, I suppose half-seriously, devotion to drink for genuflexions before sex.

Nathan is a phenomenon in whom we should, however, rejoice. Though unlike his sometime collaborator, his interests are confined to few spheres, drama and alcohology, he makes you think and laugh. His books, however, I fear, will vanish with the follies which they laugh away.

ALBERT MORDELL

Mid-Channel. Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers, New York. $3.

Mid-Channel is written exquisitely, in adorable prose. Only Lytton Strachey among moderns writes with more enchantment. Ludwig Lewisohn is a creative artist in words, but only an inhibited and rationalizing amateur in ideas.

His recent compulsive preoccupation with Zionism, renascent Judaism, Hebrew culture, is more sickness than sanity. There is in Lewisohn a mood of self-righteousness that stamps him as a spiritual prig. His gift for analysis halts abruptly at the threshold of his own precious ego.

It would be difficult to mention another writer of comparable talent whose intellectual blind spots are so obtrusive. We are always aware in Lewisohn of a female narcissistic self-approval that blocks self-knowledge and humor and humility. Forever pounding at the theme of spirituality, L. L. is a study in arrogance and temperament's will-to-power. There is nothing in Lewisohn's life or mind to indicate any genuine interest in humanity (except as raw material for literary production). L. L. is too egocentric to be lovable. He is becoming a beautiful bore.

Who is more humorless than Ludwig? Who more incurably adolescent in self-pity? No emotionally mature person could be guilty of so much whining, however lyrically expressed. How can a thoughtful man so constantly and näively commit the blunder of mistaking his personal predicaments for cosmic calamities?

What ails the mind of Ludwig? Why does he babble so voluptuously about his wounded heart? His failure to rise superior—as artist and as man—to his personal misery (to forget L. Lewisohn a little, to remember the tragedy of life itself more often) reveals the ultimate limitation of Ludwig's human nature.

Suppose he had married when very young a Christian woman who had

somehow contrived (without mutilating her own personality) to make our terrifically self-centered Ludwig happy. Would he now be raving about Judaism and Zionism?

Psycho-analytically, the case of L. L. is most interesting. Like the typical neurotic in quest of an infinite love and adoration, he commits the cruelty of seeking scapegoats for his infirmities, the aches and voids of his deep-grained narcissism, the cowardice of his surrenders, for many a year, to public opinion and herd mores, the sick inadequacy of his will (neurotic's indecision and ambivalence) and, in final hysterical desperation, voids his spite and spleen, like a child indulging in tantrums, shamelessly, against the scapegoat of his sick imaginings. The paranoid tendency runs deep in neurotics, a crew almost invariably haunted by inferiority, longing for an infinite status of significance, in their true hearts imagining the world ungrateful and unresponsive, in a conspiracy to deny their greatness, their unfathomed, unique worth. Artists easily become ego-maniacs.

Ludwig is going through a powerful catharsis in the attempt to purge his harassed soul of ancient toxins that circulate with a most venomous vitality through his thoughts and dreams. In spewing out his first marriage (which he absurdly identifies with Christianity as a repressive and de-moralizing force), he needs must hate the symbol of his incredible bondage to a relation he accepted insincerely, unable to muster the analytic audacity to probe his own patent infirmities of character and mind, that kept him so long in a loveless marriage. Ludwig Lewisohn substitutes for a drastic psycho-analysis of his own malady a sentimental adoration of Freud!

Ludwig's escape into the compensatory neurosis of Jewishness—after so long a period of Christianization—is a fine illustration of *infantile regression*: a straying son's return to mother and home and the lost integrity of childhood: Paradise Regained . . . Innocence before the Fall . . .

In order to render plausible this irrational retreat into Mosaic myth and Talmudic folk-lore as a blessed solution of the modern Jew's (Christian) dilemmas, Ludwig talks the most exquisite and unmitigated nonsense about the (re-discovered) virtues and rationalities and flexible moralities of Judaism as originally conceived and propagated by wise men of old exuding light and learning. L. L. does not read anthropology.

The conclusion which L. L. lacks the temerity to assert is that God must certainly be a Jew, *i. e.*, wise, tolerant, tender, humane.

And the baffling dialectical problem arises: Was God circumcised? By whom? Perhaps Ludwig can vouchsafe us the answer after he crosses Mid-Channel.

S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN.

Understanding Women. Dr. K. A. Wieth-Knudsen. Eliot Holt, New York. 1929. 312 *pages.* $3.00.

Who after all is Dr. K. A. Wieth-Knudsen and what unfortunate experience has lain festering in his memory, a constant source of humiliation, and the explanation of this personal, obviously bitter, attack on women? His malice very nearly nullifies any scientific value he might otherwise have claimed for *Understanding Women,* recently translated by Arthur G. Chater from the Danish in which it appeared under the title of *Feminism.*

We recall that three of our best known women-haters, Nietsche, Schopenhauer, and Weininger, have been

exposed by psychology in a pathetic and none too admirable light; their philosophies are now recognised as compensations for conflicts in their own little worlds. Philosophies, parts of which for so many years were fostered on the credulous public as detached and unprejudiced estimates of women! With this in mind we have sought to uncover information of a more personal nature which would make it possible to understand rather than merely dismiss Dr. Knudsen. The Hand Dictionary of Dahl and Engelshft contains a rather long account, which was haltingly translated for us by an employee at the Library of Congress: Dr. Knudsen's intellectual interest invades many fields, but his generalizations always go further than is justified by facts; his conclusions should not be accepted without close examination; his style is exaggerated and his apparent ambition is to incite; he takes his ideas too seriously: self-criticism, the account ends, is necessary for perfection. How interesting to find censure of this sort in a hand dictionary! But, chatty tho it undoubtedly was, as regards the domestic life of the learned Doctor, it had nothing to say; even less successful was our call at the Norwegian Legation, where we received every courtesy but no information other than what we already knew—that Dr. Knudsen is Professor of Economics and Jurisprudence in their Technical College at Trondjem.

Balked, but none the less suspicious, we relinquished the search and again directed our attention to the book itself: the author was, he tells us in the introduction, sitting one evening in the well known tavern "Simplicissimus" in Munich. He was in the company of a number of colleagues and professors of the Maximilian University. A young Japanese doctor, who like himself was studying economics, said to him: "There is a question that continually puzzles me in European civilization, which on other points I believe I understand pretty well; but I have put this problem to a number of highly cultivated Europeans without result. However, I am sure that *you* will be able to give me the correct answer. My question is a perfectly simple one: Why do you European men treat and regard your women with such respect, often amounting to adoration?" We are given to understand that altho our Professor was blown from his bed by an explosion some years later the amazing critical insight of the Japanese was the more startling of the two experiences. Where was he to find the answer to this Oriental riddle?

And so we are launched into a diatribe which is journalistic and not unpleasant reading although reactionary and, we think, quite harmless. To begin with, the book does not even pretend to be an attempt to understand women. The misnomer, we assume, is to be laid at the door of an overzealous translator, or publisher, who, while caring nothing about the author's sensational theory of feminism as a disease that is undermining civilization, feels that he does know something of the psychology of his American public. Or it is not impossible that the title is an unhappy effort at humor. In any case, the book is no more an attempt to understand women than, to use a recent example, the farrago of nonsense published about Germany during the late contest was an attempt to understand her or the problem that was at hand; and in Dr. Knudsen's eyes the advancing ranks of women demanding a foothold in the industrial, professional, legislative and other territories heretofore posted, "for men only," are an

equal, if not greater, menace to the civilised world than the allied press would have had us believe regarding their opponent. Are men blind, mad or utterly ignorant of history and facts that they let good-natured kindliness befog their senses while their greatest enemy invades their frontiers and installs herself in the most strategic positions? The ferocious and altogether inhuman picture of the Hun dripping with blood and refusing to eat anything but babies—the younger and tenderer, the better—and the breasts of women, with perhaps an occasional liver thrown in, is as good an analogy as another of the sort of propaganda this Danish professor resorts to as an accompaniment of his war cry, "To the defense!"

After listing many of the frontiers on which the advance is strongest, he adds: " . . . then man's power will be broken everywhere, and then—ah! then the sweet hour of vengeance will strike." "They are claiming superiority in a number of fields, soon perhaps in all." And " . . . the whole basis of our civilization will be blown to pieces beyond the possibility of reconstruction . . . " If men do not pay heed to this book and protect themselves from their greatest enemy, the traitor whom they so foolishly trust, it will soon be too late. The sops, the dullards—he writes and writes, but what can he do to make them listen? How can he warn them of the great female menace, the insidious, the corrosive, the low, the skulking, the unsocial, the unmoral . . . . oh, god! the agony, the torture, to be a prophet with no one to hear. Falsehood is a part of her nature; her lack of brains is likewise a secondary female characteristic. The dirty trick that poetry and nature have played on man! Will somebody tell Dr. Knudsen what can be done about it. We feel that he is indeed a very unhappy man and that during the endless hours of the night he pulls the sheet over his head as he previsions the uncontrolled advance of fiendish vampires, gnawing here and encroaching there, attacking this and undermining that, respecting nothing but ever seeking to satiate their lust for destruction and to realise their passion which is to gain power over man.

Upon our word, we grow damp about the temples. Is it the part of wisdom that these ideas be put in our innocent heads? What might not be the outcome if some enterprising moving picture promoter, caring nothing about men as such or woman either, utterly insensitive, as promoters are, to all these finer things, but with, none the less, a well developed sense of the dramatic—what might be the possible outcome if such a man should read this book? He would immediately grasp its dramatic possibilities; he would almost as immediately cause to be placed together a plank or two in Hollywood, the actors would be hired and, like magic, the harm would be done. The men would be warned, it is true, but the women also would have been fired by Dr. Knudsen's imagination. However, on second thought, the danger is small, for no movie promoter would happen to read this book and few women will do more than smile at the title and pass on to their full-time job of understanding men.

The fact is it's a dreadful book. It costs three dollars, but we will send our copy to anybody who wants to write and ask us for it.

FLORENCE BUTLER.

A Theory of the Labor Movement. By Selig Perlman. Macmillan.
Labor and Automobiles. By Robert W. Dunn. International.
Labor Speaks for Itself on Religion—A Symposium. Edited by Jerome Davis. Macmillan.

Interesting enough, in view of the intellectual poverty and agitational inertness of the American labor movement, the literature dealing with labor problems is amazingly comprehensive. These three books, so difficult to encompass within the limits of a single review, excellently illustrate this. They diverge sharply in subject-matter. Their authors are men who hold different positions in regard to the labor movement. Each book, moreover, represents an arresting, and in one case an important, contribution to our knowledge of labor theory and tactic.

Perhaps the most provocative book of the three is Professor Perlman's *A Theory of the Labor Movement.* It is provocative inasmuch as it represents a subtly worded defense of the philosophy of the A. F. of L., an organization that seems to proceed without a philosophy. Brilliantly and incisively presented, his theory—the product of a man nurtured upon Marxian social theory during his youth in pre-revolutionary Russia, and, after coming to this country, one of the associates with John R. Commons in the writing of the pioneer *History of Labor in the United States*—seems, at first glance, tenable. His thesis is simple. He contends, first, that there is a difference between the "mentality" (or ideology) of the labor intellectuals and the trade unions. This difference results, he argues, from the fact that the intellectual regards labor as an abstract mass influenced by an abstract force, whereas the trade unionist regards labor as a mass of individuals having concrete needs and practical aspirations. Further, he claims that, if the trade unions are allowed to exist legally and to develop a leadership from their own ranks, the trade union "mentality" will dominate that of the intellectuals in the labor movement. Because of this, he feels that the labor movement, following the trade unionist ideology, will strive toward a "communism of jobs" within capitalism, and not toward the abolition of capitalism. He illustrates his theory by reference to the labor movements in four countries, and by a consideration of the psychology of the worker.

Obviously, his theory fits nicely into the A. F. of L. groove. He sees working class advance as proceeding solely from the economic action of the trade unions. An increased control over jobs is to be effected by them. Participation in management is to be achieved. Shop councils, trade agreements, and the like, become almost panaceas. He cites the B. & O. Plan with approval, despite the fact that the machinists' union, for example, has suffered a tremendous loss in membership under it. Political action by labor has no place in his program, because, apparently, parties tend to be dominated by intellectuals, and work upon a larger canvas than that of job control.

Lack of space prohibits detailed objections to Professor Perlman's theory. Briefly, however, it appears fallacious. He neglects too many factors. The movement of the proletariat can not be compressed into a movement for jobs. Rather, it is a social movement, embracing all of the complex phenomena that exist in the modern world. It is a movement that is political in character as well as economic. Its struggle is against all economic and social exploitation, against

war, against imperialism. Professor Perlman is inflicted with the illusion of the permanency of capitalism.

In turning to Robert Dunn's *Labor and Automobiles,* we find an important work. Dunn has traced the growth of the automobile industry, its far-reaching ramifications, its enormous capitalization, and its highly centralized control, with penetrating clarity. The conditions under which the workers in the industry toil, and the hideous effects of industrial rationalization upon them, are described with minute detail. The urgent need for the unionization of the workers is stressed, together with a history of the attempts that have been made, and suggestions for future activity. The book is an arsenal of facts, and is invaluable to those interested in American labor conditions.

From Jerome Davis' symposium, *Labor Speaks for Itself on Religion,* to which labor leaders in twelve countries contribute, three general attitudes crystallize. There are individual variations within these attitudes, of course, but these merely accentuate the general trends. Thus, those who, like Green of the A. F. of L., represent conservative movements accept the church, while criticizing individual members of the clergy. Those who speak for social-democratic groups are, as a rule, indifferent to the church. There is a marked tendency among the members of both of these groups to make a fatuous distinction between "religion" and an institutionalized church. This distinction can but becloud rather than clarify the issue. The church and religion—for religion as a social institution can not be separated from the priests—are, in essence, one. And the church has invariably supported the ruling class in the class struggle. The support by labor of the church, or of some conception of religion, if you will, can not but weaken the militancy of the workers. This attitude is vividly set forth in the contributions from the Soviet Union. Especially in Trotzky's trenchant essay, "The Significance and Methods of Anti-Religious Propaganda," is this seen. Here the historical rôle of the church is recognized, and its anti-social characteristics disclosed.

But the finest sentence in the book was not written by Trotzky, but by J. B. S. Hardman, editor of *Advance:*

> "The religion of labor is godless, for it seeks to restore the divinity of man."

H. M. Douty.

Medicine—Its Contribution to Civilization. Edward B. Veddar, A. M., M.D., Sc.D., F.A.C.S., Lieutenant-Colonel, Medical Corps, U. S. Army. The Williams and Wilkins Co., Baltimore, Md. 1929. $5.00.

It is the opinion of the author that the advancement of health, happiness and civilization has been brought about by the influence of medicine and medical discoveries. These are the contributions of medicine to mankind. In order to further extend the activities of medicine and achieve its greatest success in human welfare, the purposes and ideals of medicine as a profession must be popularized. This is the purpose for which the treatise was prepared.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part deals with the causes of disease, subdividing the various diseases under the following headings: Infectious, Nutritional, Glandular and Degenerative Diseases. The second part treats of the accomplishment in disease prevention and future problems. In this section longevity through the conquest of disease, the cancer

problem, and modern preventive medicine are discussed.

The author has succeeded in his attempt to bring to the mind of the interested lay reader many facts about the human body and disease processes in a style that is easy-flowing and readily understandable. He has not spared the use of technical terms which will undoubtedly become tiresome to many of the readers of the page, yet in all instances adequate explanations and definitions are included. Touches of satire and humor distributed strategically through the text will do much to hold the interest of the laymen in the book.

The chapters dealing with the predisposing causes of disease, nutrition and the cancer problem are worthy of special commendation. The suggestions for reasonable dietary regulations among the laity are timely, clearly described, and scientifically sound as far as our present-day knowledge of nutrition has developed. The section dealing with diabetes is particularly complete and explicit. The thoroughness and recency of the treatise in this section is exemplified by the reference to Abel's classical work on crystalline insulin.

The writer has incorporated into the text numerous statistical data: however, he has avoided the pitfalls of many of the medical writers by giving an unusually complete interpretation of the data and pointing out their human-interest significance.

In stimulating the interest of the layman in medical science, the author could have enhanced the value of the book by tracing briefly the series of historical events which preceded many of the medical discoveries. These short histories are replete with romance and contribute much to the end of holding the attention of the layman in a scientific subject.

The author's discussion of medical research is of a meagre and unsatisfactory kind. From the material embodied within the book the layman would certainly get a fragmentary idea of the vast scope covered by the general term, "medical research." On page 208 the author states that Ephedrin has been "very recently isolated from a Chinese plant known as Ma Huang." This isolation occurred in 1887, by Nagai. It is further stated that this drug is something of a medical curiosity. This is scarcely the case, as it is available on the drug market by the pound and has been synthesized by Fourneau and Kanoa.

In general, the author fulfills his purpose in writing the book, *i. e.*, to present in an interesting and dignified manner the contributions of medicine to civilization.

JOHN C. KRANTZ, JR.

Charles Baudelaire. By François Porché. Translated by John Mavin. Horace Liveright. $3.00.

In 1910 Huneker declared that the Baudelaire legend was indestructible. Less than a decade later, Baudelaire's letters to his mother were published, and another literary myth was shattered. Another decade, and a new myth has been created: thanks to M. Charles Du Bos, followed by Mr. T. S. Eliot, this Satanic poet has become a Christian saint!

The version of Baudelaire which the 'nineties fostered was merely an exaggerated version of the attitude which even the contemporaries of Baudelaire drew from his personality and work. Piloted across the Channel by Swinburne in 1862, the Baudelaire legend landed in England, to be adopted and suckled by the æsthetes of the Wilde period. For them he became a diabolical master of Black

Magic, a Prince of Satan; in the essays of Symons, for example, his genius was described as "satanical," his *Flowers of Evil* "poisonous . . . grown in the hotbeds of Hell," the rhythms of his verse cadenced by "the sound of violins strummed on by evil spirits in Witches' Sabbats." It is true that Saintsbury, always a discerning critic, suspected that these demoniac atttiudes were merely a pose; but even he was puzzled by this strange poet and was obviously misstating the question when he observed that "the temperament which the poet illustrates does not so much oppose Christianity as ignore it."

With the publication of the Letters, Baudelaire began to emerge as a poet who had suffered martyrdom for his art. Ravaged by a venereal complaint, addicted to opium, harassed by his creditors, oppressed by lassitude and ennui, he stumbled through life, scrupulous only of his art, with no other joys than literature and the affection of his mother. Although Gautier and his contemporaries had ignored or denied these realities, they could not be evaded after the publication of Baudelaire's correspondence; and they have not been ignored or denied in recent biographies, such as M. Porché's. In *La Vie Douloureuse de Baudelaire,* M. Porché, himself a very sincere poet and dramatist, has presented a simple and accurate account of the spleen and ennui of Baudelaire's existence.

The true portrait of Baudelaire is that of the conscientious literary artist who suffered bitterness and misery for the sake of his art, rather than that of the Satanic dandy who promenaded through life with a host of evil spirits at his command. As for the new legend—that he was "essentially a Christian"—this also is a distortion of but one facet of Baudelaire's character. That he was affected by religion is undeniable, but that he was predominantly a Christian is incorrect. To the student of Baudelaire it seems apparent that religion overshadowed his thoughts only toward the conclusion of his life. M. Porché has summarized the situation admirably:

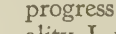
> "Later, towards the end of his life, though he never became what is called a practising Catholic, the poet acquired the habit of prayer; but for years he never prayed, he only knew God indirectly, through the suffering that follows sin, through repentance and the horrible joy of blasphemy. Only slowly ,through a thousand misfortunes, did Baudelaire reach the point of adoration. When he attained this peak, his work was written and he had but a short time to live. This is why there is an absence of all repose in his work; no dew of benediction, but ashes of sadness. What is triumphant in *Les Fleurs du Mal* is, precisely, Evil; every page is an evocation of this time of trials and mistakes. And further, in this book sin fills so great a place, that sometimes it seems to be no longer the disobeying of the commandments, but obedience to another commandment. This is what has been called Baudelaire's satanism. If *Les Fleur du Mal* was not the testimony of a difficult ascent, if we considered it not as a journey but as the destination, it would in truth be an evangel of manicheism.
>
> "In the duality of Good and Evil, in the constant struggle between the two principles, lies not only the basis of Baudelaire's poetry, but the whole of Baudelaire himself. His is a double nature, eager for debauch, but thirsting, at the same time, for a pure and immaculate love, greedy for soothing words and the caresses of a mother."

La Vie Douloureuse de Baudelaire is not a critical study but a literary biography, novelized in the modern manner. The conclusion is especially reminiscent of an old-fashioned novel:

> "Mme. Aupick died in her little house on the cliffs in 1871, aged sev-

enty-eight all but a month. But Jeanne, Jeanne Duval, Jeanne Lemer, Jeanne Prosper, in short, Jeanne the negress, what became of her? Nadar is the last who claims to have seen anything of her, and that was towards 1870. She was walking, or rather dragging herself, along the boulevard, leaning on two crutches."

ALAN CALMER.



The Psychology of Character; With a Survey of Temperament. By A. A. Roback. Harcourt, Brace and Co., Ltd., New York. 1928..

Dr. Roback has undertaken in this book an extremely difficult task. He begins with an extensive historical survey of the problems of character study and develops in the last part a theory of character of his own. Throughout the book he takes issue with the many diverse contributions that have been made to the "psychology of character." By the very magnitude and multiformity of his subject he has laid himself open to the exceptions of critics, who may emphasize differently their own pet authors, theories or methods in this vast, not very well defined field. It should be said at the outset, therefore, that Dr. Roback has accomplished his difficult task successfully and that he has brought to his subject an extraordinary amount of knowledge and reading. There is probably no work available in the English language in which a key to such a wealth of information on character is available.

In his historical survey the author has drawn information from many sources. He has not restricted himself to scientific works, but has also made use of interesting material from general literature. It is hardly possible to summarize this survey, which is a concise and well ordered compilation of the contents of many books and papers. There is one point which the reviewer, opening himself to the charge of special pleading, would like to raise. The human character as an object of study is eminently live and concrete. Whatever our conceptions, definitions or formulations may be, the living unity of human character must be the cornerstone of scientific progress in any psychology of personality. I use the word scientific here not with any esoteric meaning, but in the sense of orderly, communicable, verifiable knowledge. This knowledge in the field of character is being slowly accumulated, mainly through the science of psychopathology, and not so much by highly specialized techniques as by long and painstaking contacts with many human beings. The contributions of psychopathology and psychiatry to the study of character seem to the reviewer to be the most important ones. Dr. Roback, however, seems to underestimate the rôle of psychopathology in the elucidation of the problems of normal character. He lays undue emphasis on a distinction between the normal and the abnormal. He says, for example (pp. 271 and 529):

> "There is no character to the insane and very little to the typical neurotic."

However one may define character or insanity, I doubt very much whether such a statement can be upheld. As an example, one may point to patients suffering from manic-depressive psychoses. Before the onset of their disease they usually show a character which is highly and maturely developed. The most frequent outcome of this disease is complete recovery. Would Dr. Roback imply that during the psychosis they have no character?

The author is averse to acknowledging the contributions which psy-

choanalysis has made to a dynamic understanding of personality. His main objection to the various psychoanalytic schools is that they begin by breaking down the (p. 295)

> "barrier between good and bad, the desirable and the undesirable, the reasonable and the unreasonable."

But is not this proceeding a prerequisite for any unbiased scientific psychological inquiry?

In the last part of the book the author gives his own theory of character. He defines it (p. 450)

> "An enduring psychophysical disposition to inhibit instinctive impulses in accordance with a regulative principle."

Character thus becomes (p. 563

> "The function of (a) instinctive tendencies, (b) certain properties of nervous organization which facilitates inhibition, and (c) principles which claim as their psychological basis a mechanism yet to be investigated."

The book can be recommended as an interesting and stimulating contribution to the psychology of human character.

M. WERTHAM.

Collected Poems. Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

Mr. Robinson's latest volume, *Cavender's House,* met with a certain stereotyped enthusiasm that aroused my suspicion. In all these awed encomiums I missed the note of spontaneous exaltation. Each critic (that I read) wrote as if he had reviewed Mr. Robinson's previous works in succession, and had only to report that Mr. Robinson had done it again, was as cryptic (*ergo,* profound), as atmospheric, as Robinsonian, as ever, in his new book.

The *Collected Poems* has enabled me to read *Cavender's House* along with several others of Mr. Robinson's recent volumes. They have convinced me that the time is overdue for a revaluation of his achievement. Since the days of his first trimumphs, the Poetry Renaissance has become a senescence, but has, in the process, managed to add a few landmarks to the literary scene. Mr. Robinson is no longer the solitary poet, the phenomenon. There are peers to judge him by.

Adverse criticism, I know, is as likely to make a fault of a virtue as praise is to make a virtue of a fault. I have considered that and have set down Mr. Robinson's virtues with the weight I think they must be allotted. They include a sound and effortless technique within a limited range; an atmosphere of dignified melancholia, saddening but soothing to the reader; a naturalization into poetic idiom of abstract words; and a quite independent and unusual choice of subject matter. The two latter elements, carried along by the easy versification, creates the special poetic personality of Mr. Robinson. They give an effect of individuality that does not, however, survive analysis.

These virtues have led his admirers to suppose corollary virtues for which there is no warrant. His curious vocabulary of abstract words, of nouns of quality derived from adjectives, nouns ending in ion, ess, ity, which serve so admirably to provide rhymes and odd turns of rhythms, have given an appearance of profundity and wisdom which has been accepted with easy gullibility. Critics have spoken fantastically of him as a philosopher and as a powerful psychologist, by which one gathers that a mutual characteristic of philosophy and psychology is mystification.

What is the truth? There is little profundity in Mr. Robinson's work. Instead there is reason to complain of the banality, frequently the triviality, of his thought. The philosopher and the psychologist that his admirers have discovered in him are apparitions created by Mr. Robinson's ectoplasmic vocabulary. Consider *Cavender's House*. Extracted from its sweet gravy of abstractions, what an old and juiceless bird we have!—remorse in one of the tritest treatments of it I have ever read. A man has driven his wife to suicide, and engages in a long, an interminable colloquy with her wraith, in their house that has now become uninhabitable to him. The first half of the book is a cruelly hard test and philosophically is a long series of evasions. The latter part becomes more readable to the extent that it becomes dimly explicit. We are at least given a *dramatis personae*—a man and a ghost. The conclusion of it all is that life is inexplicable, a conclusion unnecessary to our education and that might have been reached with a simpler apparatus and fewer words. Neither Cavender nor his wife achieve the stage of personality; beyond a certain conviction of Cavender's agony and a few fine lines, the poem does not succeed and can please only the worshipping, never the critical, reader. Reading backwards from *Cavender's House* in the *Collected Poems*, we realize that that has been Mr. Robinson's typical venture and that at no time has he carried it to success. The bulk of his poetry is concerned with frustration and remorse, and Mr. Robinson succeeds in telling us no more than that frustration is inexplicable and remorse an agony. This he does with intriguing obscurities which seem to mean more than they can mean; with tricks and devices, divided personality, speaking silences, etc. And along with these, and his vocabulary of adjectival nouns that in themselves take on meanings by usury, so to speak, he uses the dismal cipher words, Life, Time, Fate, Chance, Death, etc., those abstractions from which all meaning has been abstracted.

The profundity is in Mr. Robinson's manner, not the matter. Such thought as there is gets bounced about in a, to me, tiresome dialectic to whose tricks are added the various tricks of the versifier. It is hard to understand any scholar's patience with it. But, then, scientists and philosophers have been notoriously tender with the conceits of poets.

But the heaviest charge against Mr. Robinson as a poet is not this deficiency of original and severe thinking. It is his notable blurring of the senses. His rhythm is soft and rubbered except for a few ballad-like poems which are likeliest to survive, as they are already his best remembered and most popular poems. His images are rarely sensory. There is an aversion in them from the precise. He reverses the process of metaphor and goes from the concrete to the abstract rather than from the abstract to the concrete. The result is rarely the illuminating clarification that poetic metaphor generally affords, but that cloudiness and obscurity that I know is the chief attraction to his admirers. It is an effect that has a place. Certainly, there is æsthetic use for literary sedatives as well as for stimulants. Yet it fails to achieve, what I am sure Mr. Robinson desires to achieve, clear tragedy. A contemporary of his, Mr. Robert Frost, for instance, writes narratives as tragic, and certainly as significant, and we apprehend the characters bodily. The landscape is clear. We feel with all our

senses. In Mr. Robinson's narratives we feel nothing. We are tranced into a revery, by the gentle monotony and twilight darkness of his lines, in which nothing becomes distinct, though we can persuade ourselves that we are having rich emotions. It is akin to a religious escape.

Mr. Robinson's place is secure in American literature, but it is not the place his admirers see him in. He has had the typical evolution of the reputation rescued from obscurity. The criticism that overlooked him before his "discovery" now sees him too closely, and too much. It requires the objectivity of an unconcerned generation to see the actual poet.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

The History of Psychology. W. B. Pillsbury, Ph.D. W. W. Norton and Co., New York. 1929.

So this is the history of psychology . . . Thales says we are composed of water . . . antique sacredness of rain, the crop-provider and the life-giver . . . Plato's passions, ascribed to the lower abdomen . . . Plato's ideas, carbon copies from the mind of God . . . Singular in number, in deference to Michigan . . . Aristotle admits that body disturbance causes emotion . . . Flappers learn that at puberty . . . *Pneumatic* passion . . . Intelligence moves its seat again . . . Bilious Hippocrates . . . Erasistratus discovers the functions of the nerves . . . Important point in the history of neurology, shall we say? . . . St. Thomas's appetites, unquestionably subordinated to his intellect . . . Descartes rises at five A. M. and dies in consequence . . . No wonder . . . *Ergo sum* no more . . . So it was he who made the body and mind absolutely distinct . . . What a setback that was . . . Another setback when the sophists were confounded by Greek reason . . . God acts with Geulincx and produces ideas . . . Why? . . . This constant harping on passion and purity . . . Reminds one of the ceiling of the Congressional: moral mottoes mingled with angels' buttocks . . . What is psychology, anyway? . . . If psychology is the study of why people act as they do, then this isn't it. This is a stew of physiology, medicine, metaphysics, neurology and nonsense.

This book is an outline sketch of the history of psychology . . . Be that as it may . . . It is copiously illustrated with cartoons . . . One of the more ingenuous illustrations shows a philosopher's wife caressing his conations . . . There is also a three-quarters portrait of Dr. McDougall's soul . . . The bibliography includes Janet, Jung, and Adler, but lists no book by Freud . . . Some of the dates are wrong . . . Bogey-man Freud is abused in customary fashion . . . Behaviorism is ascribed to Max Meyer . . . The description of psychoanalysis is a little garish . . . Aristotle gets more space than either Freud or Janet . . . The concept of entelechy is regurgitated . . . The system referred to as the "notion of Paracelsus" dates back to 530 B.C. . . . Maybe Kant was right, maybe psychology never will be a science.

L'HOMME QUI SAIT.

The Struggle for Health. Richard H. Hoffmann, M.D. Horace Liveright.
A History of the Medical Department of the United States Army. Col. P. M. Ashburn. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

A MODERN QUARTERLY reviewer may, no doubt, safely assume that his readers thoroughly understand the function of a book review. Its very *raison d'être* is to permit the reviewer to express his private, unanimous opinion about matters that are totally

irrelevant! The two volumes above, which no doubt occupied their assiduous authors for many months, may therefore be dismissed quite nonchalantly and in cavalier fashion by the impertinent reviewer. Dr. Hoffmann's book is a pleasing but entirely undistinguished effort to trace the quest for health, or the art of healing, from primitive magic, through middle-age superstition to present-day "science"; this is done conscientiously, but without charm or vivacity. Col. Ashburn has set himself the more imposing task of tracing the history of the Medical Corps of the United States Army, and has fallen far short of his title; his history offers good reading, but is far from comprehensive and suffers rather from disorder and uneven emphasis.

The books do, however, arouse certain relatively relevant ideas in the mind of one who has studied the medical profession in a documentary way for several years. These ideas have to do with magic and with economics. It is rather remarkable to observe how indifferent to (or ignorant of) the fact that a very great deal of modern medical therapy is quasi-magical necromancy a man like Dr. Hoffmann can be. In spite of the brave optimism in Dr. Hoffmann's final chapters, we are very far from scientific medical therapy today, and the basic reason for that is an economic one, although the incurable credulity of the human race has had its part to play.

Not very long ago a leading British physiologist, writing in the *British Medical Journal,* explained how completely he and a colleague had been fooled when investigating the capacity of caffeine to increase work production. Several well-trained subjects (and so few subjects of such experiments are even well trained or carefully regulated) had the drug administered to them daily and, according to the ergograph record, their work capacity was very definitely increased thereby. But the investigators were extremely slow to accept the finality of their clinical results (a thing most medical investigators are over-zealous to do quickly), and thought of the expedient of administering quassia and other bitter drugs in lieu of caffeine. Oddly enough, these also increased the work capacity of their subjects as shown by the ergograph! It then became necessary to conclude that not the drug but the ritual of taking the drug increased the work capacity, whereupon the physiologist went on to say that he related this experience as a lesson to many modern physicians who attributed their results to drugs, or to grotesque and impressive equipment, whereas they were more often caused by ritual or suggestion. This reminds us that *The Journal of the American Medical Association* has a habit of advertising a certain therapeutic lamp as "impressive"—meaning thereby to inform the physician that it is an impressive thing to have about his office for its effect upon his patients.

So expansive is medical credulity, however, that when once wedded to a theory even very good physicians often compel facts to align themselves therewith and refuse to believe the plain testimony of their senses. A quotation from Col. Ashburn's volume is apposite here. The Colonel has just explained how hard it was to kill the delusion that typhoid was purely a water-born infection, simply because physicians would persist in holding their theory tenaciously in spite of plain facts to the contrary. He then continues that during the World War

"Some American medical officers

were so convinced that typhoid vaccination would always prevent typhoid fever that they failed to recognize typical cases with hemorrhage, and even attempted to explain away the characteristic post-mortem findings."

Of course, any number of doctors will be ready to arise at once and cry in hoarse unison that these are "isolated instances." That is the stereotyped reply of the medical profession to all forms of adverse criticism. No matter how many abuses are cited, the critic is dealing with "isolated instances" and the medical profession "as a whole" is above reproach. However, such abuses are inherent in the profession so long as it is organized, as at present, on a profit basis. No one can deny that the American Medical Association has performed much excellent service; but it also can not be denied that it is fundamentally a commercial trade guild, dedicated to the basic ideal of increasing the income of the private practitioner, and often going so far as to oppose movements which tend to make medical care more generally available. Thus the organized doctors in West Virginia recently killed a legislative bill which would have educated several young men at State expense, with the understanding that they would ultimately settle in rural districts, where doctors are scarce, and practice medicine. Organized medicine also quite consistently greets with covered or open hostility any form of medical organization designed to give to an industrial community complete and adequate medical service at a moderate rate; this is denounced as loathsome "contract practice"; the ethics of the association are set against it; the income of the private practitioner is menaced and the public may be damned.

Medical guild ethics are, indeed, a fearful thing, as Ross observed when he discussed "Guild Selfishness" in his *Principles of Sociology*. Such effort to shroud the art of healing in mystery and to enhance incomes by a restriciton of the number of apprentices is old, because in the ancient Greek oath, the Asklepiad, or hereditary physician, swore:

> "To reckon him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring on the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this art, if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation, and that by precent, lecture, and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the art to my own sons and to those of my teachers and disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine, but to none other."

Ross continues:

> "In the etiquette governing the relations among men of the same profession, there are things which savor of a conspiracy against the public. The old code for physicians forbade the consulting physician to give his opinion to the patient or his friends or anyone but the attending physician. 'Neither by his words nor manner should any of the parties to a consultation assert or insinuate that any part of the treatment pursued did not receive his assent . . . No hint or insinuation should be thrown out which could impair the confidence reposed in the attending physician or affect his reputation.' This rule is at once a betrayal of truth, of the sick man who pays for the consultation, and of the public who have a right to know if the attending physician has bungled the case."

And, while a later code says that "the benefit to be derived by the patient is of the first importance," physicians still predominantly follow the old code; patients frequently can not find what has been the matter with them or what surgery was performed upon

them; doctors constantly protect the incompetence of their colleagues by a conspiracy of silence, and it is practically unheard of for the association to denounce any of its bungling members and cast them out.

Turning now more directly to economics. Dr. Hoffmann remarks that in early days the army or navy doctor had no straight salary. He was paid whatever his patients thought he was worth. Smollett probably followed his profession in the British Navy hoping for the best, and the physician attached himself to the army depending upon the generosity of the soldiers he treated. Today the army medical man gets a fixed salary, and both in peace and in war his work has been exemplary. We owe to this fixed salary man some of our greatest triumphs in preventive medicine, while his ethical standing is attested by the medical association which makes him *ex officio* eligible for membership. The transition from the tender, personal, financial relation between soldier and doctor was made, and it was made, apparently, without detriment to scientific treatment. Today, as Col. Ashburn says:

> "The army medical man can do one great and satisfying thing; he can practice his profession without exacting money from the unfortunate, at all times keeping his self-respect, and if he ever finds it necessary to lie, it is only the blessed white lie that allays fear and suffering, never the degrading black one prompted by love of money or of place."

In spite of these facts, the American Medical Association insists in season and out of season that a state salary would demoralize the profession of medicine! A state salary did not demoralize Walter Reed, James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear, Goldberger, Francis, McCoy, White, Blue, Rucker, or Lumsden, or, for that matter, a thousand leading government scientists of the past and present who might be named. But it would make the physician careless, incompetent and unconscientious in his work, according to the organ of the organized medical profession in America! This is very curious. That it impugns the ethics of the entire profession goes without saying. Yet this is the principal argument advanced by organized medicine against real organization of medicine on a scientific basis, and the person who suggests such organization, as this reviewer well knows, is at once subjected to violent vituperation in the most vulgar and near-scurrilous terms imaginable by the noblemen of medicine who seek to do the public good in their own way! Physician, *heel* thyself! seems to be a motto germane to the situation.

T. Swann Harding.

THE THEATRE

BY V. F. CALVERTON

THE revival of Chekhov during the last theatre season was an event of much moment. Chekhov, after all, is not a modern. He really belongs to the pre-Shavian age of Ibsen more than to any other. And yet his plays did not disappoint the audience with their ideas or dismay it with their technique. Indeed, Chekhov "wears" much better than Ibsen. The explanation of this lies, I believe, in the fact that Chekhov's material is more alien to our stage than that of Ibsen. Ibsen attacked a culture that we all know, our own culture — the culture of the western world. He was a great iconoclast in his day. Today, however, the things he attacked are attacked by everybody; they have become commonplace. The problems of his day are no longer great problems with us. We have caught up to them, and even partially answered them in forms of our revolt. We have new problems today to meet. Ibsen's day has now passed—and with its passing his dramas have lost their original challenge and effective argument. The imitators of Ibsen have been legion. The technique of the problem play which he perfected has already been abandoned. Chekhov, on the other hand, did not deal with our culture. Pre-revolutionary Russia, in its deeper aspects, was never westernized; it was never a reflection of western culture in any other than its superficial forms. Something *eastern* always lived in the core of its life, the nature of its state, the structure of its society. Even its philosophy was never western in spirit. It is easy to understand, therefore, why the Russians always thought of Europe as belonging to another continent. And it is equally easy to understand, then, why Russian literature and drama have represented something strangely different in the world scene. Chekhov continues to *hold* and move western audiences in a way that Ibsen seldom can, because his plays belong to a culture that we never knew, and which we can not very well weary of until it becomes too intimate a part of us. *The Cherry Orchard,* for example, has been produced now on a countless number of occasions upon the European stage, and upon a great number on the English and American, and yet it never fails to stir and move its audiences. The Eva LeGallienne production. (Civic Repertory Theatre) of the play was accorded an excellent response throughout the entire run of last season. Why? One obvious reason is to be found in the production itself. Eva LeGallienne's direction was superb—and Nazimova's acting could scarcely have been surpassed. Nazimova is not a versatile actress. She can only do a few things excellently well. Her part in *The Cherry Orchard* fitted her better than almost anything she has done in the past. The rest of the cast afforded her fine support. And yet the remarkableness of the production is not sufficient to explain the

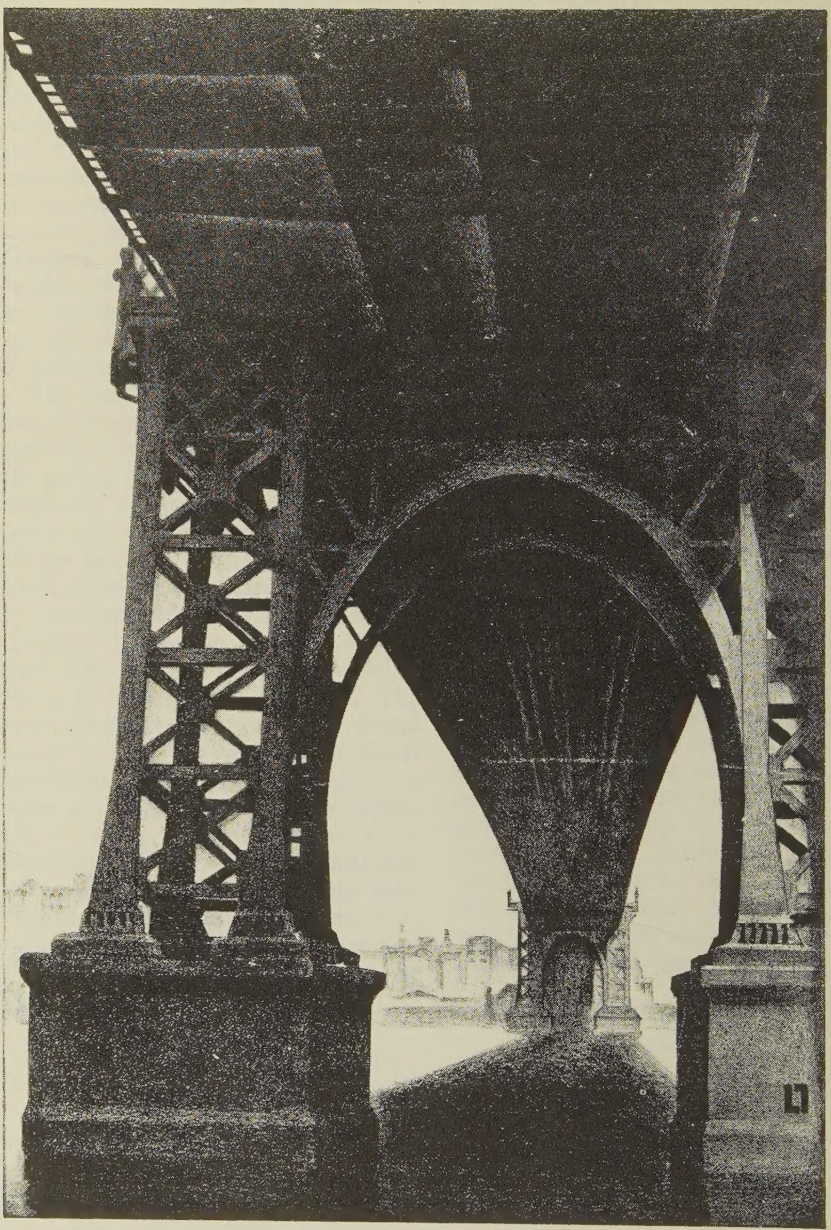
success of the play. The second reason is to be discovered in the theme itself, the characters, and the spirit of the drama. Neither the theme, the characters, nor the spirit were familiar in the all too intimate sense that Ibsenian materials are. In *The Cherry Orchard* we meet another culture, a feudal culture, derived from an eastern background. Its heart-break is not too strange to be felt, and yet it is sufficiently removed not to weary.

The same thing can be said of *The Sea Gull* and *Uncle Vanya*. No sensitive-minded person could mistake the author of these three plays, or the similarity of background that is in each—the Chekhovian spirit is part of the spirit of the *milieu*. The *Sea Gull*, which was admirably produced by Leo Bulgakov (Comedy Theatre), conveyed that same sense of despair that is to be found, only in another form, in *The Cherry Orchard*. The same sense of despair is to be found again in *Uncle Vanya* (Irma Kraft production: Morosco Theatre)—a sense of despair that is deep within all of us, and yet which, in these plays, grows out of a background that one perceives more by feeling than cognition. The acting of Morris Carnovsky in this production was one of the most telling performances on the New York stage last year.

After Dark is a nineteenth century melodrama that manages to survive in The Old Rialto Theatre (Hoboken) because of the unique opportunity it gives the audience to participate in the performance. Yells, cat calls, exclamations—no eggs the night I was there—are all part of the show. The play itself is hopelessly dull. If only it had been produced in the mock-heroic way that *George Barnwell* was revived in England in *When Crummles Played*, it might have been less unsuccessful. There is nothing of the Dion Boucicault who wrote *The Octoroon* in this play

The Camel Through the Needle's Eye (Martin Beck Theatre—Theatre Guild Production) was a disappointing effort at comedy that did not even succeed at being good farce. *Bird in Hand* (Morosco Theatre) was worse. That John Drinkwater could sink to such silliness, and effect such a miserable climax, is most unfortunate, indeed. Not that John Drinkwater is a great dramatist. He is not. At least, however, he is a skillful craftsman—but in this play he is simply inept and inexcusably dull. When comedy must depend upon slapstick to get its effects, its cheapness is indefensible.

V. F. Calverton



BRIDGE IN SHADOW
(A Drawing by L. Lozowick)